"WHOSO OFFERETH PRAISE GLORIFIETH ME."

SACRED SONGS

No. 1

BY
IRA D. SANKEY
JAMES Mc GRANAHAN
AND GEO. C. STEBBINS

76 EAST 9TH ST. NEW YORK.
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
215 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO.

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Wm. C. Field
West Chester Pa
10/18/32

O.K. SEP 19
O.K. SEP 34

SACRED SONGS

No. 1

COMPILED AND ARRANGED FOR USE IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS
SUNDAY SCHOOLS, PRAYER MEETINGS
AND OTHER RELIGIOUS SERVICES

BY

IRA D. SANKEY
JAMES McGRANAHAN
AND GEO. C. STEBBINS

PUBLISHED BY
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
76 East 9th St., New York 215 Wabash Ave., Chicago

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PREFACE.

THIS volume embraces the latest and best new songs of the authors written since the publication of Gospel Hymns No. 6, some six years ago; each piece having been thoroughly tested and approved by Mr. MOODY for this collection. In addition to these there are new and valuable contributions from a number of the leading sacred song writers of the day.

Included with the above are a goodly selection of the especially useful and popular pieces from the Gospel Hymn Series, making, as we believe, the most practical and desirable collection of hymns and tunes yet offered for all kinds of Church work, Sunday Schools, Prayer and Gospel meetings.

We hope that these *Sacred Songs* may find their way, not only into the Churches and Prayer Meetings, but into the homes of the people as well, and that the good old-time custom of singing the praises of God in the home may again be revived. Only in this way is the congregational singing in our Churches likely to be permanently improved.

THE EDITORS.

NOTICE.

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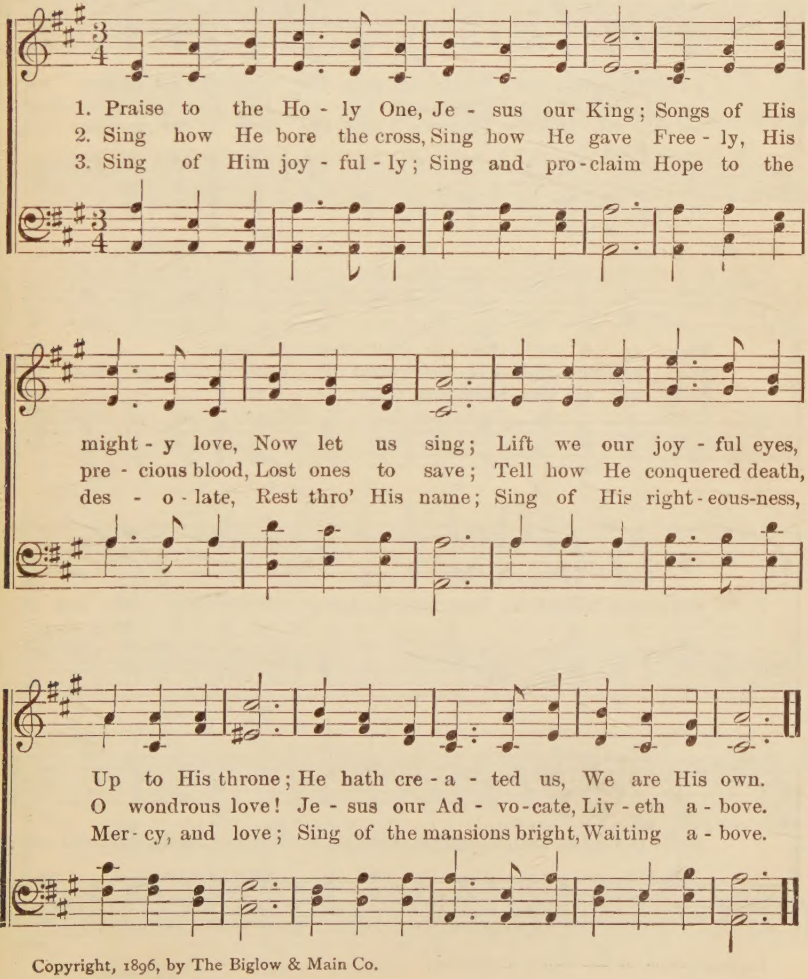
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., Publishers.

SACRED SONGS.

No. 1.

No. 1. Praise to the Holy One.

"Unto thee will I sing * * * O thou Holy One of Israel."—Ps. 71 : 22.

LYMAN G. CUYLER. RIAN A. DYKES.

1. Praise to the Ho - ly One, Je - sus our King; Songs of His
2. Sing how He bore the cross, Sing how He gave Free - ly, His
3. Sing of Him joy - ful - ly; Sing and pro-claim Hope to the
might - y love, Now let us sing; Lift we our joy - ful eyes,
pre - cious blood, Lost ones to save; Tell how He conquered death,
des - o - late, Rest thro' His name; Sing of His right - eous-ness,
Up to His throne; He hath cre - a - ted us, We are His own.
O wondrous love! Je - sus our Ad - vo-cate, Liv - eth a - bove.
Mer - cy, and love; Sing of the mansions bright, Waiting a - bove.

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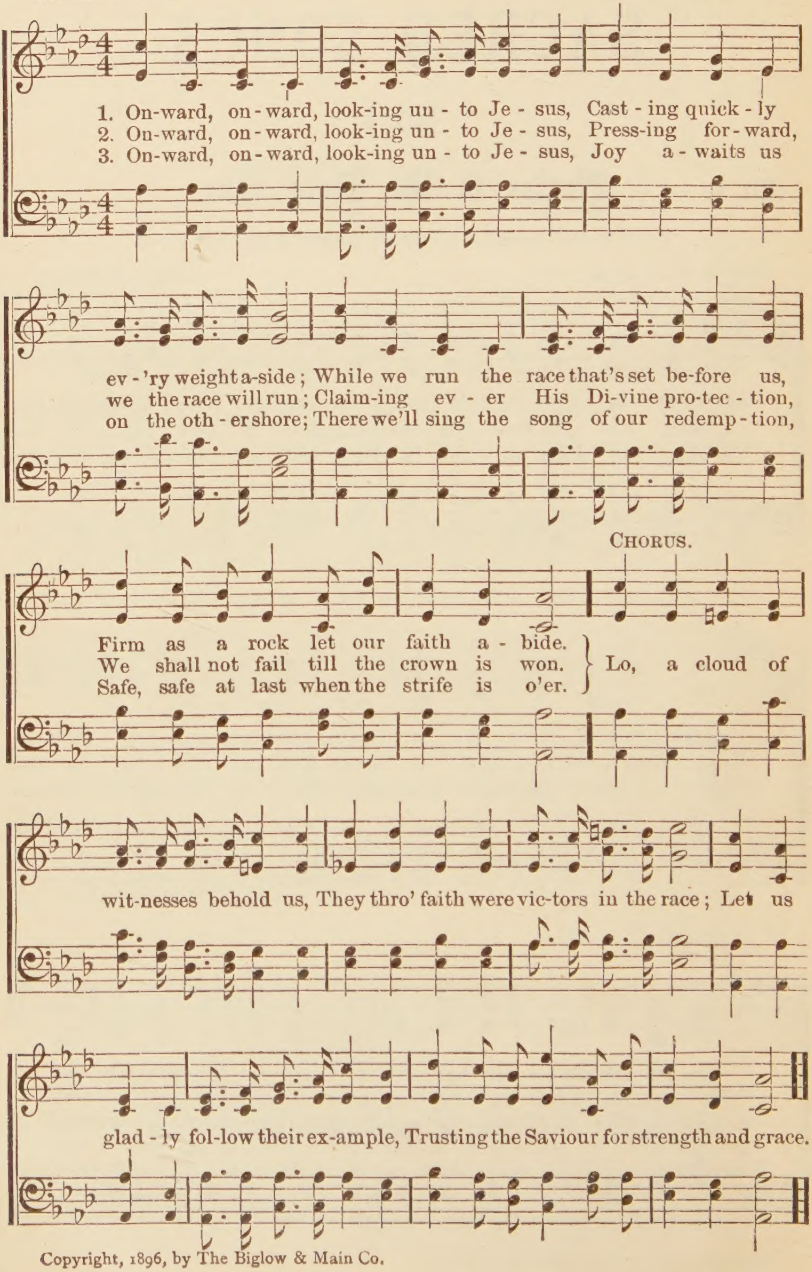
No. 2.

Onward! Onward!

"Looking unto Jesus."—Heb. 12 : 2.

Robert Bruce. Ira D. Sankey.

1. On-ward, on-ward, look-ing un - to Je - sus, Cast - ing quick - ly
2. On-ward, on-ward, look-ing un - to Je - sus, Press-ing for-ward,
3. On-ward, on-ward, look-ing un - to Je - sus, Joy a - waits us
ev - 'ry weight a-side; While we run the race that's set be-fore us,
we the race will run; Claim-ing ev - er His Di-vine pro-tec - tion,
on the oth - er shore; There we'll sing the song of our redemp - tion,
Chorus.
Firm as a rock let our faith a - bide.
We shall not fail till the crown is won.
Safe, safe at last when the strife is o'er.
Lo, a cloud of
wit-nesses behold us, They thro' faith were vic-tors in the race; Let us
glad - ly fol-low their ex-ample, Trusting the Saviour for strength and grace.

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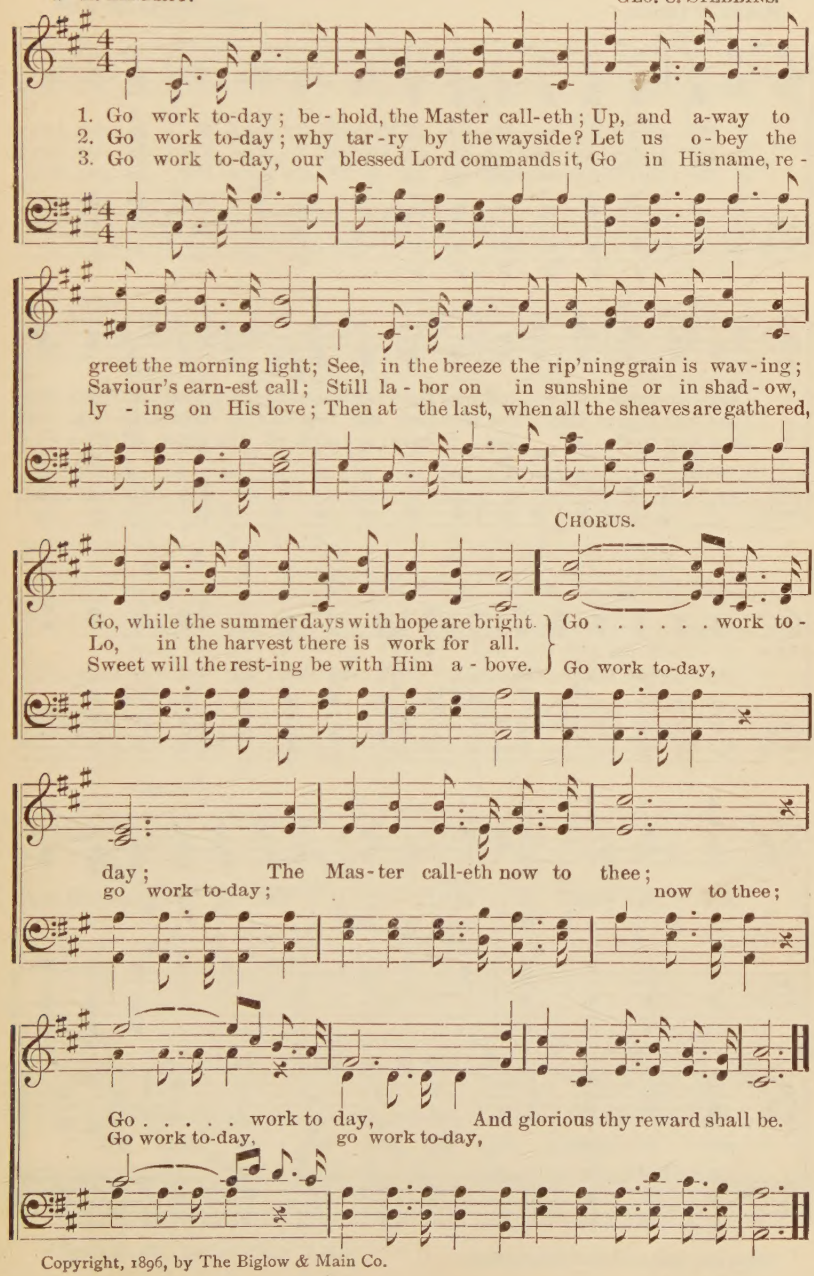
No. 3. Go Work To-day.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. 21 : 28.

W. R. Lindsay. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Go work to-day; be-hold, the Master call-eth; Up, and a-way to
2. Go work to-day; why tar-ry by the wayside? Let us o-bey the
3. Go work to-day, our blessed Lord commands it, Go in His name, re-
greet the morning light; See, in the breeze the rip'ning grain is wav-ing;
Saviour's earn-est call; Still la-bor on in sunshine or in shad-ow,
ly-ing on His love; Then at the last, when all the sheaves are gathered,
Chorus.
Go, while the summer days with hope are bright
Lo, in the harvest there is work for all.
Sweet will the rest-ing be with Him a-bove.
Go . . . . . work to-
Go work to-day,
day; The Mas-ter call-eth now to thee;
go work to-day; now to thee;
Go . . . . . work to day, And glorious thy reward shall be.
Go work to-day, go work to-day,

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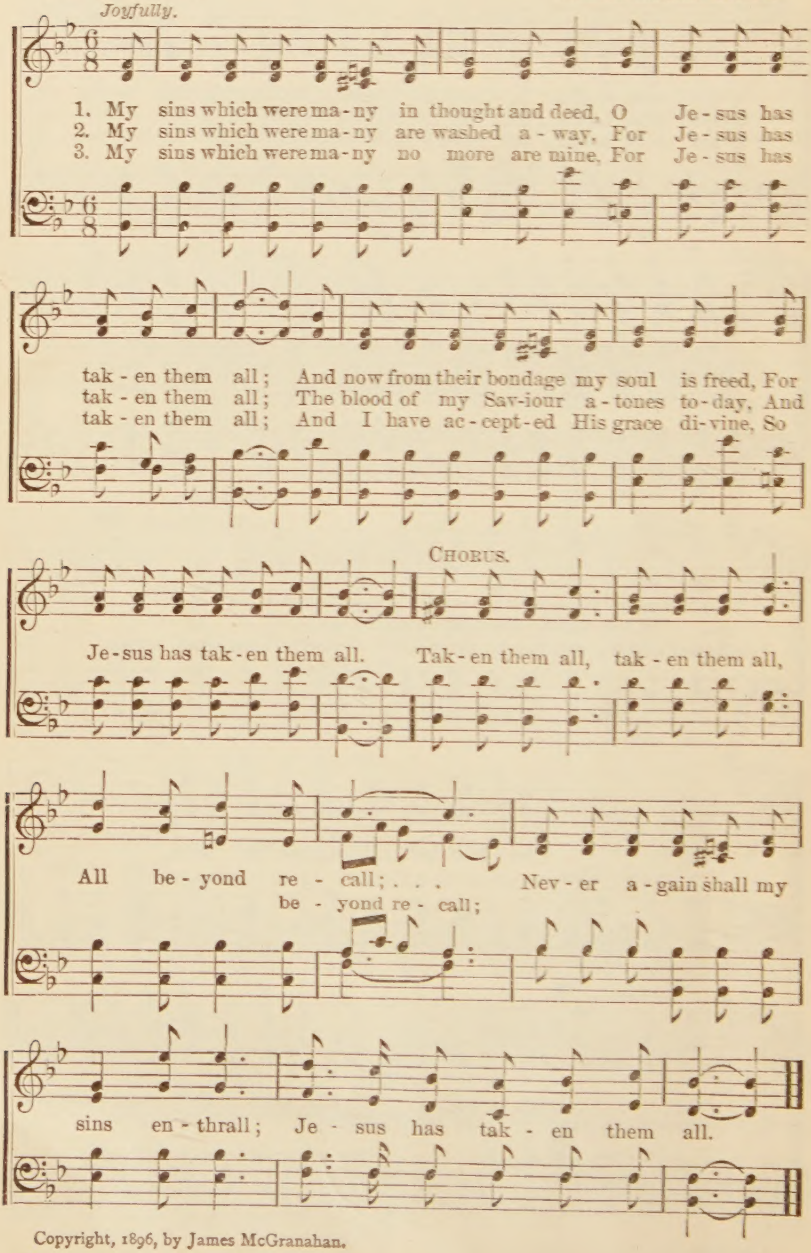
No. 4. Jesus Has Taken Them All.

"The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."—Isa. 53 : 6.

Mrs. C. E. Breck. James McGranahan.

Joyfully.

1. My sins which were ma-ny in thought and deed, O Je-sus has
2. My sins which were ma-ny are washed a-way, For Je-sus has
3. My sins which were ma-ny no more are mine, For Je-sus has
tak-en them all; And now from their bondage my soul is freed, For
tak-en them all; The blood of my Sav-iour a-tones to-day, And
tak-en them all; And I have ac-cept-ed His grace di-vine, So
Chorus.
Je-sus has tak-en them all. Tak-en them all, tak-en them all,
All be-yond re-call; . . . Nev-er a-gain shall my
be-yond re-call;
sins en-thrall; Je-sus has tak-en them all.

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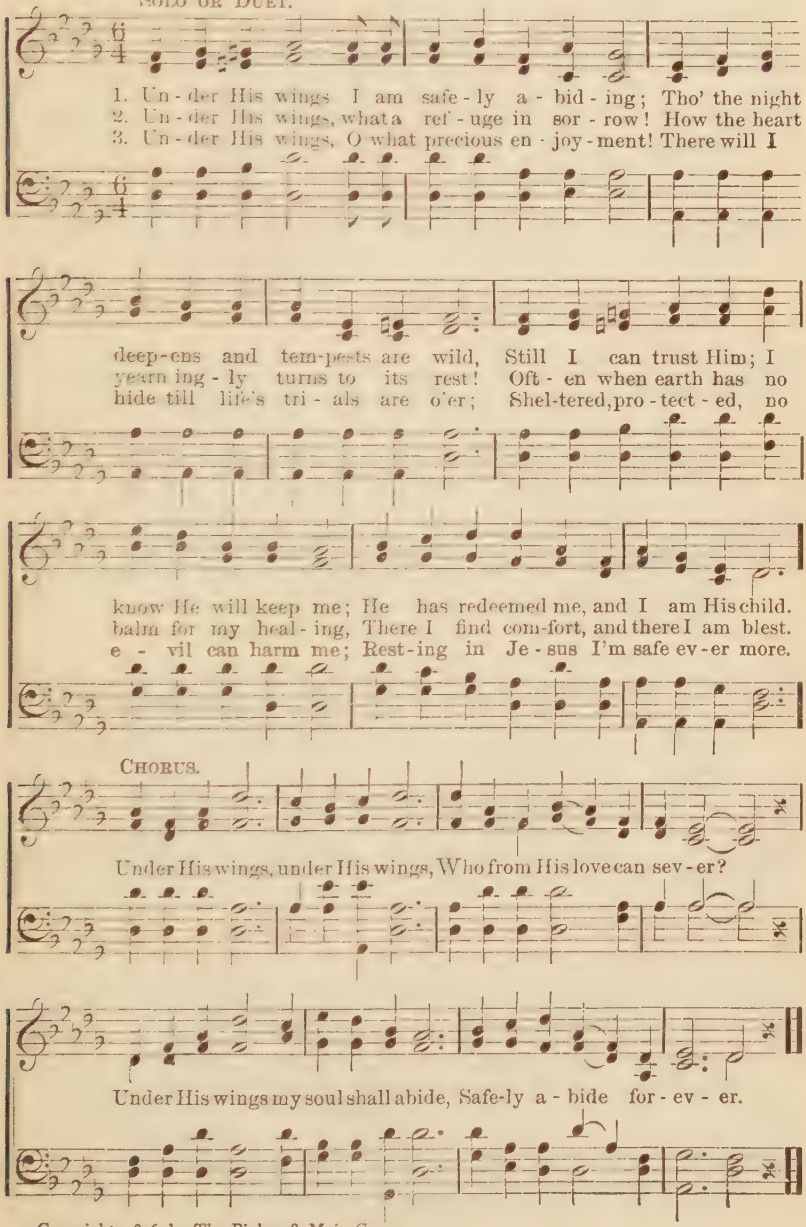
No. 5. Under His Wings.

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. 17: 8.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Ira D. Sankey.

Solo or Duet.


1. Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing; Tho' the night deep-ens and tem-pests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I know He will keep me; He has redeemed me, and I am His child.
2. Un - der His wings, what a ref' - uge in sor - row! How the heart yearn ing - ly turns to its rest! Oft - en when earth has no balm for my heal - ing, There I find com-fort, and there I am blest.
3. Un - der His wings, O what precious en - joy - ment! There will I hide till life's tri - als are o'er; Shel-tered, pro - tect - ed, no e - vil can harm me; Rest-ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er more.
Chorus.
Under His wings, under His wings, Who from His love can sev - er?
Under His wings my soul shall abide, Safe-ly a - bide for - ev - er.

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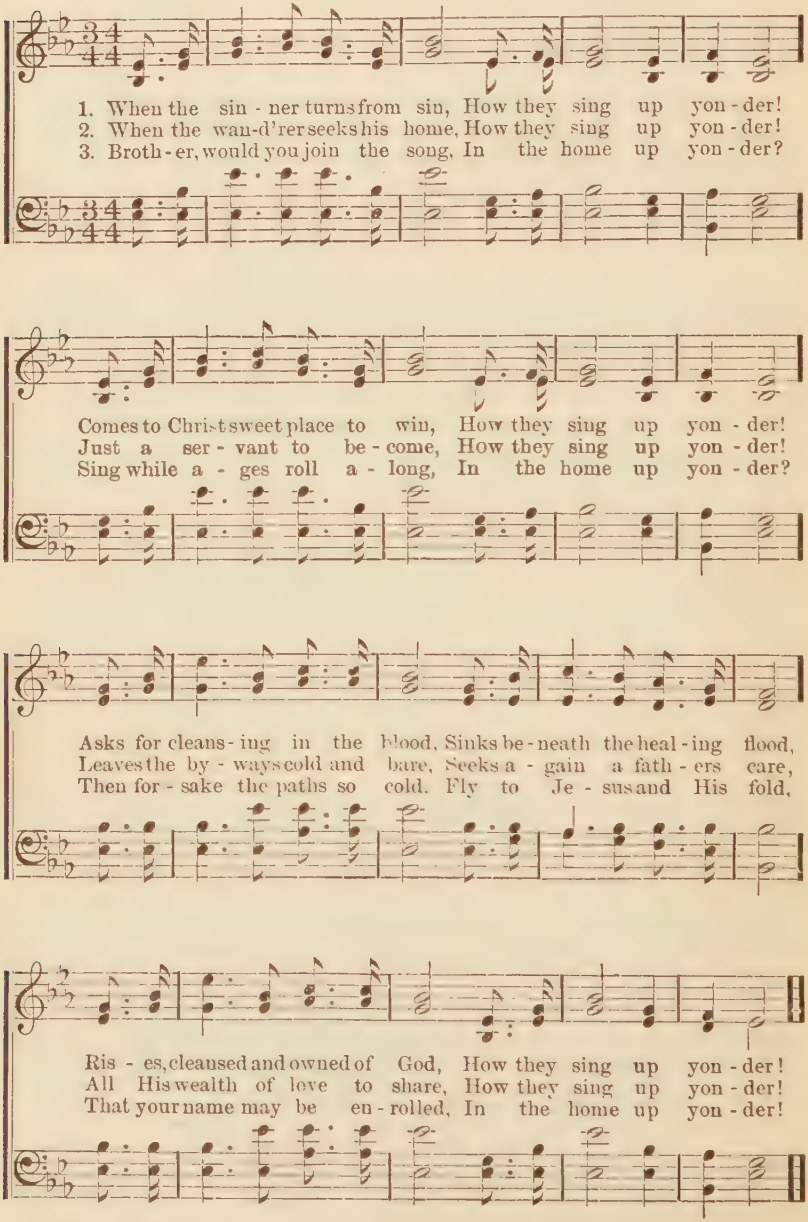
No. 6. How They Sing Up Yonder!

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." LUKE 15: 7.

H. E. JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When the sin - ner turns from sin, How they sing up yon - der!
2. When the wan-d'rer seeks his home, How they sing up yon - der!
3. Broth - er, would you join the song, In the home up yon - der?
Comes to Christ sweet place to win, How they sing up yon - der!
Just a ser - vant to be - come, How they sing up yon - der!
Sing while a - ges roll a - long, In the home up yon - der?
Asks for cleans - ing in the blood, Sinks be - neath the heal - ing flood,
Leaves the by - ways cold and bare, Seeks a - gain a fath - ers care,
Then for - sake the paths so cold. Fly to Je - sus and His fold,
Ris - es, cleansed and owned of God, How they sing up yon - der!
All His wealth of love to share, How they sing up yon - der!
That your name may be en - rolled, In the home up yon - der!

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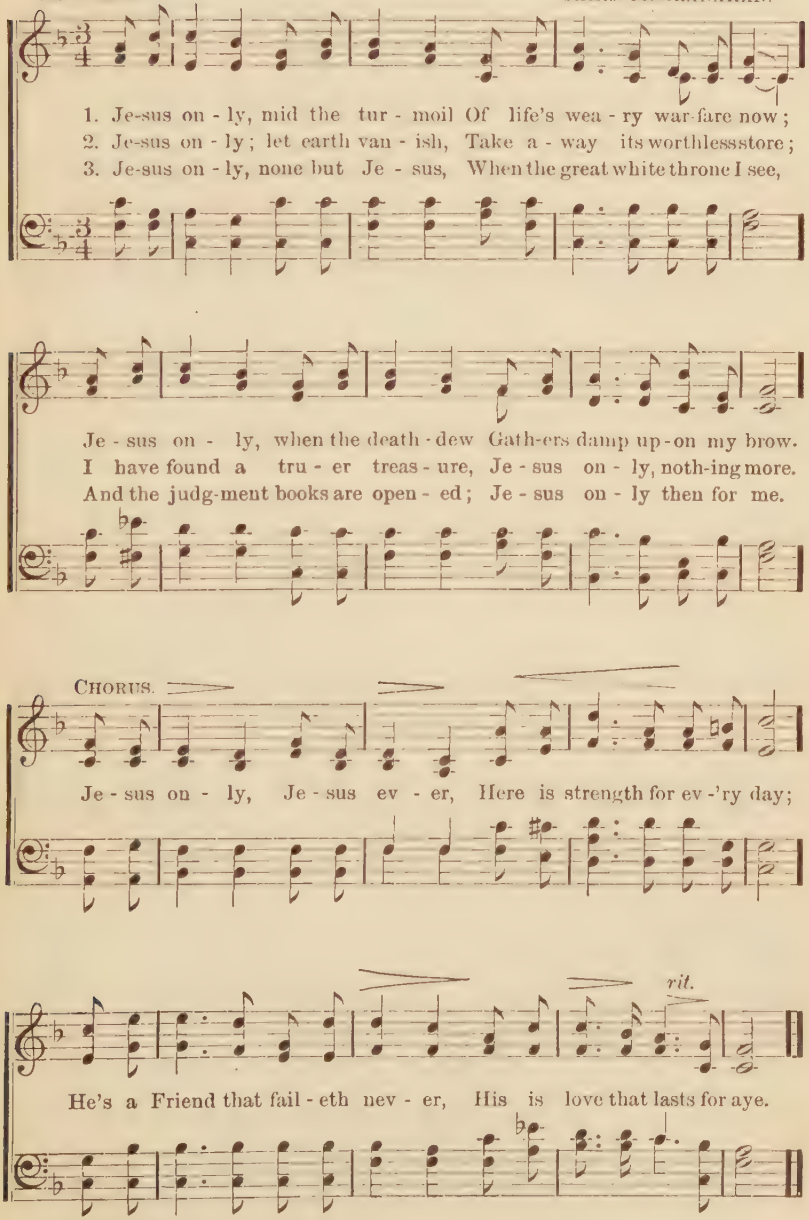
No. 7. Jesus Only, Jesus Ever.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

M. Fraser. James McGranahan.

1. Je-sus on - ly, mid the tur - moil Of life's wea - ry war-fare now;
2. Je-sus on - ly; let earth van - ish, Take a - way its worthless store;
3. Je-sus on - ly, none but Je - sus, When the great white throne I see,
Je - sus on - ly, when the death - dew Gath-ers damp up-on my brow.
I have found a tru - er treas - ure, Je - sus on - ly, noth-ing more.
And the judg-ment books are open - ed; Je - sus on - ly then for me.
Chorus.
Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus ev - er, Here is strength for ev -'ry day;
rit.
He's a Friend that fail - eth nev - er, His is love that lasts for aye.

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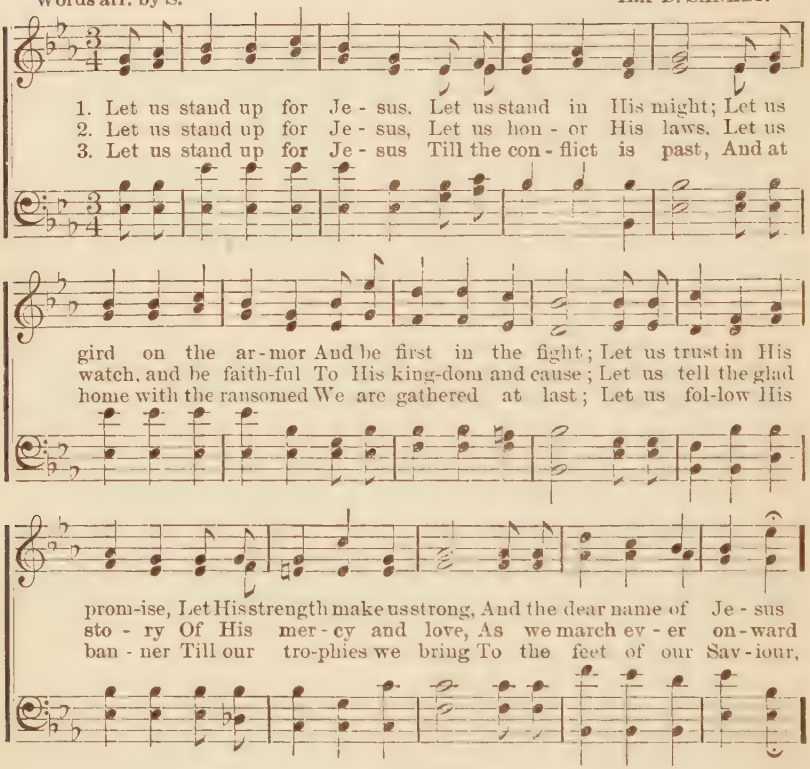
No. 8.

Let Us Stand for Jesus.

"Who will stand up for me."—Ps. 94 : 16.

Words arr. by S.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Let us stand up for Je - sus. Let us stand in His might; Let us
2. Let us stand up for Je - sus, Let us hon - or His laws, Let us
3. Let us stand up for Je - sus Till the con - flict is past, And at
gird on the ar - mor And be first in the fight; Let us trust in His
watch, and be faith-ful To His king-dom and cause; Let us tell the glad
home with the ransomed We are gathered at last; Let us fol-low His
prom-ise, Let His strength make us strong, And the dear name of Je - sus
sto - ry Of His mer - cy and love, As we march ev - er on - ward
ban - ner Till our tro-phies we bring To the feet of our Sav - iour,
CHORUS.
Be our watch-word and song.
To the cit - y a - bove.
Our Re-deem - er and King.
Let us stand, firm-ly stand, With a
heart true and brave; Let us stand up for Je-sus, Who is mighty to save.

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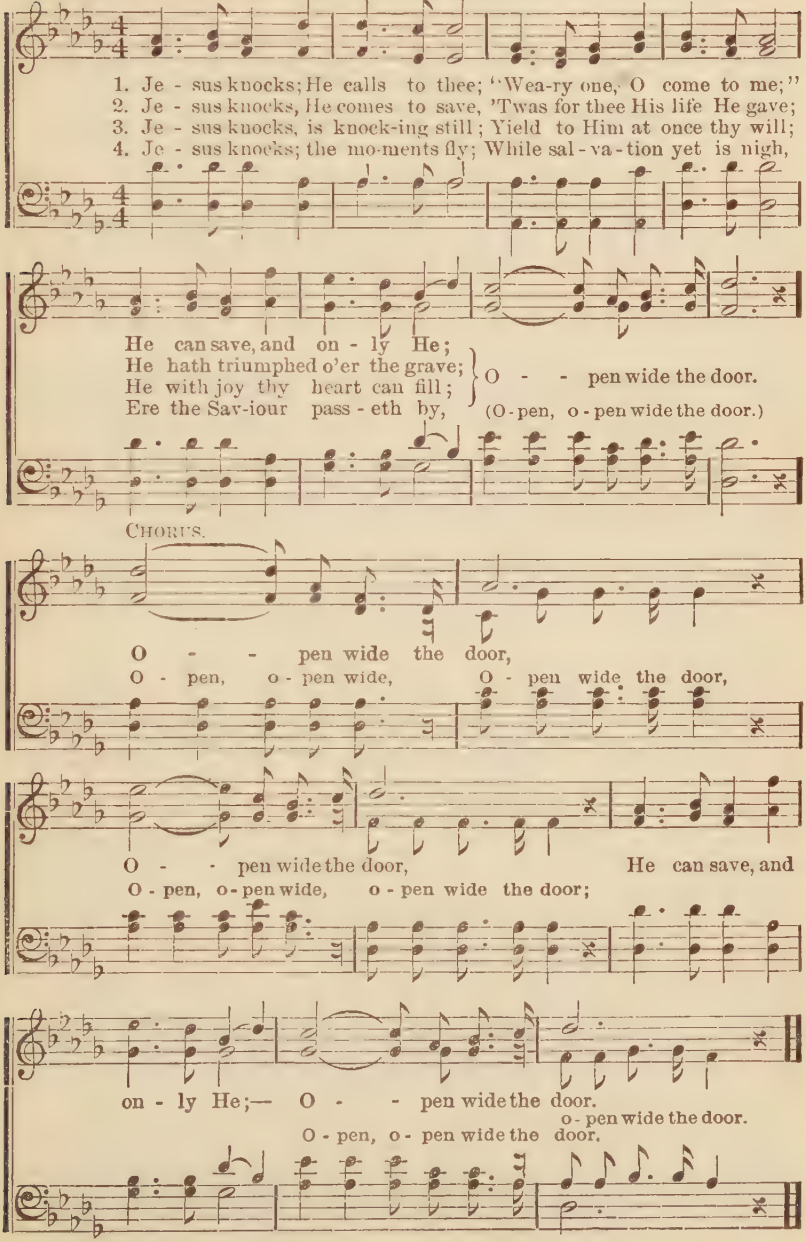
No. 9. Open Wide the Door.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3 : 20.

W. Kitching, arr. by S. J. H. Burke.


1. Je - sus knocks; He calls to thee; "Wea-ry one, O come to me;"
2. Je - sus knocks, He comes to save, 'Twas for thee His life He gave;
3. Je - sus knocks, is knock-ing still; Yield to Him at once thy will;
4. Je - sus knocks; the mo-ments fly; While sal - va - tion yet is nigh,
He can save, and on - ly He;
He hath triumphed o'er the grave;
He with joy thy heart can fill;
Ere the Sav-iour pass - eth by,
O - - - pen wide the door.
(O - pen, o - pen wide the door.)
Chorus.
O - - - pen wide the door,
O - pen, o - pen wide, O - pen wide the door,
O - - - pen wide the door, He can save, and
O - pen, o - pen wide, o - pen wide the door;
on - ly He;— O - - - pen wide the door.
o - pen wide the door.
O - pen, o - pen wide the door.

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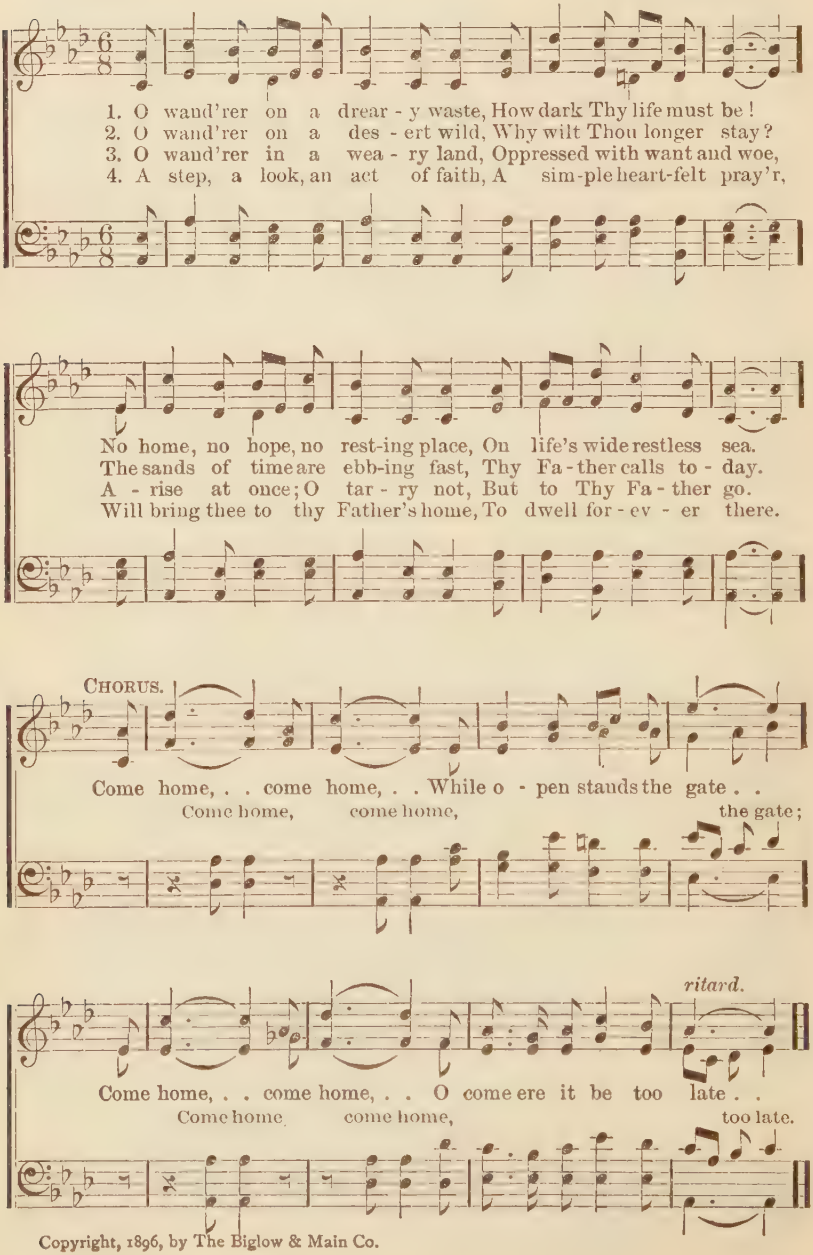
No. 10. Come Home.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke 15: 18.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. O wand'rer on a drear - y waste, How dark Thy life must be!
2. O wand'rer on a des - ert wild, Why wilt Thou longer stay?
3. O wand'rer in a wea - ry land, Oppressed with want and woe,
4. A step, a look, an act of faith, A sim-ple heart-felt pray'r,
No home, no hope, no rest-ing place, On life's wide restless sea.
The sands of time are ebb-ing fast, Thy Fa-ther calls to - day.
A - rise at once; O tar - ry not, But to Thy Fa - ther go.
Will bring thee to thy Father's home, To dwell for - ev - er there.
Chorus.
Come home, . . come home, . . While o - pen stands the gate . .
Come home, come home, the gate;
ritard.
Come home, . . come home, . . O come ere it be too late . .
Come home, come home, too late.

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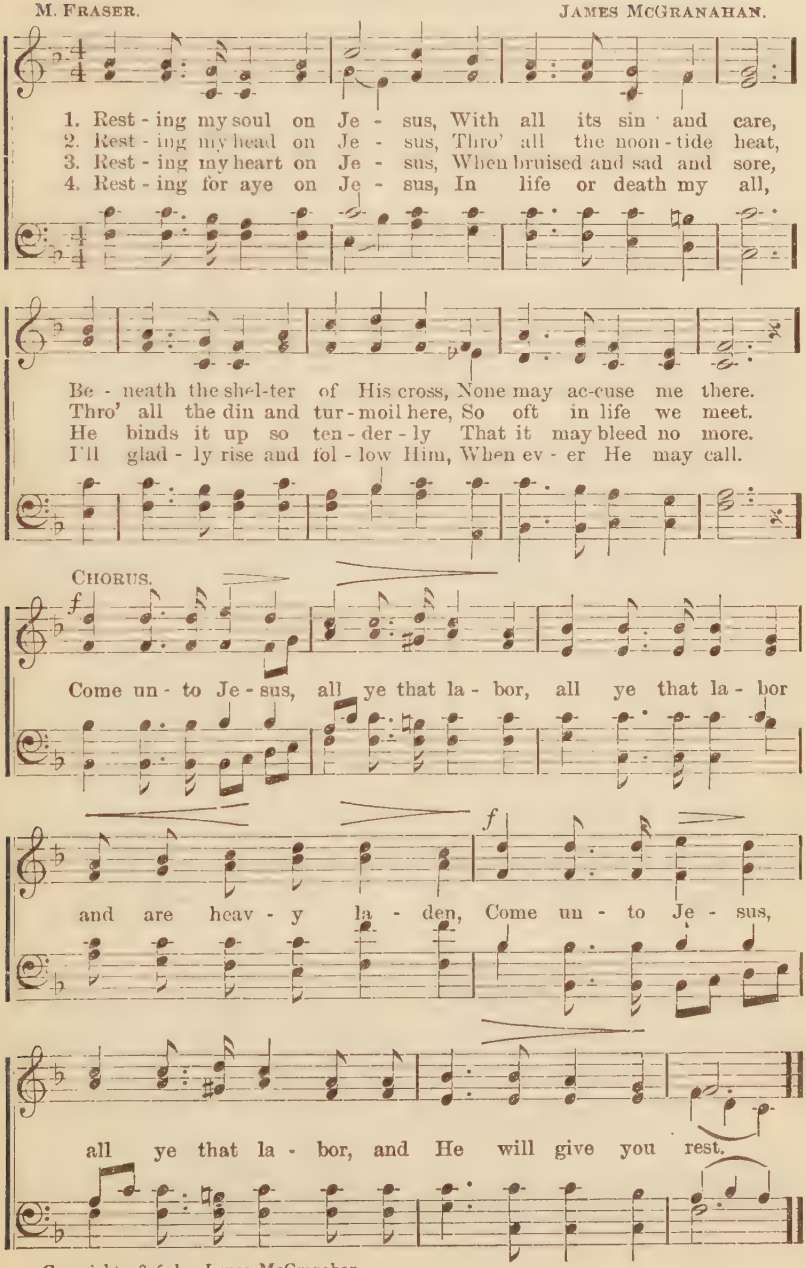
No. 11.

Resting on Jesus.

"And I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

M. Fraser. James McGranahan.

1. Rest - ing my soul on Je - sus, With all its sin and care,
2. Rest - ing my head on Je - sus, Thro' all the noon - tide heat,
3. Rest - ing my heart on Je - sus, When bruised and sad and sore,
4. Rest - ing for aye on Je - sus, In life or death my all,
Be - neath the shel-ter of His cross, None may ac-cuse me there.
Thro' all the din and tur - moil here, So oft in life we meet.
He binds it up so ten - der - ly That it may bleed no more.
I'll glad - ly rise and fol - low Him, When ev - er He may call.
Chorus.
Come un - to Je - sus, all ye that la - bor, all ye that la - bor
and are heav - y la - den, Come un - to Je - sus,
all ye that la - bor, and He will give you rest.

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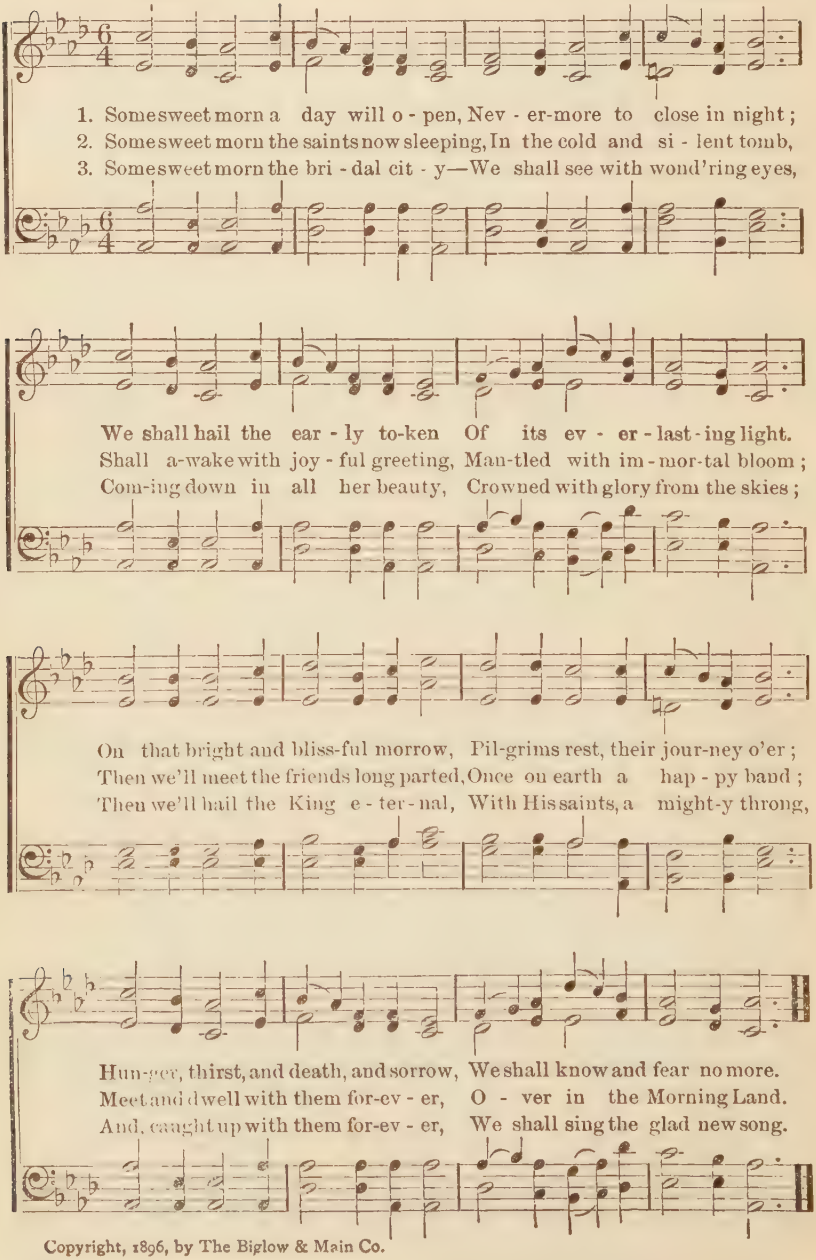
No. 12. Some Sweet Morn.

"The morning cometh."—Isa. 21 : 12.

Rev. E. P. Marvin. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Some sweet morn a day will o - pen, Nev - er-more to close in night;
2. Some sweet morn the saints now sleeping, In the cold and si - lent tomb,
3. Some sweet morn the bri - dal cit - y—We shall see with wond'ring eyes,
We shall hail the ear - ly to-ken Of its ev - er - last - ing light.
Shall a-wake with joy - ful greeting, Man-tled with im - mor-tal bloom;
Com-ing down in all her beauty, Crowned with glory from the skies;
On that bright and bliss-ful morrow, Pil-grims rest, their jour-ney o'er;
Then we'll meet the friends long parted, Once on earth a hap - py band;
Then we'll hail the King e - ter - nal, With His saints, a might-y throng,
Hun-ger, thirst, and death, and sorrow, We shall know and fear no more.
Meet and dwell with them for-ev - er, O - ver in the Morning Land.
And, caught up with them for-ev - er, We shall sing the glad new song.

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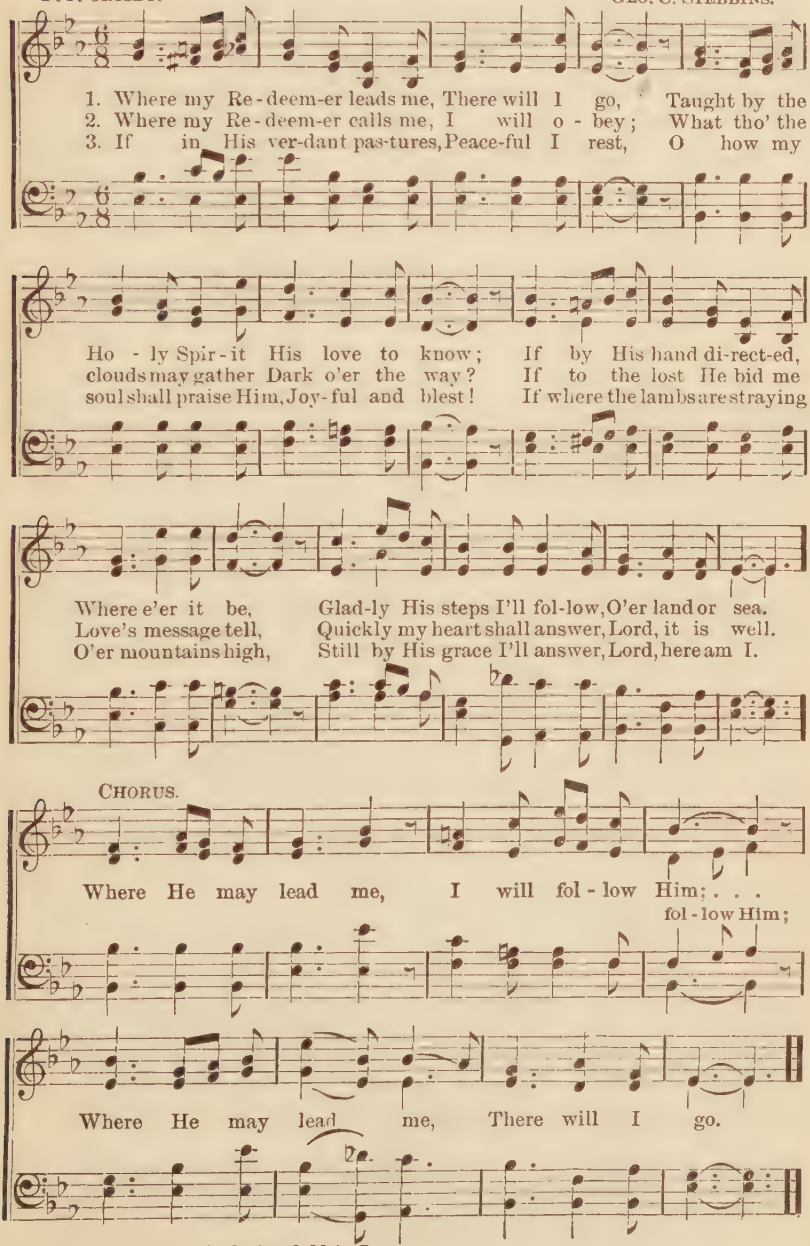
No. 13. Where my Redeemer Leads Me.

"Whither thou goest, I will go."—Ruth 1: 16.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Where my Re-deem-er leads me, There will I go, Taught by the
2. Where my Re-deem-er calls me, I will o-bey; What tho' the
3. If in His ver-dant pas-tures, Peace-ful I rest, O how my
Ho-ly Spir-it His love to know; If by His hand di-rect-ed,
clouds may gather Dark o'er the way? If to the lost He bid me
soul shall praise Him, Joy-ful and blest! If where the lambs are straying
Where e'er it be, Glad-ly His steps I'll fol-low, O'er land or sea.
Love's message tell, Quickly my heart shall answer, Lord, it is well.
O'er mountains high, Still by His grace I'll answer, Lord, here am I.
Chorus.
Where He may lead me, I will fol-low Him; . . .
fol-low Him;
Where He may lead me, There will I go.

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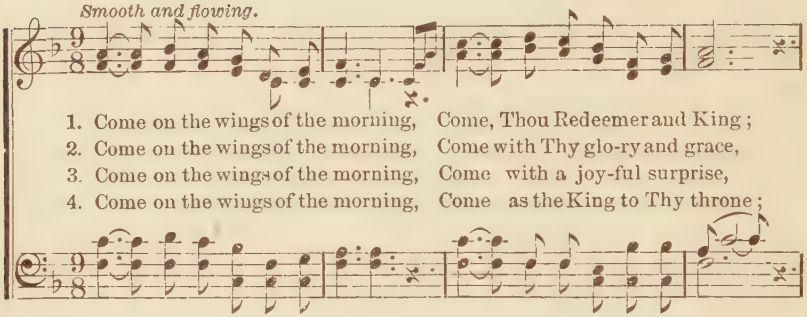
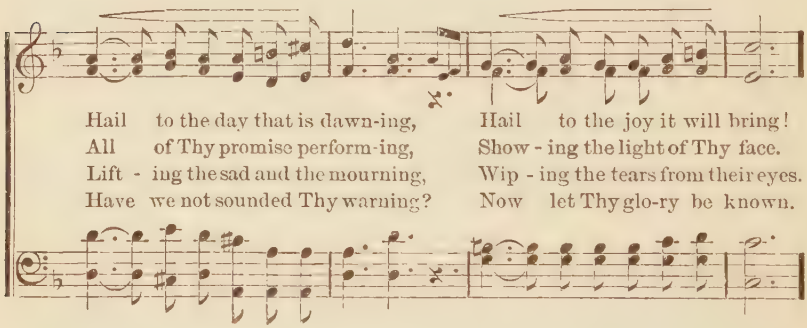
No. 14. Come on the Wings of the Morning.

"Looking for that blessed hope."—Acts 2 : 13.

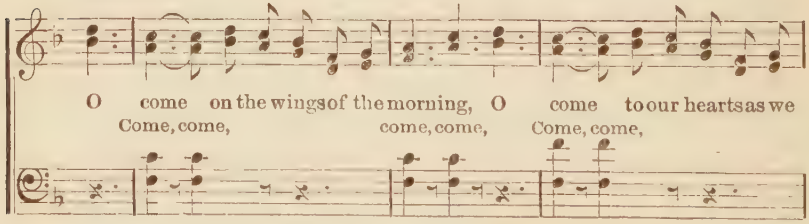
El Nathan. James McGranahan.

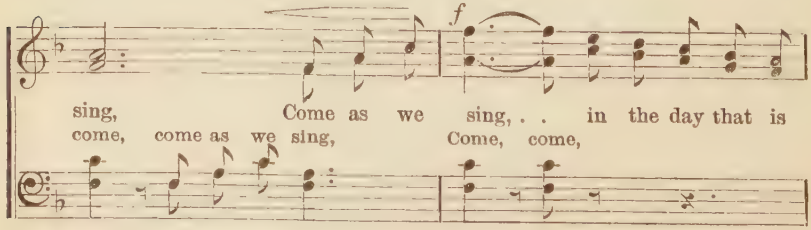
Smooth and flowing.


1. Come on the wings of the morning, Come, Thou Redeemer and King;
2. Come on the wings of the morning, Come with Thy glo-ry and grace,
3. Come on the wings of the morning, Come with a joy-ful surprise,
4. Come on the wings of the morning, Come as the King to Thy throne;


Hail to the day that is dawn-ing, Hail to the joy it will bring!
All of Thy promise perform-ing, Show - ing the light of Thy face.
Lift - ing the sad and the mourning, Wip - ing the tears from their eyes.
Have we not sounded Thy warning? Now let Thy glo-ry be known.

Chorus.





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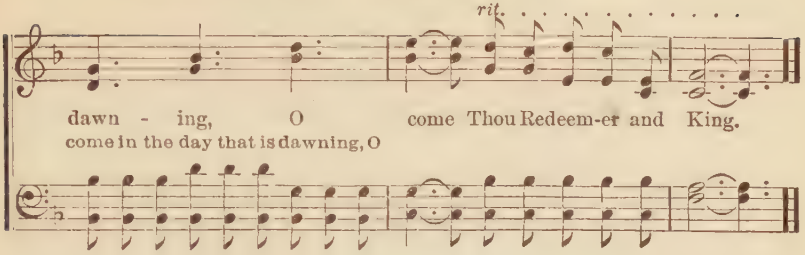
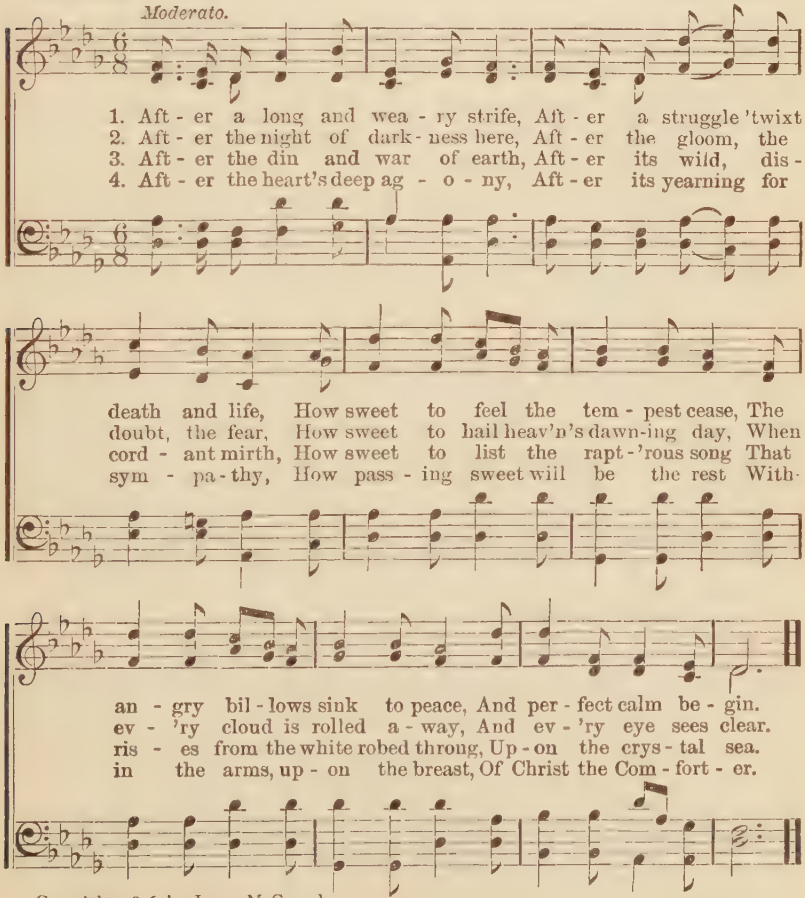


No. 15. Comforted.

"Now he is comforted."—Luke 16: 25.

M. Fraser. M. A. Sea.

Moderato.
1. Aft - er a long and wea - ry strife, Aft - er a struggle 'twixt
2. Aft - er the night of dark - ness here, Aft - er the gloom, the
3. Aft - er the din and war of earth, Aft - er its wild, dis -
4. Aft - er the heart's deep ag - o - ny, Aft - er its yearning for
death and life, How sweet to feel the tem - pest cease, The
doubt, the fear, How sweet to hail heav'n's dawn-ing day, When
cord - ant mirth, How sweet to list the rapt - 'rous song That
sym - pa - thy, How pass - ing sweet will be the rest With -
an - gry bil - lows sink to peace, And per - fect calm be - gin.
ev - 'ry cloud is rolled a - way, And ev - 'ry eye sees clear.
ris - es from the white robed throng, Up - on the crys - tal sea.
in the arms, up - on the breast, Of Christ the Com - fort - er.

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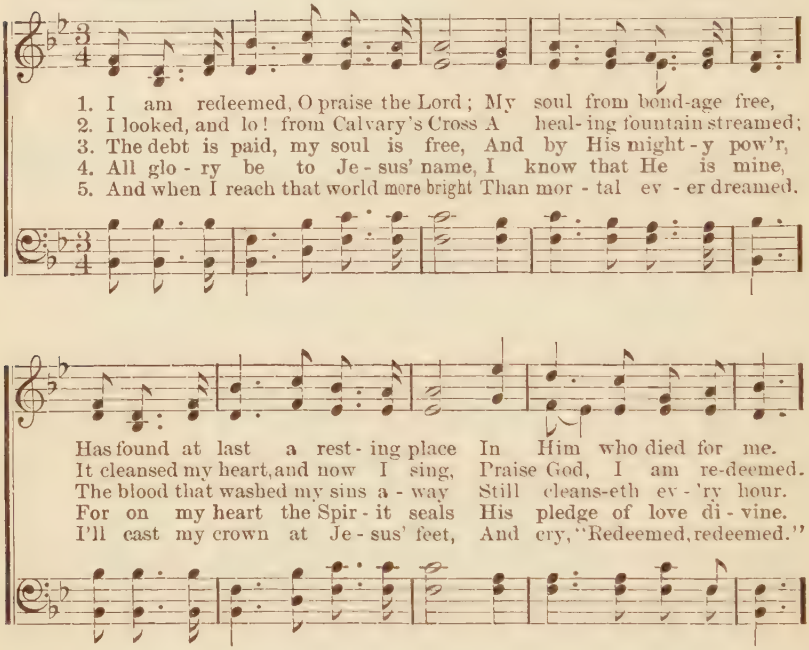
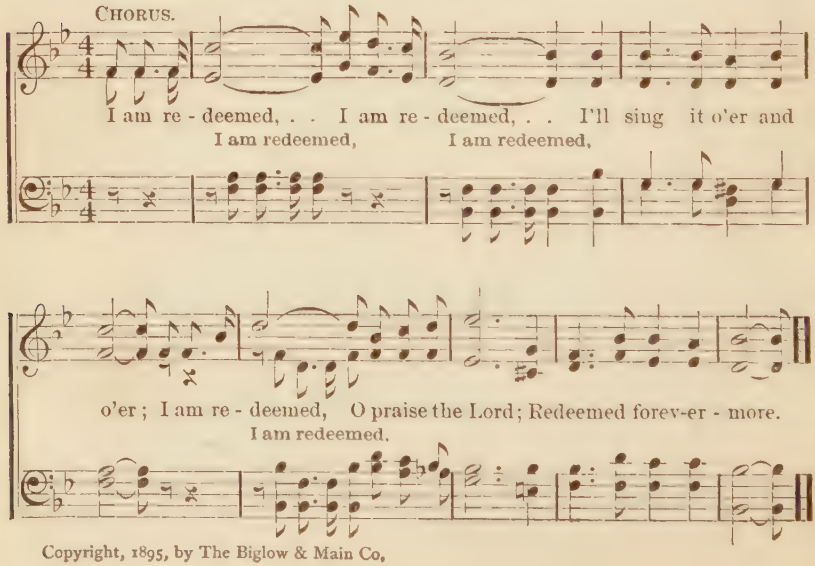
No. 16.

I am Redeemed.

"Fear not for I have redeemed thee."—Isa. 43 : 1.

Julia Sterling. Ira D. Sankey.


1. I am redeemed, O praise the Lord; My soul from bond-age free,
2. I looked, and lo! from Calvary's Cross A heal-ing fountain streamed;
3. The debt is paid, my soul is free, And by His might-y pow'r,
4. All glo-ry be to Je-sus' name, I know that He is mine,
5. And when I reach that world more bright Than mor-tal ev-er dreamed.
Has found at last a rest-ing place In Him who died for me.
It cleansed my heart, and now I sing, Praise God, I am re-deemed.
The blood that washed my sins a-way Still cleans-eth ev-'ry hour.
For on my heart the Spir-it seals His pledge of love di-vine.
I'll cast my crown at Je-sus' feet, And cry, "Redeemed, redeemed."


Chorus.
I am re-deemed, . . I am re-deemed, . . I'll sing it o'er and
I am redeemed, I am redeemed,
o'er; I am re-deemed, O praise the Lord; Redeemed forev-er-more.
I am redeemed.

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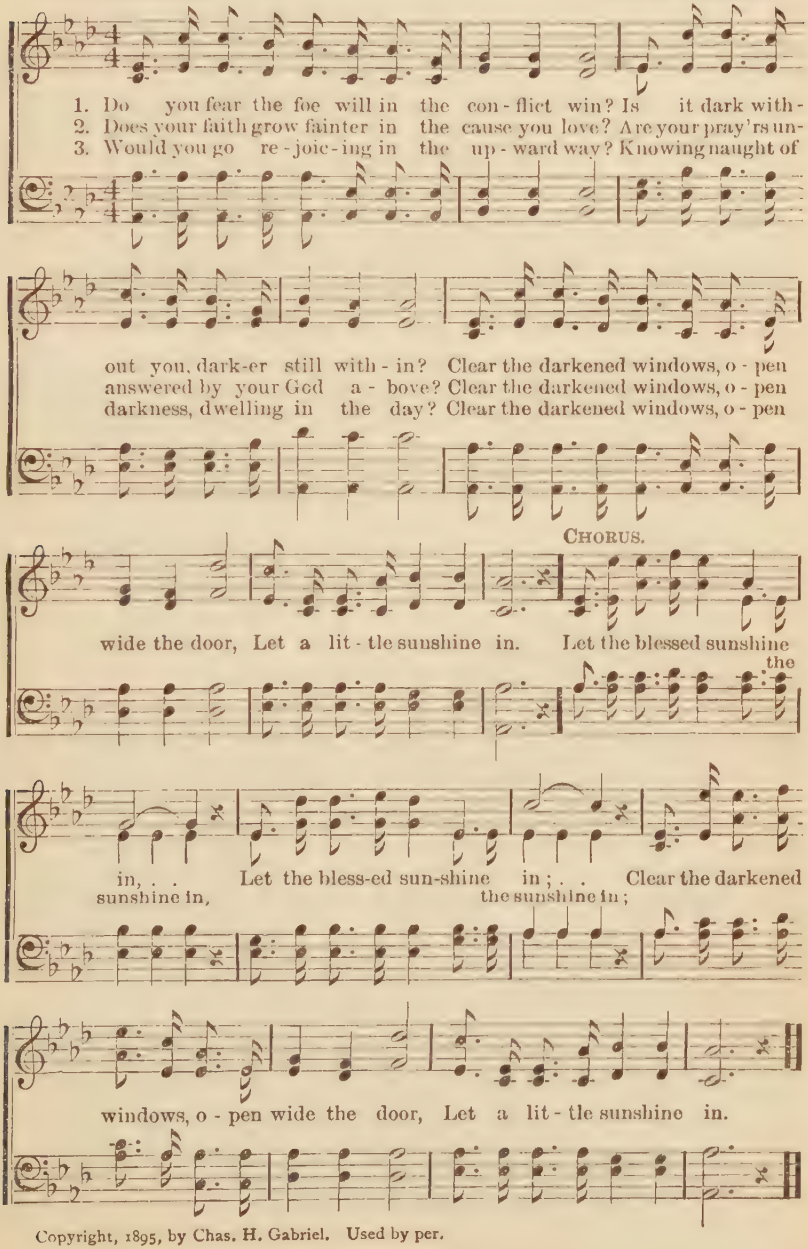
No. 17. Let the Sunshine in.

"A pleasant thing it is to behold the sun."—Eccles 11 : 7.

ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un-
3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way? Knowing naught of
out you, dark-er still with - in? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen
answered by your God a - bove? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen
darkness, dwelling in the day? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen
CHORUS.
wide the door, Let a lit - tle sunshine in. Let the blessed sunshine
the
in, . . Let the bless-ed sun-shine in ; . . Clear the darkened
sunshine in,
the sunshine in ;
windows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sunshine in.

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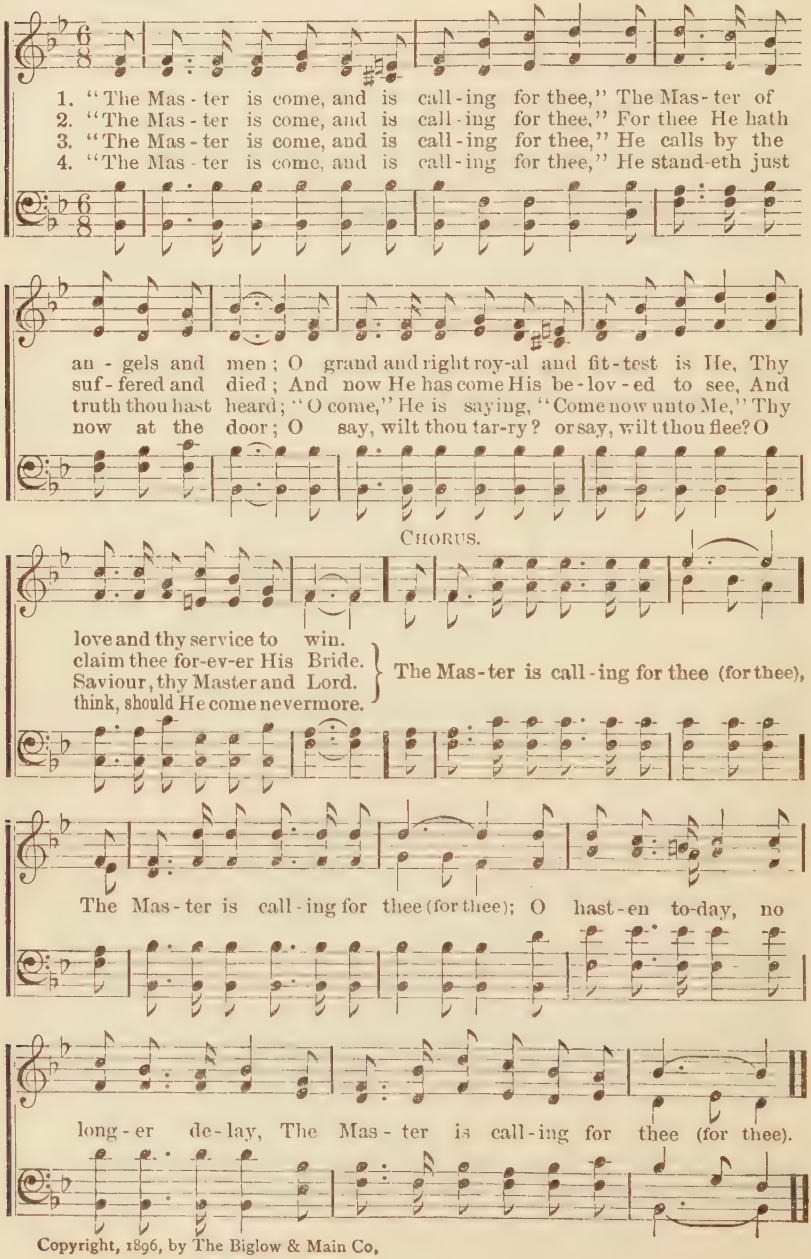
No. 18. The Master is Calling for Thee.

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."—JOHN 11: 28.

D. W. WHITTLE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. "The Mas-ter is come, and is call-ing for thee," The Mas-ter of
2. "The Mas-ter is come, and is call-ing for thee," For thee He hath
3. "The Mas-ter is come, and is call-ing for thee," He calls by the
4. "The Mas-ter is come, and is call-ing for thee," He stand-eth just
an-gels and men; O grand and right roy-al and fit-test is He, Thy
suf-fered and died; And now He has come His be-lov-ed to see, And
truth thou hast heard; "O come," He is say-ing, "Come now unto Me," Thy
now at the door; O say, wilt thou tar-ry? or say, wilt thou flee? O
CHORUS.
love and thy service to win.
claim thee for-ev-er His Bride.
Saviour, thy Master and Lord.
think, should He come nevermore.
The Mas-ter is call-ing for thee (for thee),
The Mas-ter is call-ing for thee (for thee); O hast-en to-day, no
long-er de-lay, The Mas-ter is call-ing for thee (for thee).

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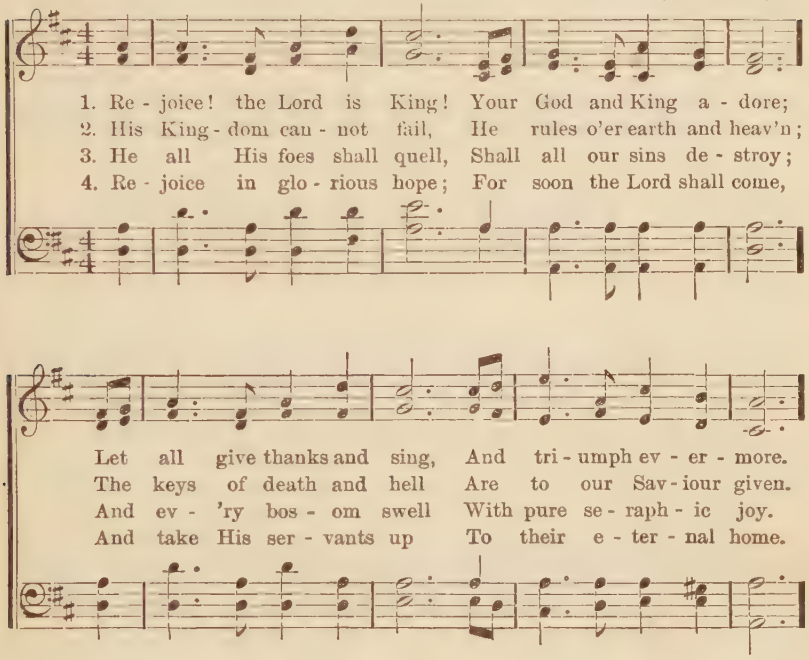
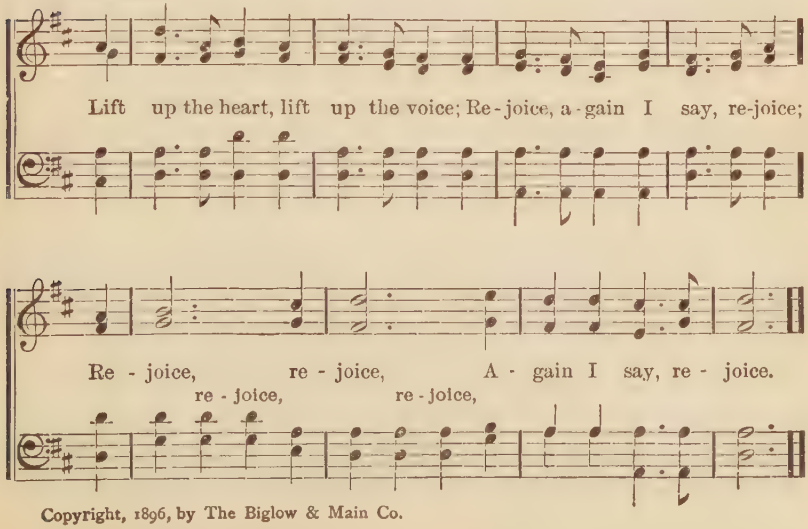
No. 19. Rejoice! the Lord is King!

"Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice."—PHIL. 4: 4.

C. WESLEY. J. H. BURKE.


1. Re - joice! the Lord is King! Your God and King a - dore;
2. His King - dom can - not fail, He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
3. He all His foes shall quell, Shall all our sins de - stroy;
4. Re - joice in glo - rious hope; For soon the Lord shall come,
Let all give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more.
The keys of death and hell Are to our Sav - iour given.
And ev - 'ry bos - om swell With pure se - raph - ic joy.
And take His ser - vants up To their e - ter - nal home.

REFRAIN.



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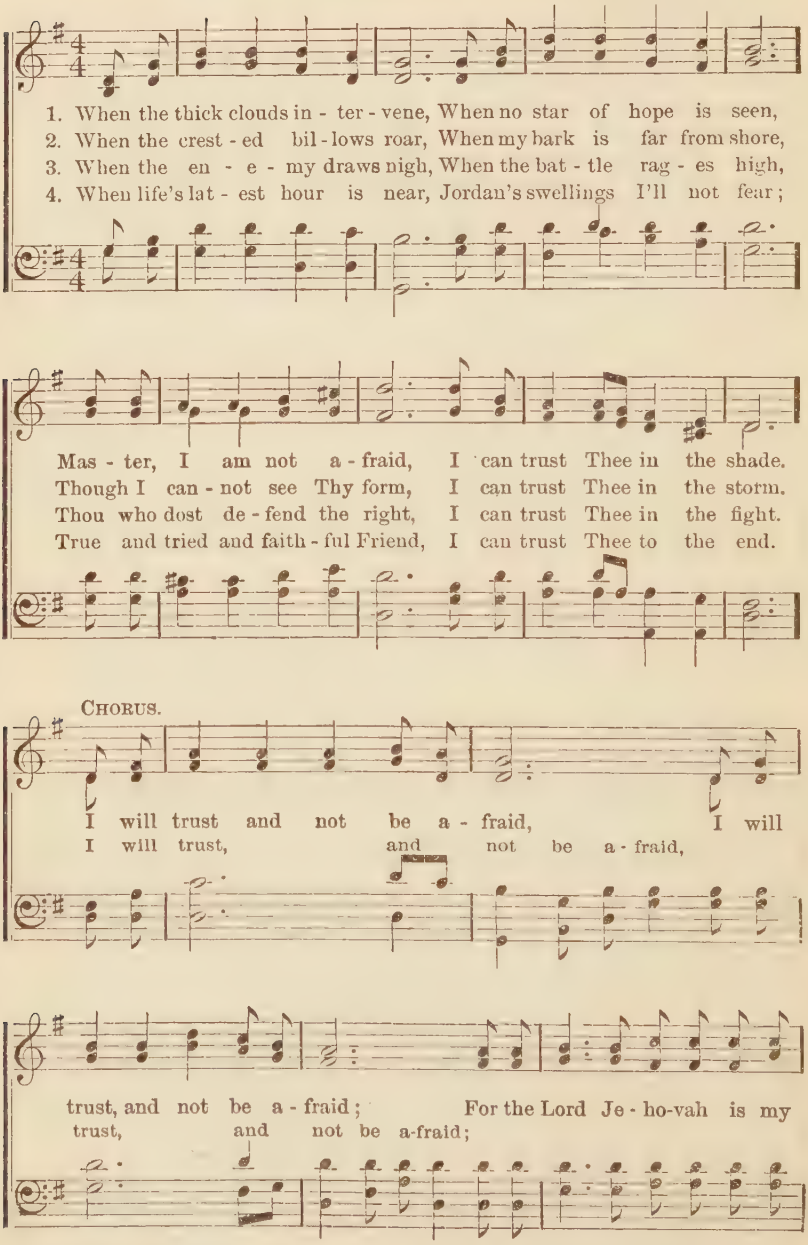
No. 20. I will Trust, and not be Afraid.

Isa. 12 : 2.

M. Fraser. James McGranahan.

1. When the thick clouds in - ter - vene, When no star of hope is seen,
2. When the crest - ed bil - lows roar, When my bark is far from shore,
3. When the en - e - my draws nigh, When the bat - tle rag - es high,
4. When life's lat - est hour is near, Jordan's swellings I'll not fear;
Mas - ter, I am not a - fraid, I can trust Thee in the shade.
Though I can - not see Thy form, I can trust Thee in the storm.
Thou who dost de - fend the right, I can trust Thee in the fight.
True and tried and faith - ful Friend, I can trust Thee to the end.
Chorus.
I will trust and not be a - fraid, I will
I will trust, and not be a - fraid,
trust, and not be a - fraid; For the Lord Je - ho-vah is my
trust, and not be a-fraid;

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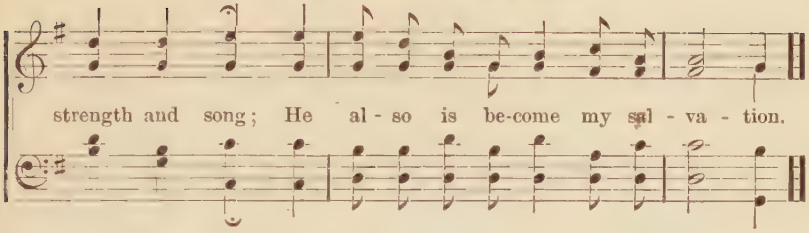
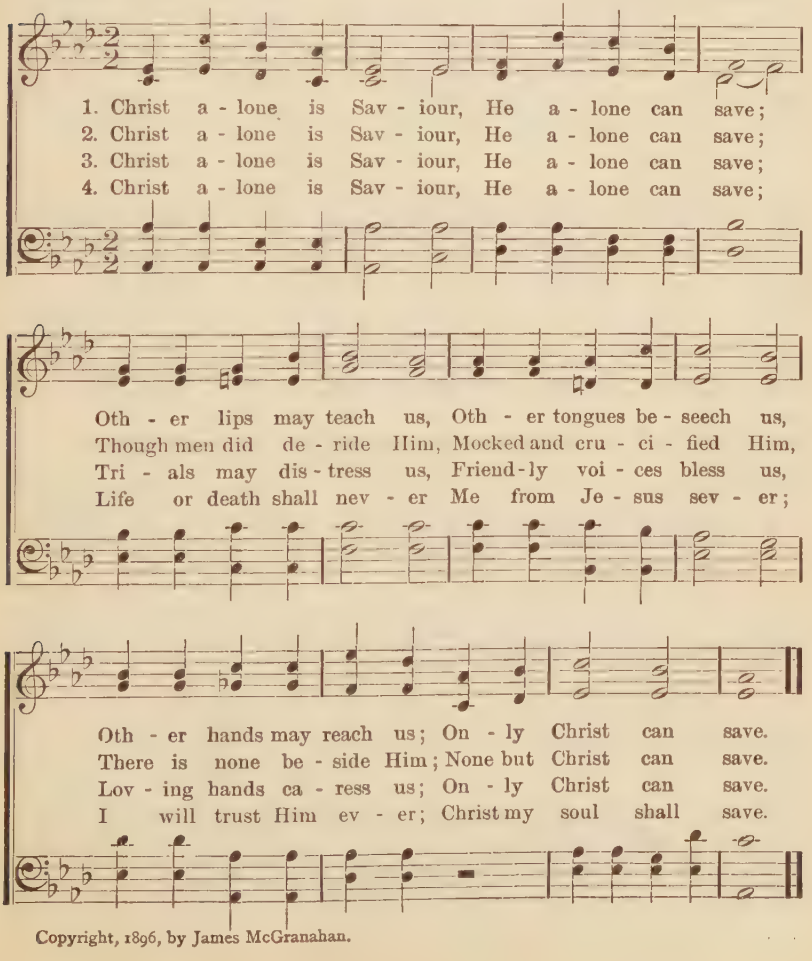
I will Trust,—Concluded.



No. 21. Christ Alone is Saviour.

"For he shall save his people from their sins."—MATT. 1: 21.

Furnished by E. N. M. A. SEA.

1. Christ a - lone is Sav - iour, He a - lone can save;
2. Christ a - lone is Sav - iour, He a - lone can save;
3. Christ a - lone is Sav - iour, He a - lone can save;
4. Christ a - lone is Sav - iour, He a - lone can save;
Oth - er lips may teach us, Oth - er tongues be - seech us,
Though men did de - ride Him, Mocked and cru - ci - fied Him,
Tri - als may dis - tress us, Friend - ly voi - ces bless us,
Life or death shall nev - er Me from Je - sus sev - er;
Oth - er hands may reach us; On - ly Christ can save.
There is none be - side Him; None but Christ can save.
Lov - ing hands ca - ress us; On - ly Christ can save.
I will trust Him ev - er; Christ my soul shall save.

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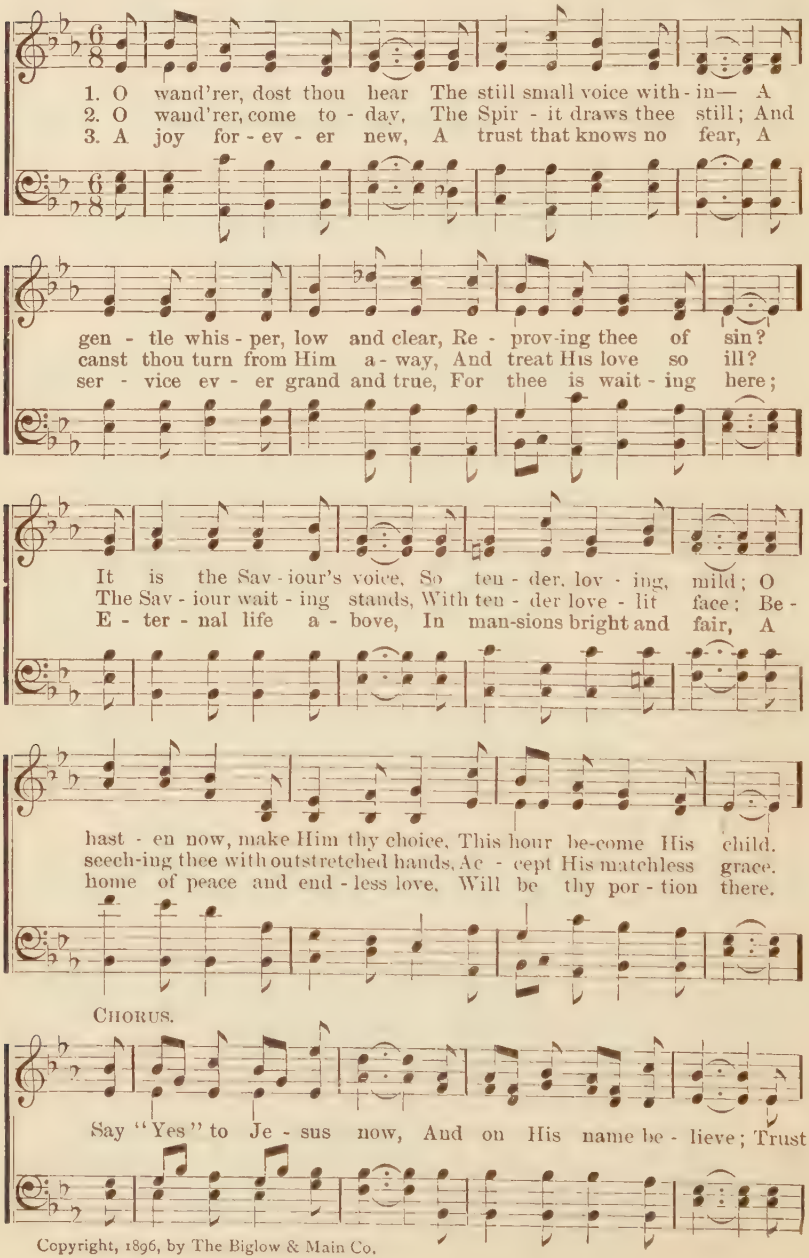
No. 22. Say "Yes" to Jesus Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6 : 2.

Mrs. M. B. Wingate. Ira D. Sankey.


1. O wand'rer, dost thou hear The still small voice with - in— A
2. O wand'rer, come to - day, The Spir - it draws thee still; And
3. A joy for - ev - er new, A trust that knows no fear, A
gen - tle whis - per, low and clear, Re - prov-ing thee of sin?
canst thou turn from Him a - way, And treat His love so ill?
ser - vice ev - er grand and true, For thee is wait - ing here;
It is the Sav - iour's voice, So ten - der, lov - ing, mild; O
The Sav - iour wait - ing stands, With ten - der love - lit face; Be -
E - ter - nal life a - bove, In man-sions bright and fair, A
hast - en now, make Him thy choice, This hour be-come His child.
seech-ing thee with outstretched hands, Ac - cept His matchless grace.
home of peace and end - less love, Will be thy por - tion there.
Chorus.
Say "Yes" to Je - sus now, And on His name be - lieve; Trust

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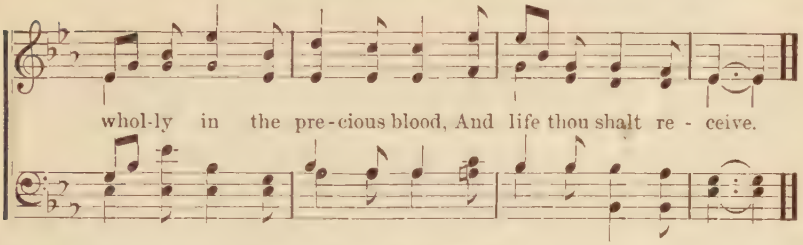
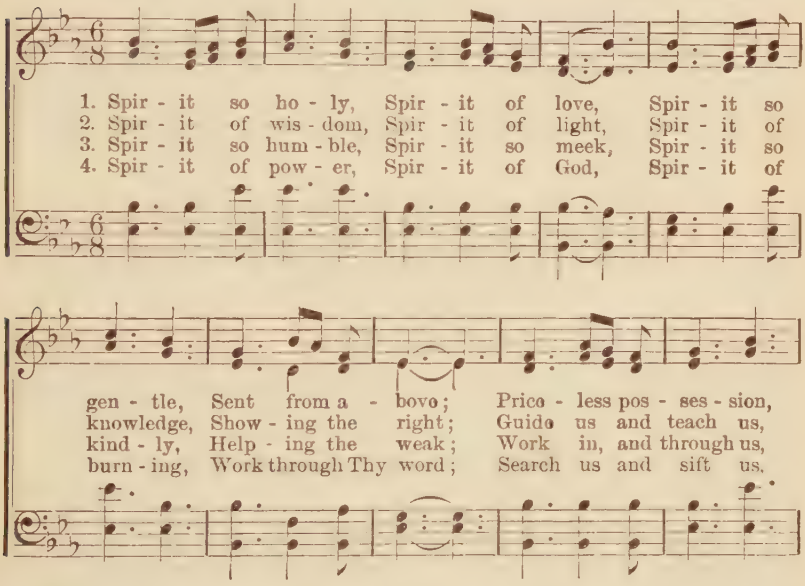
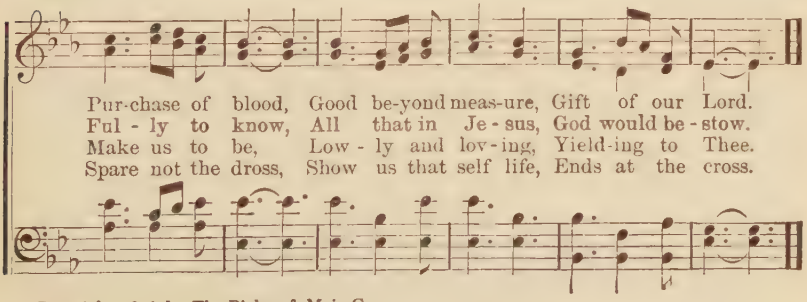


No. 23. Spirit so Holy.

"Lead me in thy truth, and teach me."—Ps. 25 : 5.

D. W. WHITTLE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Spir - it so ho - ly, Spir - it of love, Spir - it so
2. Spir - it of wis - dom, Spir - it of light, Spir - it of
3. Spir - it so hum - ble, Spir - it so meek, Spir - it so
4. Spir - it of pow - er, Spir - it of God, Spir - it of
gen - tle, Sent from a - bove; Price - less pos - ses - sion,
knowledge, Show - ing the right; Guide us and teach us,
kind - ly, Help - ing the weak; Work in, and through us,
burn - ing, Work through Thy word; Search us and sift us.


Pur-chase of blood, Good be-yond meas-ure, Gift of our Lord.
Ful - ly to know, All that in Je - sus, God would be - stow.
Make us to be, Low - ly and lov-ing, Yield-ing to Thee.
Spare not the dross, Show us that self life, Ends at the cross.

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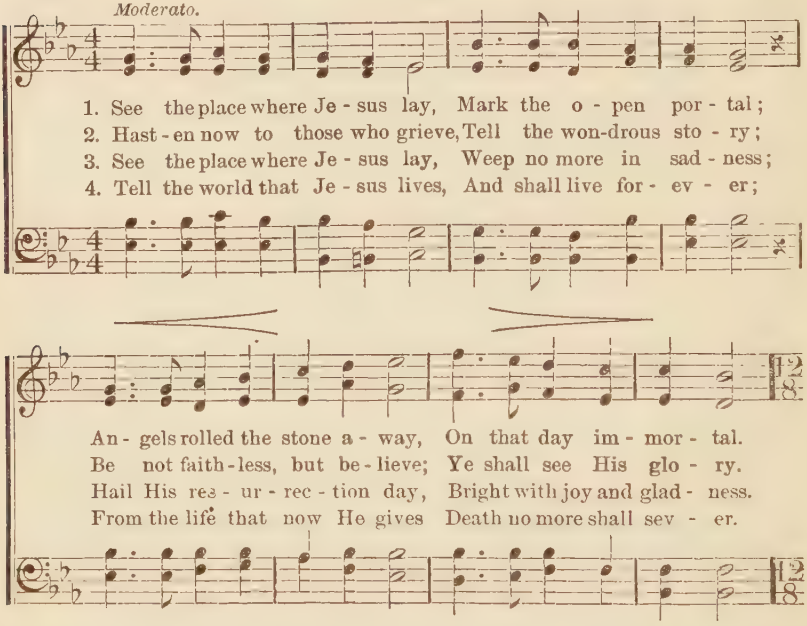
No. 24. Morning Breaks Upon the Gloom.

Come, see the place where the Lord lay.—Matt. 28: 6.

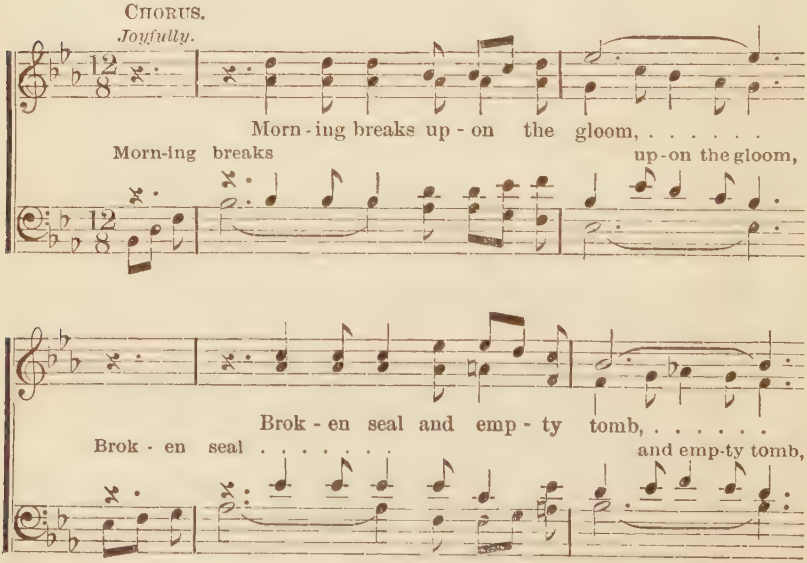
Julia H. Johnston. James McGranahan.

Moderato.


1. See the place where Je - sus lay, Mark the o - pen por - tal;
2. Hast - en now to those who grieve, Tell the won-drous sto - ry;
3. See the place where Je - sus lay, Weep no more in sad - ness;
4. Tell the world that Je - sus lives, And shall live for - ev - er;
An - gels rolled the stone a - way, On that day im - mor - tal.
Be not faith - less, but be - lieve; Ye shall see His glo - ry.
Hail His res - ur - rec - tion day, Bright with joy and glad - ness.
From the life that now He gives Death no more shall sev - er.

Chorus.

Joyfully.



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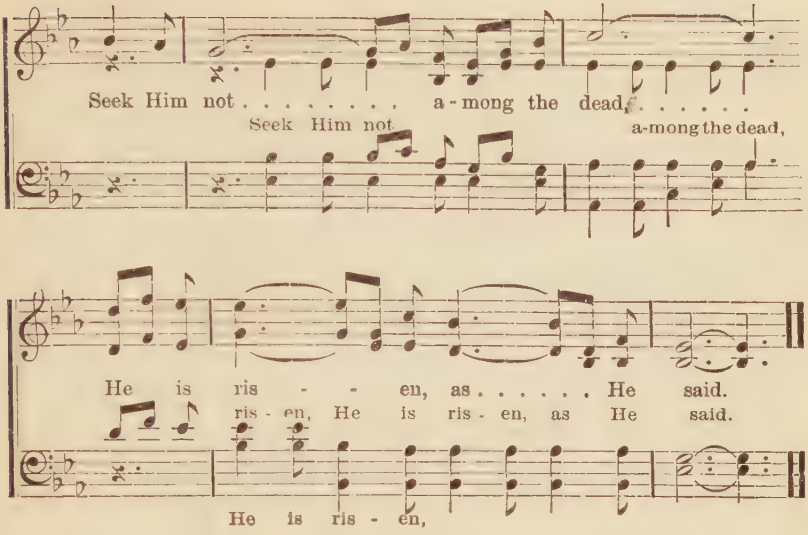
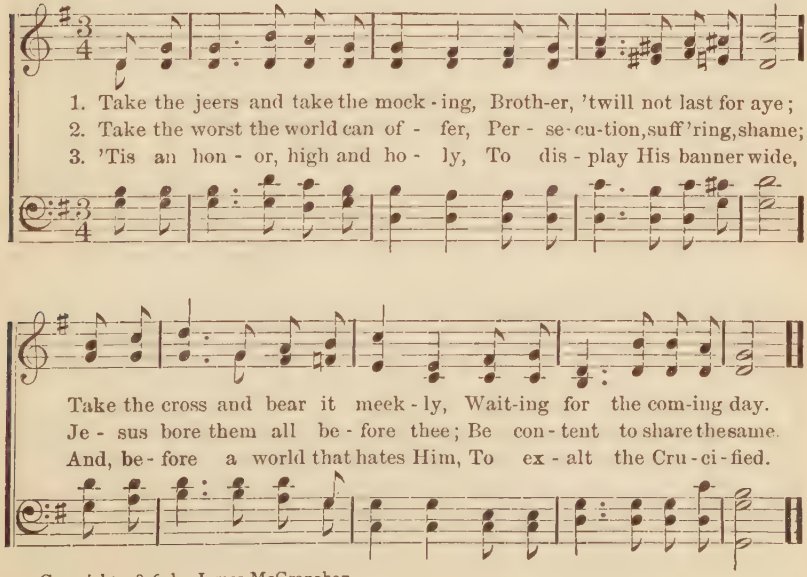
Morning Breaks,—Concluded.

No. 25. Counted Worthy.

"To suffer shame."—Acts 5: 41.

M. Fraser. M. A. Sea.


1. Take the jeers and take the mock - ing, Broth-er, 'twill not last for aye;
2. Take the worst the world can of - fer, Per - se-cu-tion, suff'ring, shame;
3. 'Tis an hon - or, high and ho - ly, To dis - play His banner wide,
Take the cross and bear it meek - ly, Wait-ing for the com-ing day.
Je - sus bore them all be - fore thee; Be con - tent to share the same.
And, be - fore a world that hates Him, To ex - alt the Cru - ci - fied.

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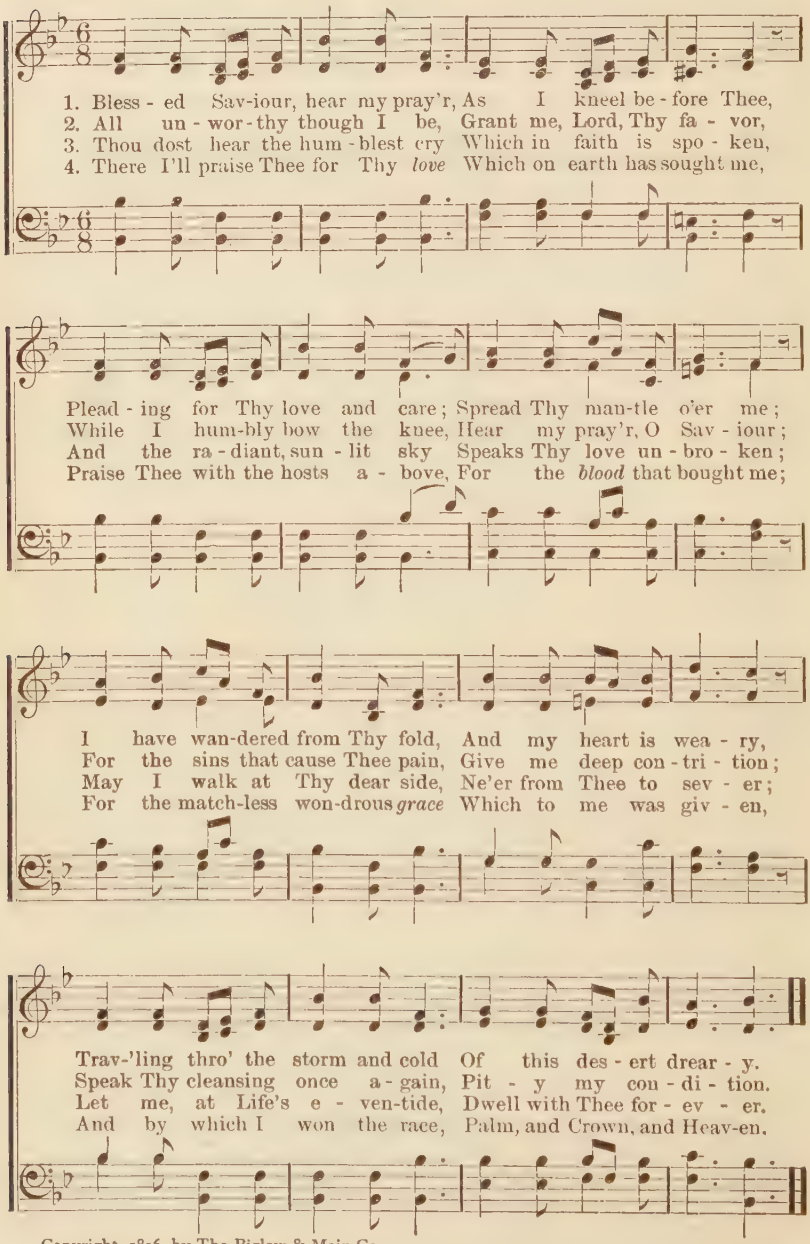
No. 26. Blessed Saviour, Hear my Prayer.

"Give ear to my prayer."—Ps. 55: 1.

FRED. H. JACOBS. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Bless - ed Sav-iour, hear my pray'r, As I kneel be - fore Thee,
2. All un - wor - thy though I be, Grant me, Lord, Thy fa - vor,
3. Thou dost hear the hum - blest cry Which in faith is spo - ken,
4. There I'll praise Thee for Thy *love* Which on earth has sought me,
Plead - ing for Thy love and care; Spread Thy man-tle o'er me;
While I hum-bly bow the knee, Hear my pray'r, O Sav - iour;
And the ra - diant, sun - lit sky Speaks Thy love un - bro - ken;
Praise Thee with the hosts a - bove, For the *blood* that bought me;
I have wan-dered from Thy fold, And my heart is wea - ry,
For the sins that cause Thee pain, Give me deep con - tri - tion;
May I walk at Thy dear side, Ne'er from Thee to sev - er;
For the match-less won-drous *grace* Which to me was giv - en,
Trav-'ling thro' the storm and cold Of this des - ert drear - y.
Speak Thy cleansing once a - gain, Pit - y my con - di - tion.
Let me, at Life's e - ven-tide, Dwell with Thee for - ev - er.
And by which I won the race, Palm, and Crown, and Heav-en.

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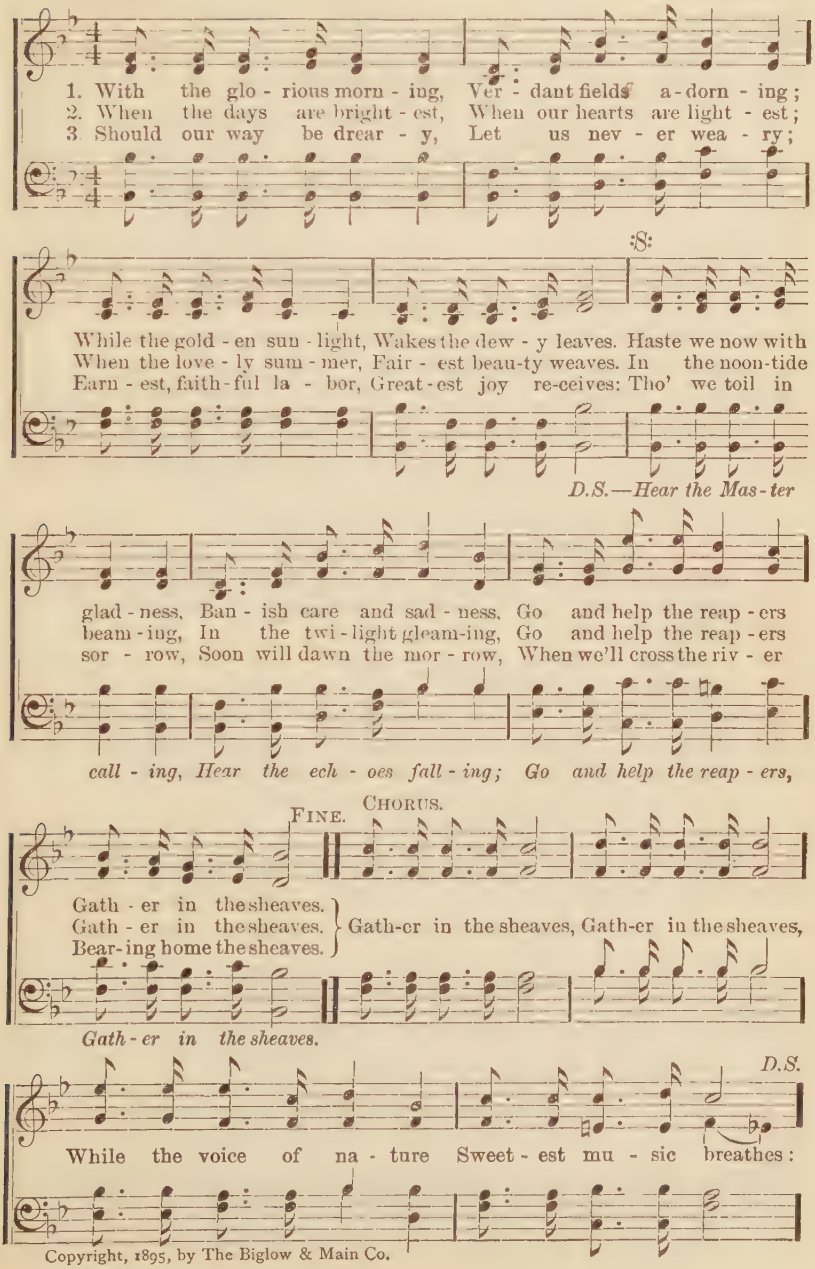
No. 27. Gather in the Sheaves.

"Bringing his sheaves with him."—Psa. 126: 6.

ROBERT BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. With the glo - rious morn - ing, Ver - dant fields a - dorn - ing;
2. When the days are bright - est, When our hearts are light - est;
3 Should our way be drear - y, Let us nev - er wea - ry;
While the gold - en sun - light, Wakes the dew - y leaves. Haste we now with
When the love - ly sum - mer, Fair - est beau-ty weaves. In the noon-tide
Earn - est, faith - ful la - bor, Great - est joy re-ceives: Tho' we toil in
D.S.—Hear the Mas - ter
glad - ness, Ban - ish care and sad - ness, Go and help the reap - ers
beam - ing, In the twi - light gleam-ing, Go and help the reap - ers
sor - row, Soon will dawn the mor - row, When we'll cross the riv - er
call - ing, Hear the ech - oes fall - ing; Go and help the reap - ers,
FINE.
CHORUS.
Gath - er in the sheaves.
Gath - er in the sheaves.
Bear - ing home the sheaves.
Gath-er in the sheaves, Gath-er in the sheaves,
Gath - er in the sheaves.
D.S.
While the voice of na - ture Sweet - est mu - sic breathes:

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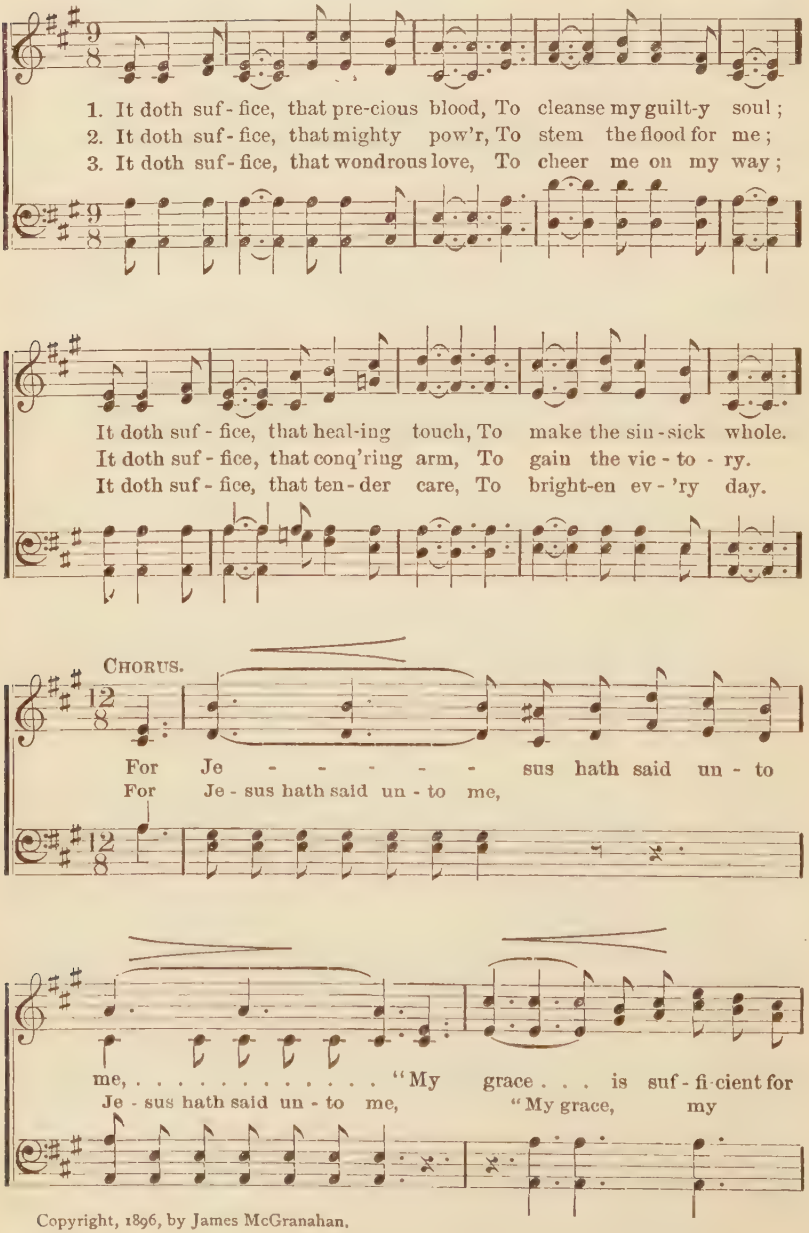
No. 28.

My Grace is Sufficient.

"On every side of our need Christ meets us with His supply of grace sufficient."—M. F.

M. FRASER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. It doth suf - fice, that pre-cious blood, To cleanse my guilt-y soul;
2. It doth suf - fice, that mighty pow'r, To stem the flood for me;
3. It doth suf - fice, that wondrous love, To cheer me on my way;
It doth suf - fice, that heal-ing touch, To make the sin-sick whole.
It doth suf - fice, that conq'ring arm, To gain the vic - to - ry.
It doth suf - fice, that ten - der care, To bright-en ev - 'ry day.
CHORUS.
For Je - - - - - sus hath said un - to
For Je - sus hath said un - to me,
me, ... "My grace . . . is suf - fi-cient for
Je - sus hath said un - to me, "My grace, my

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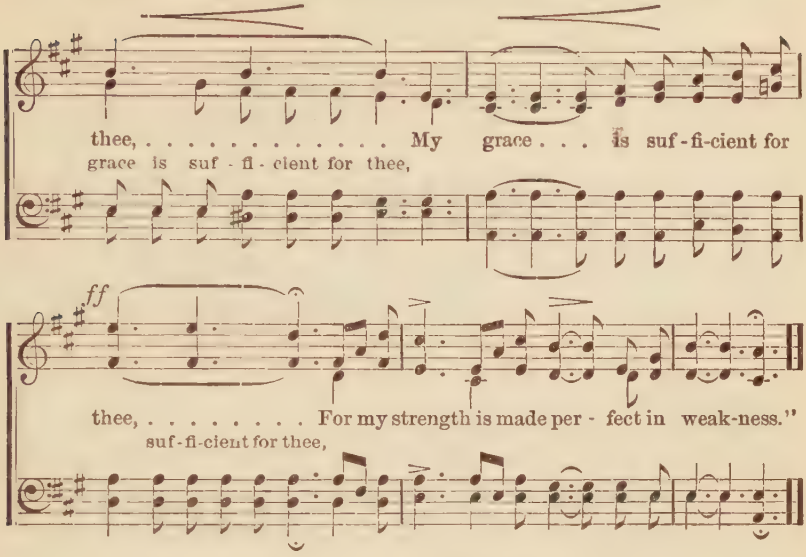
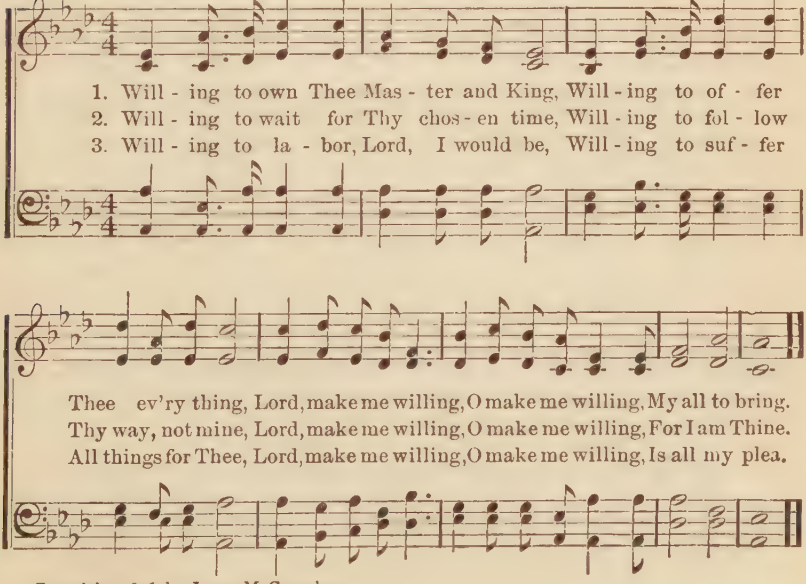
My Grace is Sufficient.—Concluded.


thee, ... My grace . . . is suf-fi-cient for
grace is suf - fi - cient for thee,
ff
thee, ... For my strength is made per - fect in weak-ness."
suf-fi-cient for thee,

No. 29. Make me Willing.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power."—Ps. 110 : 3.

M. FRASER. M. A. SEA.


1. Will - ing to own Thee Mas - ter and King, Will - ing to of - fer
2. Will - ing to wait for Thy chos - en time, Will - ing to fol - low
3. Will - ing to la - bor, Lord, I would be, Will - ing to suf - fer
Thee ev'ry thing, Lord, make me willing, O make me willing, My all to bring.
Thy way, not mine, Lord, make me willing, O make me willing, For I am Thine.
All things for Thee, Lord, make me willing, O make me willing, Is all my plea.

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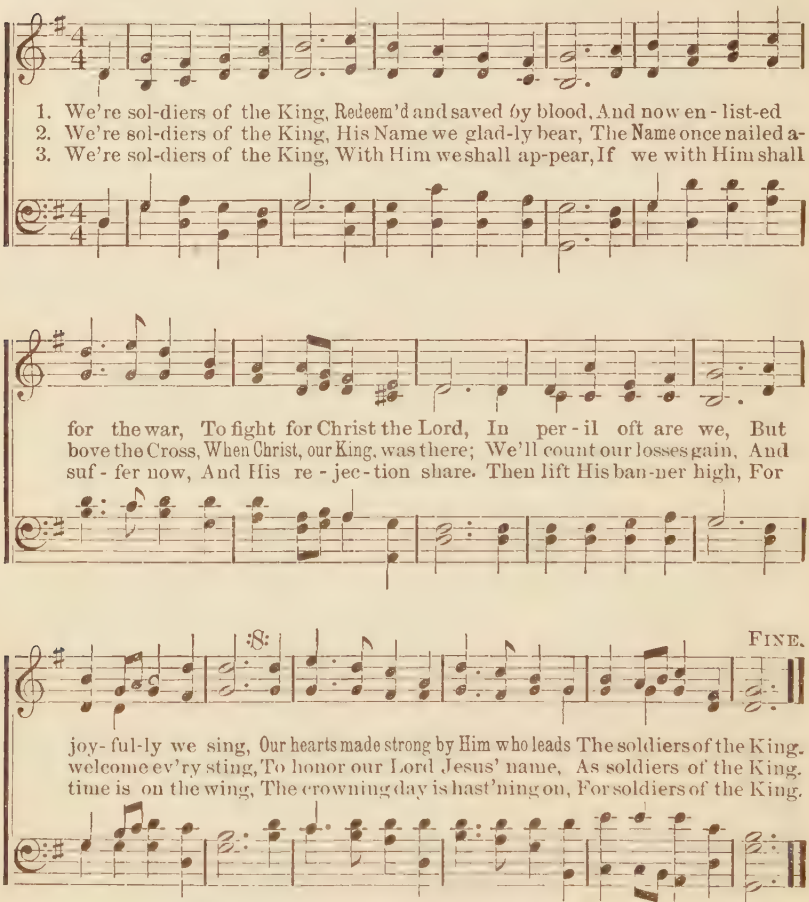
No. 30. Soldiers of the King.

"Endure hardness, as a good soldier."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

D. W. Whittle. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. We're sol-diers of the King, Redeem'd and saved by blood, And now en - list-ed
2. We're sol-diers of the King, His Name we glad-ly bear, The Name once nailed a-
3. We're sol-diers of the King, With Him we shall ap-pear, If we with Him shall
for the war, To fight for Christ the Lord, In per - il oft are we, But
bove the Cross, When Christ, our King, was there; We'll count our losses gain, And
suf - fer now, And His re - jec - tion share. Then lift His ban-ner high, For
:S:
FINE.
joy- ful-ly we sing, Our hearts made strong by Him who leads The soldiers of the King.
welcome ev'ry sting, To honor our Lord Jesus' name, As soldiers of the King.
time is on the wing, The crowning day is hast'ning on, For soldiers of the King.
D.S.—And we will serve Him loy-al-ly, Our Great and Glorious King.
CHORUS.
D.S.
We're sol-diers of the King, His prais - es we will sing,
Glo-rious King, we will sing,

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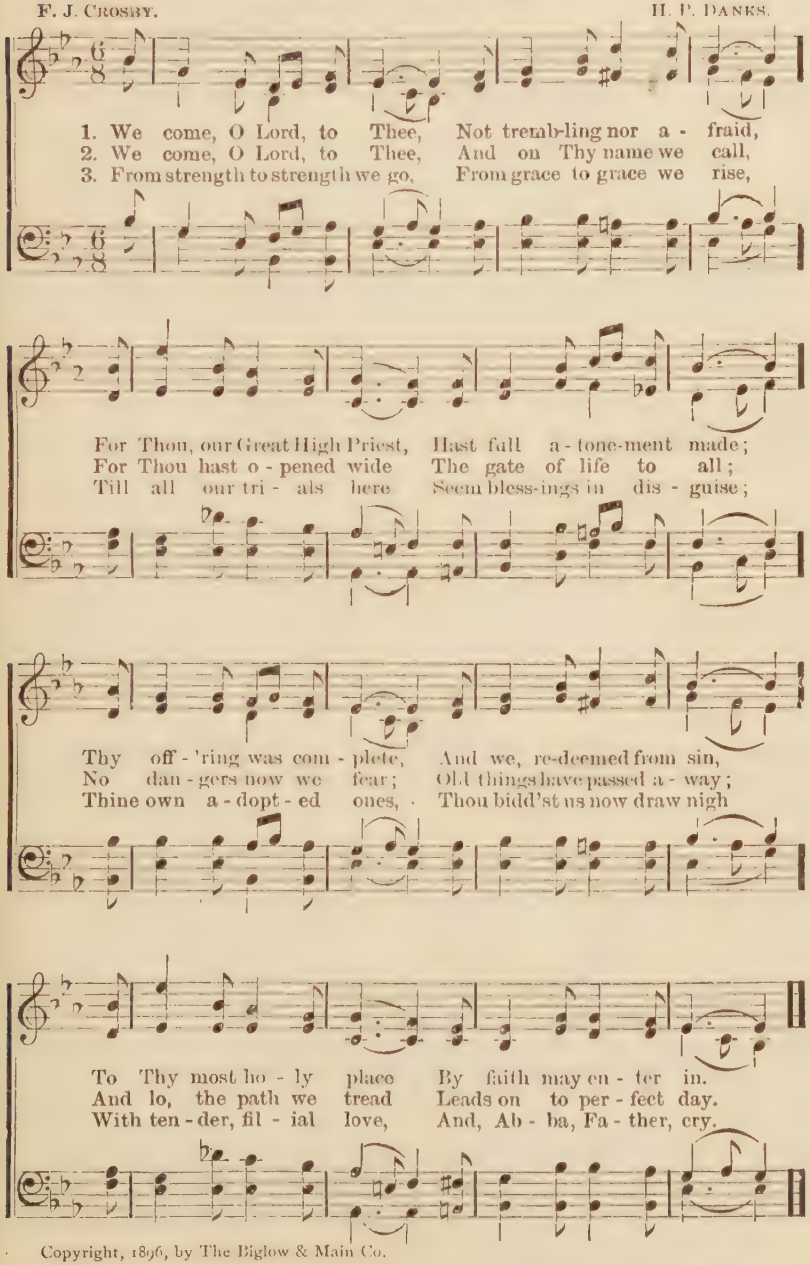
No. 31. We Come, O Lord, to Thee.

"Let him that is athirst come."—Rev. 22 : 17.

F. J. Crosby. H. P. Danks.


1. We come, O Lord, to Thee, Not trem-bling nor a - fraid,
2. We come, O Lord, to Thee, And on Thy name we call,
3. From strength to strength we go, From grace to grace we rise,
For Thou, our Great High Priest, Hast full a - tone-ment made;
For Thou hast o - pened wide The gate of life to all;
Till all our tri - als here Seem bless-ings in dis - guise;
Thy off - 'ring was com - plete, And we, re-deemed from sin,
No dan - gers now we fear; Old things have passed a - way;
Thine own a - dopt - ed ones, Thou bidd'st us now draw nigh
To Thy most ho - ly place By faith may en - ter in.
And lo, the path we tread Leads on to per - fect day.
With ten - der, fil - ial love, And, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry.

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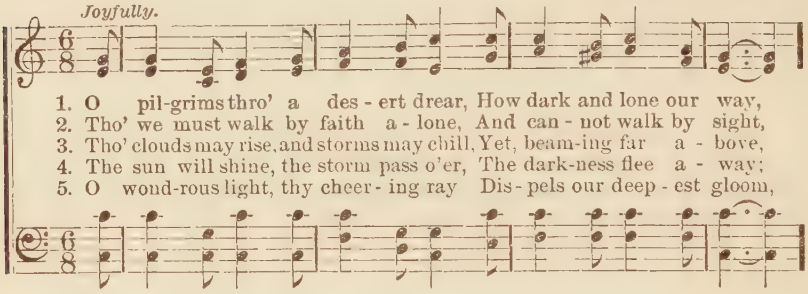
No. 32.

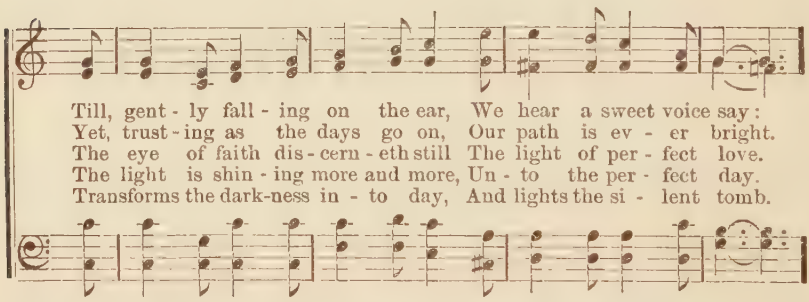
I Am the Light.

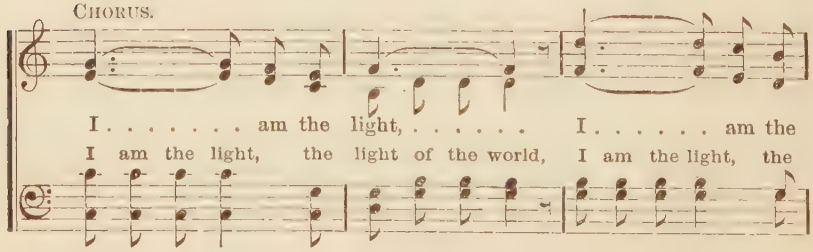
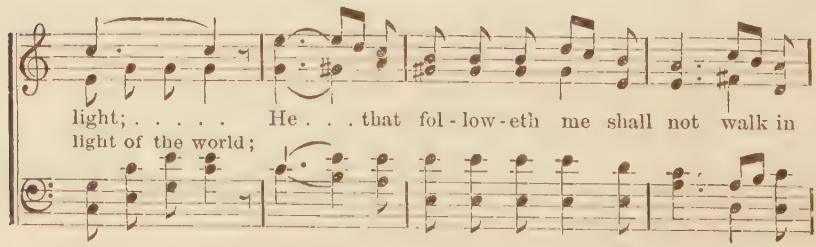
"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—Eph. 5: 14.

MARY B. WINGATE. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Joyfully.


1. O pil-grims thro' a des - ert drear, How dark and lone our way,
2. Tho' we must walk by faith a - lone, And can - not walk by sight,
3. Tho' clouds may rise, and storms may chill, Yet, beam-ing far a - bove,
4. The sun will shine, the storm pass o'er, The dark-ness flee a - way;
5. O wond-rous light, thy cheer - ing ray Dis - pels our deep - est gloom,


Till, gent - ly fall - ing on the ear, We hear a sweet voice say:
Yet, trust - ing as the days go on, Our path is ev - er bright.
The eye of faith dis - cern - eth still The light of per - fect love.
The light is shin - ing more and more, Un - to the per - fect day.
Transforms the dark-ness in - to day, And lights the si - lent tomb.



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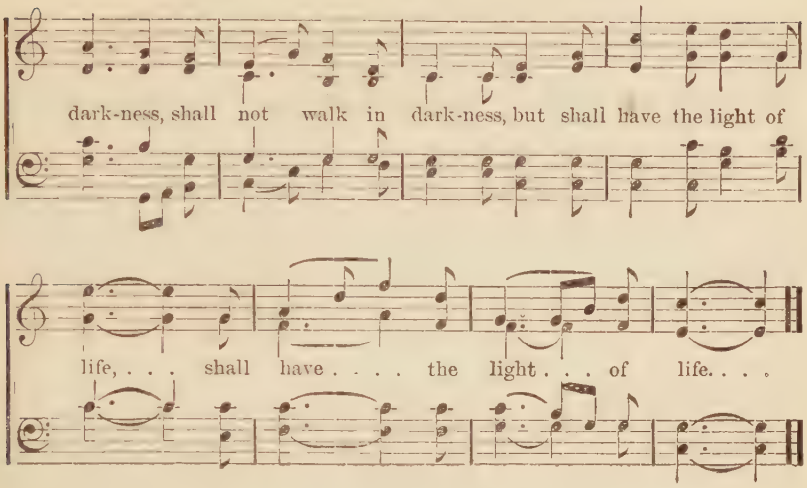
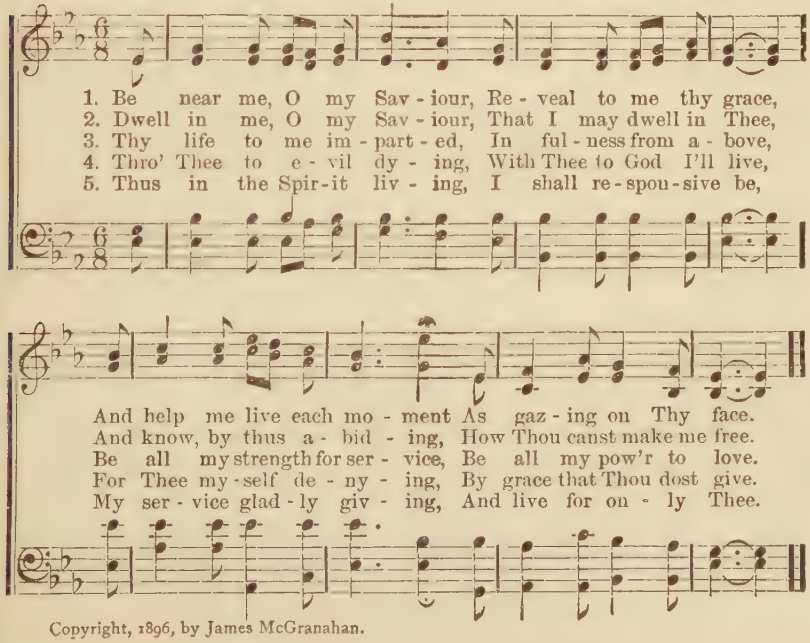
I Am the Light.—Concluded.



No. 33. Be Near Me, O my Saviour.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Heb. 13: 5.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.


1. Be near me, O my Sav - iour, Re - veal to me thy grace,
2. Dwell in me, O my Sav - iour, That I may dwell in Thee,
3. Thy life to me im - part - ed, In ful - ness from a - bove,
4. Thro' Thee to e - vil dy - ing, With Thee to God I'll live,
5. Thus in the Spir-it liv - ing, I shall re-spou-sive be,
And help me live each mo - ment As gaz - ing on Thy face.
And know, by thus a - bid - ing, How Thou canst make me free.
Be all my strength for ser - vice, Be all my pow'r to love.
For Thee my - self de - ny - ing, By grace that Thou dost give.
My ser - vice glad - ly giv - ing, And live for on - ly Thee.

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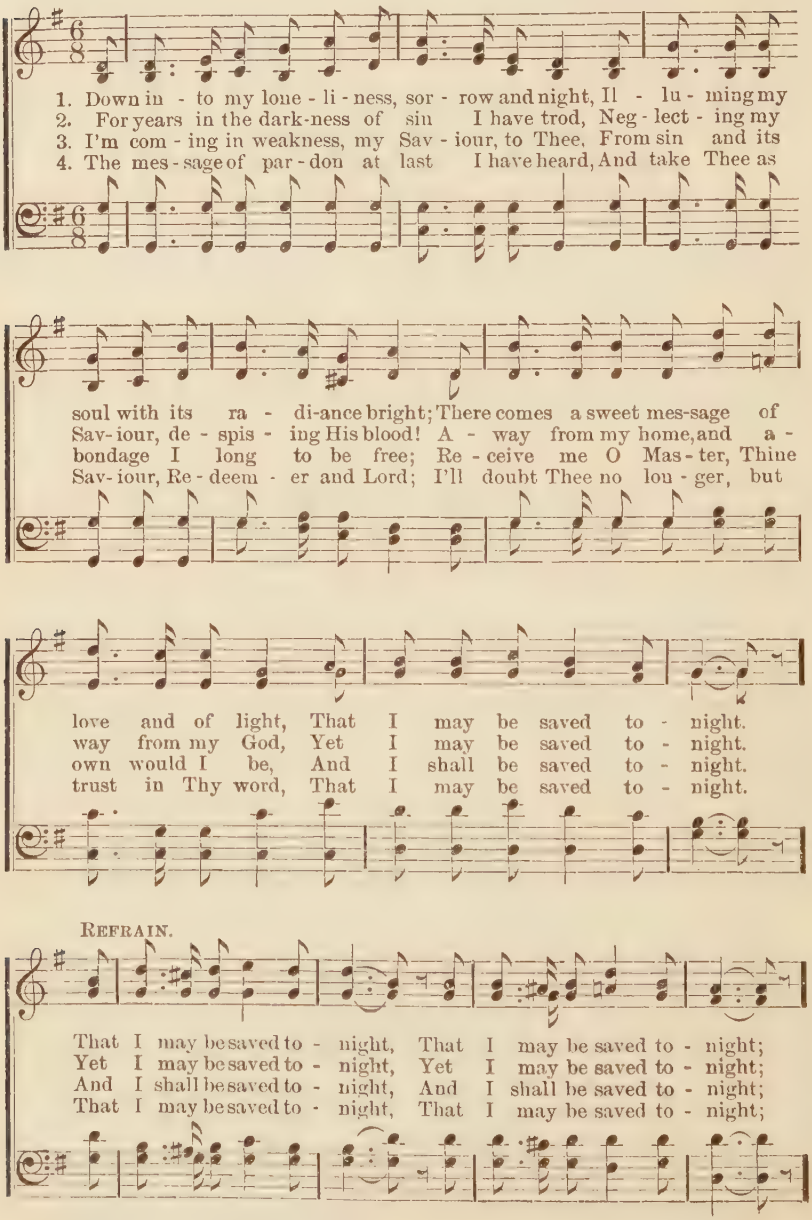
No. 34.

Saved To-Night.

"Wherefore he is able also to save to the uttermost." HEB. 7: 25.

Rev. E. A. FRIDENHAGEN. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Down in - to my lone - li - ness, sor - row and night, Il - lu - ming my
2. For years in the dark-ness of sin I have trod, Neg - lect - ing my
3. I'm com - ing in weakness, my Sav - iour, to Thee, From sin and its
4. The mes - sage of par - don at last I have heard, And take Thee as
soul with its ra - di-ance bright; There comes a sweet mes-sage of
Sav-iour, de - spis - ing His blood! A - way from my home, and a -
bondage I long to be free; Re - ceive me O Mas - ter, Thine
Sav-iour, Re - deem - er and Lord; I'll doubt Thee no lou - ger, but
love and of light, That I may be saved to - night.
way from my God, Yet I may be saved to - night.
own would I be, And I shall be saved to - night.
trust in Thy word, That I may be saved to - night.
REFRAIN.
That I may be saved to - night, That I may be saved to - night;
Yet I may be saved to - night, Yet I may be saved to - night;
And I shall be saved to - night, And I shall be saved to - night;
That I may be saved to - night, That I may be saved to - night;

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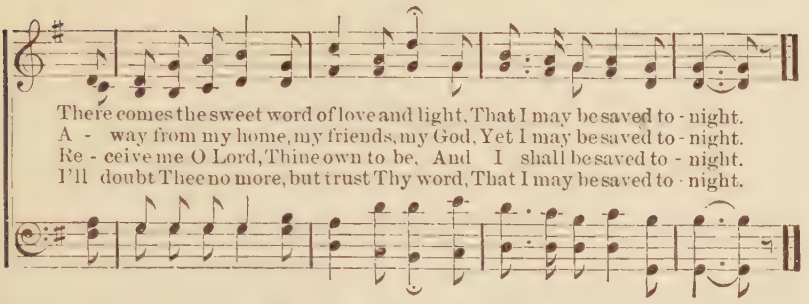
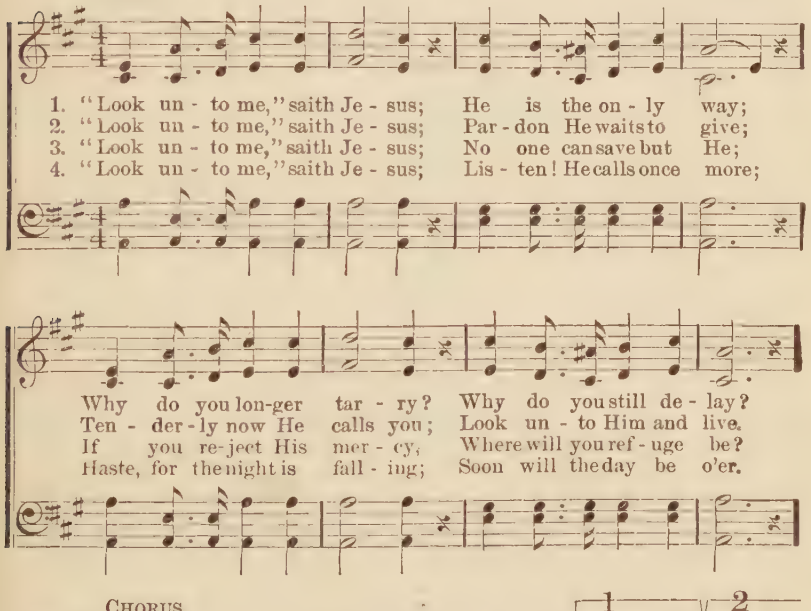
Saved To-Night.—Concluded.


There comes the sweet word of love and light, That I may be saved to - night.
A - way from my home, my friends, my God, Yet I may be saved to - night.
Re - ceive me O Lord, Thine own to be, And I shall be saved to - night.
I'll doubt Thee no more, but trust Thy word, That I may be saved to - night.

No. 35. Look Unto Me.

Isaiah 45 : 22.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. "Look un - to me," saith Je - sus; He is the on - ly way;
2. "Look un - to me," saith Je - sus; Par - don He waits to give;
3. "Look un - to me," saith Je - sus; No one can save but He;
4. "Look un - to me," saith Je - sus; Lis - ten! He calls once more;
Why do you lon-ger tar - ry? Why do you still de - lay?
Ten - der - ly now He calls you; Look un - to Him and live.
If you re-ject His mer - cy, Where will you ref - uge be?
Haste, for the night is fall - ing; Soon will the day be o'er.
Chorus.
1
2
Look! look! look un - to Him; Par-don He waits to give;
Look! look! look un - to Him; Look un-to Him and (Omit.) live.

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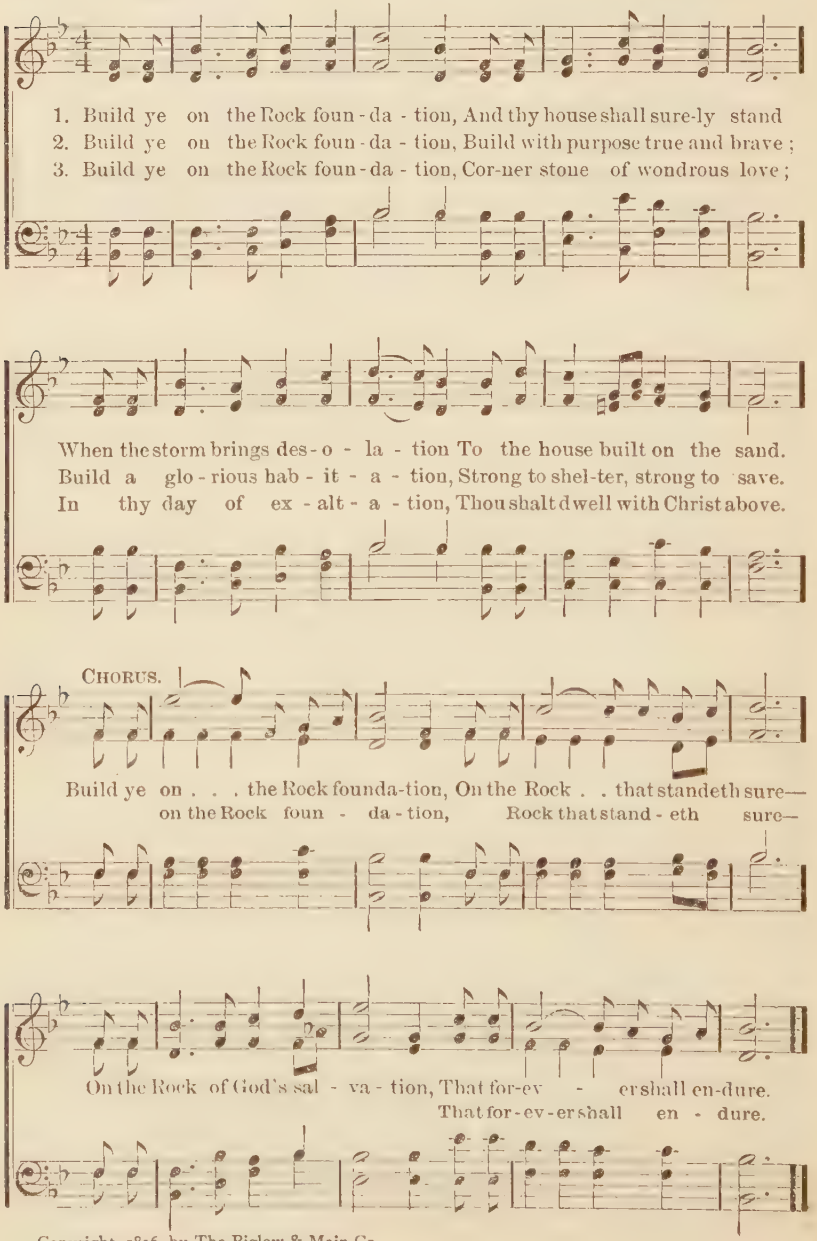
No. 36.

Build Ye on the Rock.

"The rock of salvation."—Ps. 89 : 26.

Mrs. C. E. Breck. J. H. Burke.


1. Build ye on the Rock foun - da - tion, And thy house shall sure-ly stand
2. Build ye on the Rock foun - da - tion, Build with purpose true and brave;
3. Build ye on the Rock foun - da - tion, Cor-ner stone of wondrous love;
When the storm brings des - o - la - tion To the house built on the sand.
Build a glo - rious hab - it - a - tion, Strong to shel-ter, strong to save.
In thy day of ex - alt - a - tion, Thou shalt dwell with Christ above.
Chorus.
Build ye on . . . the Rock founda-tion, On the Rock . . that standeth sure—
on the Rock foun - da - tion, Rock that stand - eth sure—
On the Rock of God's sal - va - tion, That for-ev - er shall en-dure.
That for-ev-er shall en - dure.

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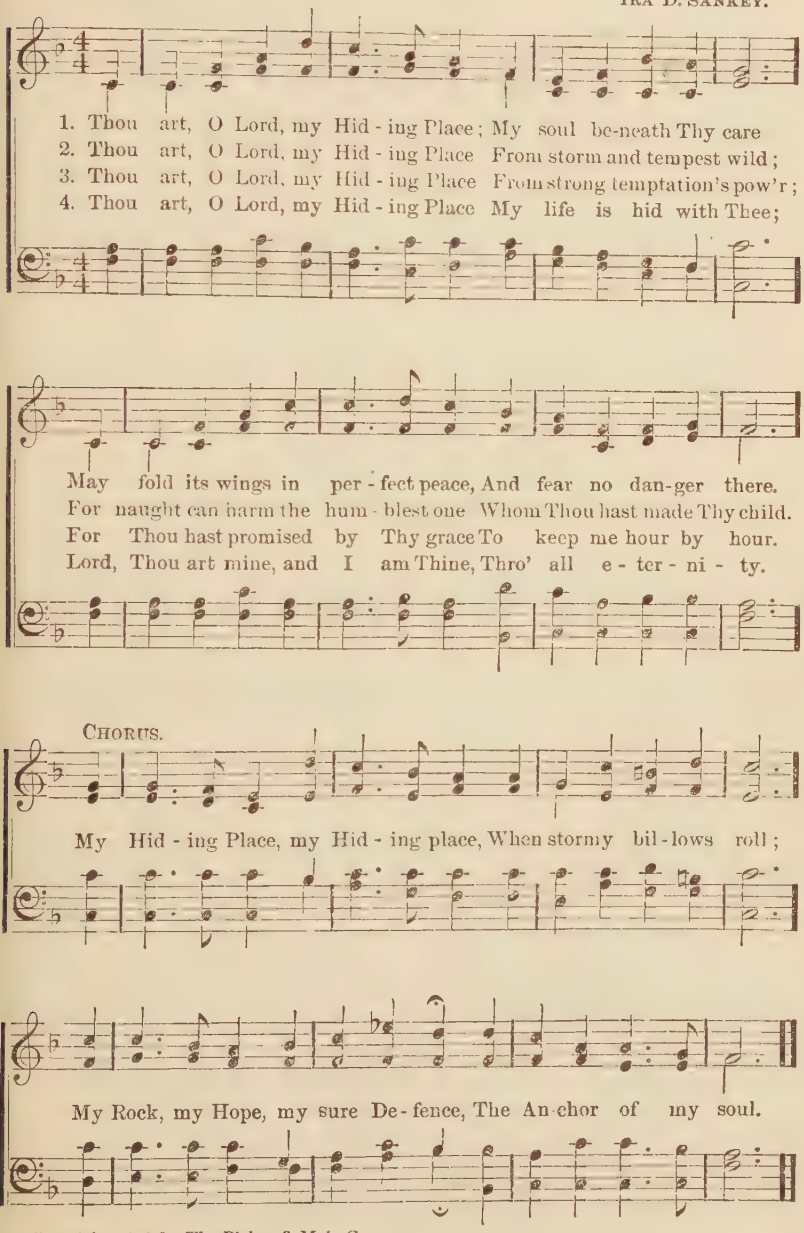
No. 37.

My Hiding Place.

"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. 32 : 7.

R. HUTCHINSON. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Thou art, O Lord, my Hid - ing Place; My soul be-neath Thy care
2. Thou art, O Lord, my Hid - ing Place From storm and tempest wild;
3. Thou art, O Lord, my Hid - ing Place From strong temptation's pow'r;
4. Thou art, O Lord, my Hid - ing Place My life is hid with Thee;
May fold its wings in per - fect peace, And fear no dan-ger there.
For naught can harm the hum - blest one Whom Thou hast made Thy child.
For Thou hast promised by Thy grace To keep me hour by hour.
Lord, Thou art mine, and I am Thine, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
CHORUS.
My Hid - ing Place, my Hid - ing place, When stormy bil - lows roll;
My Rock, my Hope, my sure De - fence, The An-chor of my soul.

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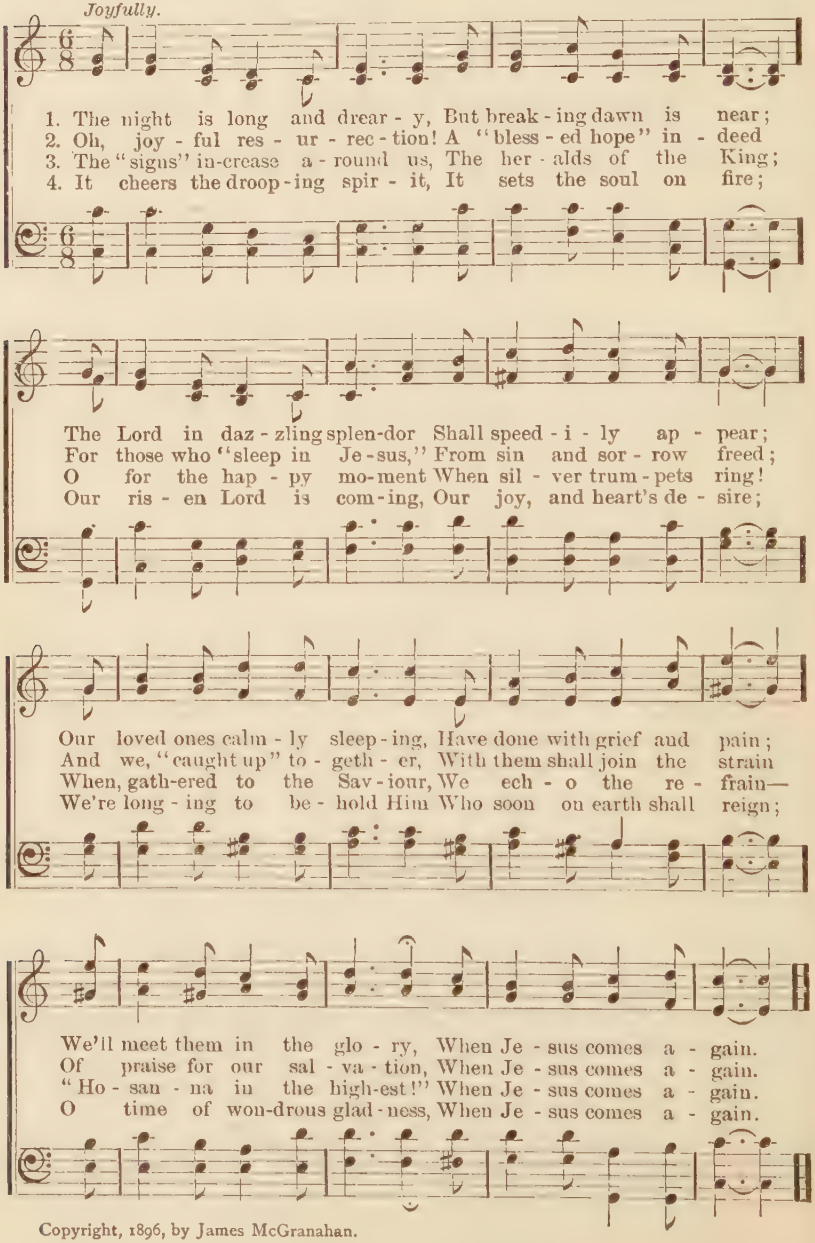
No. 38. When Jesus Comes Again.

"In like manner as ye have seen him go."—Acts 1: 11.

J. V. arr. Furnished by El Nathan. James McGranahan.

Joyfully.

1. The night is long and drear - y, But break - ing dawn is near;
2. Oh, joy - ful res - ur - rec - tion! A "bless - ed hope" in - deed
3. The "signs" in-crease a - round us, The her - alds of the King;
4. It cheers the droop - ing spir - it, It sets the soul on fire;
The Lord in daz - zling splen-dor Shall speed - i - ly ap - pear;
For those who "sleep in Je - sus," From sin and sor - row freed;
O for the hap - py mo-ment When sil - ver trum - pets ring!
Our ris - en Lord is com - ing, Our joy, and heart's de - sire;
Our loved ones calm - ly sleep - ing, Have done with grief and pain;
And we, "caught up" to - geth - er, With them shall join the strain
When, gath-ered to the Sav - iour, We ech - o the re - frain—
We're long - ing to be - hold Him Who soon on earth shall reign;
We'll meet them in the glo - ry, When Je - sus comes a - gain.
Of praise for our sal - va - tion, When Je - sus comes a - gain.
"Ho - san - na in the high-est!" When Je - sus comes a - gain.
O time of won-drous glad - ness, When Je - sus comes a - gain.

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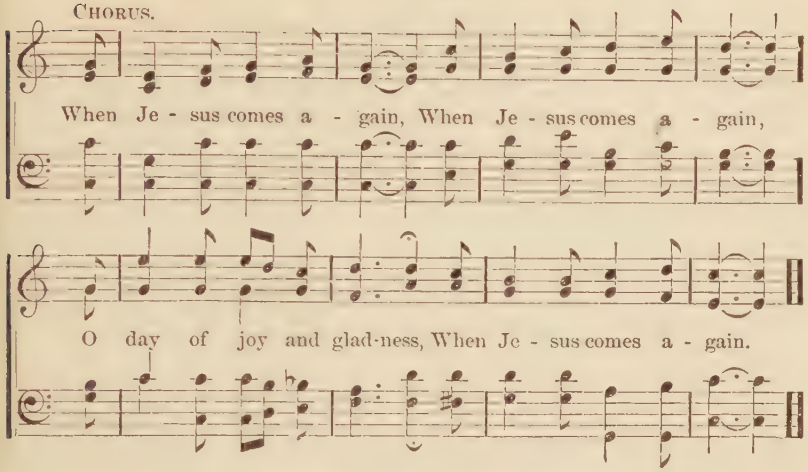
When Jesus Comes Again.—Concluded.

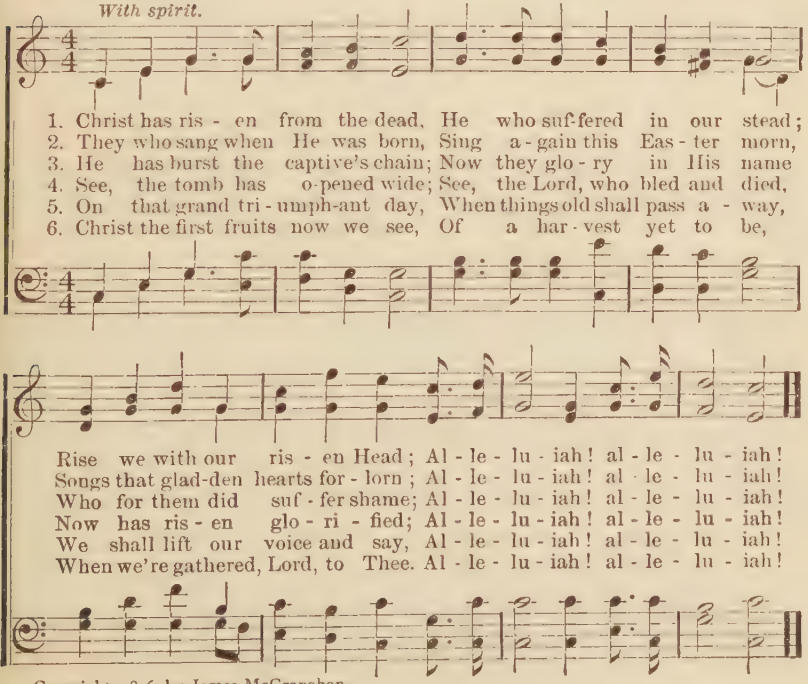


No. 39. Christ has Risen.

"My Lord and my God."—JOHN 20: 28.

M. FRASER. M. A SEA.

With spirit.


1. Christ has ris - en from the dead, He who suf-fered in our stead;
2. They who sang when He was born, Sing a-gain this Eas - ter morn,
3. He has burst the captive's chain; Now they glo - ry in His name
4. See, the tomb has o-pened wide; See, the Lord, who bled and died,
5. On that grand tri - umph-ant day, When things old shall pass a - way,
6. Christ the first fruits now we see, Of a har - vest yet to be,
Rise we with our ris - en Head; Al - le - lu - iah! al - le - lu - iah!
Songs that glad-den hearts for - lorn; Al - le - lu - iah! al - le - lu - iah!
Who for them did suf - fer shame; Al - le - lu - iah! al - le - lu - iah!
Now has ris - en glo - ri - fied; Al - le - lu - iah! al - le - lu - iah!
We shall lift our voice and say, Al - le - lu - iah! al - le - lu - iah!
When we're gathered, Lord, to Thee. Al - le - lu - iah! al - le - lu - iah!

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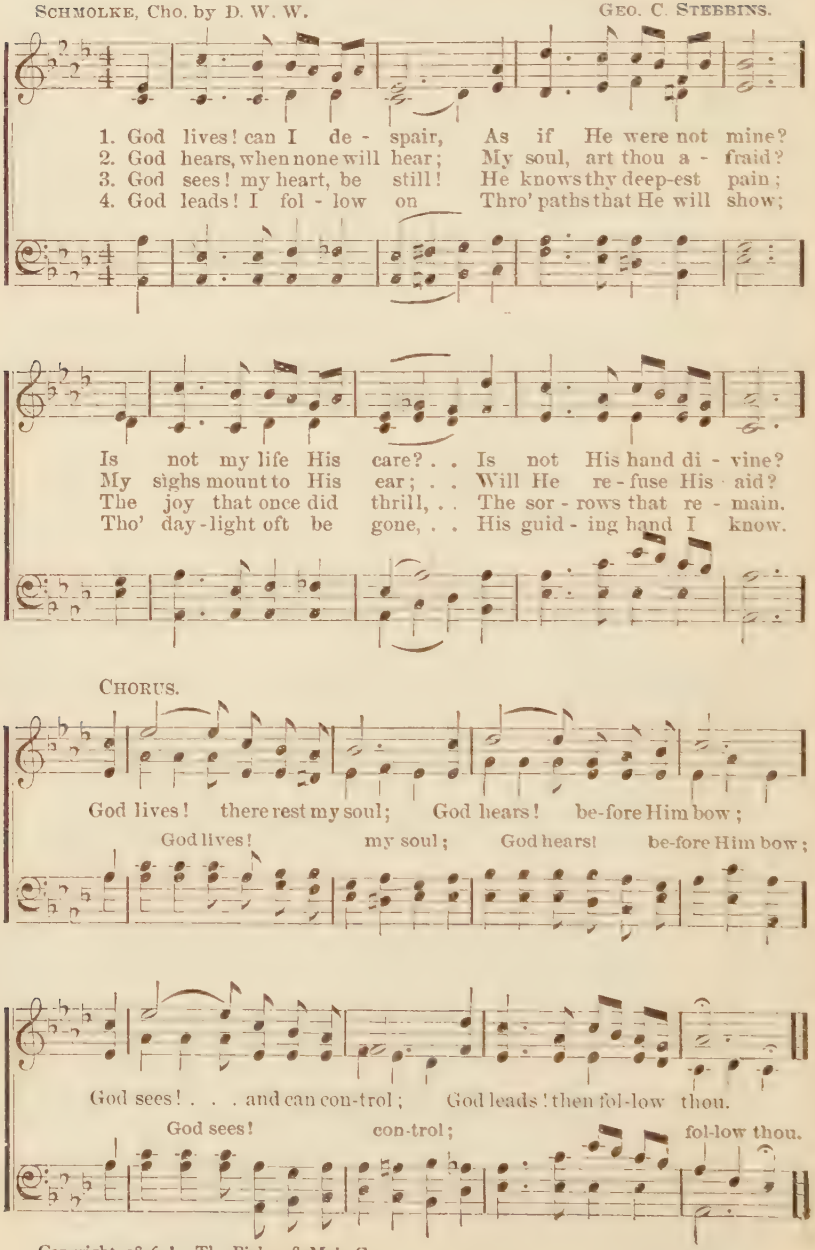
No. 40.

God Lives.

"He ever liveth to make intercession for them."—Heb. 7: 25.

Schmolke, Cho. by D. W. W. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. God lives! can I de - spair, As if He were not mine?
2. God hears, when none will hear; My soul, art thou a - fraid?
3. God sees! my heart, be still! He knows thy deep-est pain;
4. God leads! I fol - low on Thro' paths that He will show;
Is not my life His care? . . Is not His hand di - vine?
My sighs mount to His ear; . . Will He re - fuse His aid?
The joy that once did thrill, . . The sor - rows that re - main.
Tho' day-light oft be gone, . . His guid - ing hand I know.
Chorus.
God lives! there rest my soul; God hears! be-fore Him bow;
God lives! my soul; God hears! be-fore Him bow;
God sees! . . . and can con-trol; God leads! then fol-low thou.
God sees! con-trol; fol-low thou.

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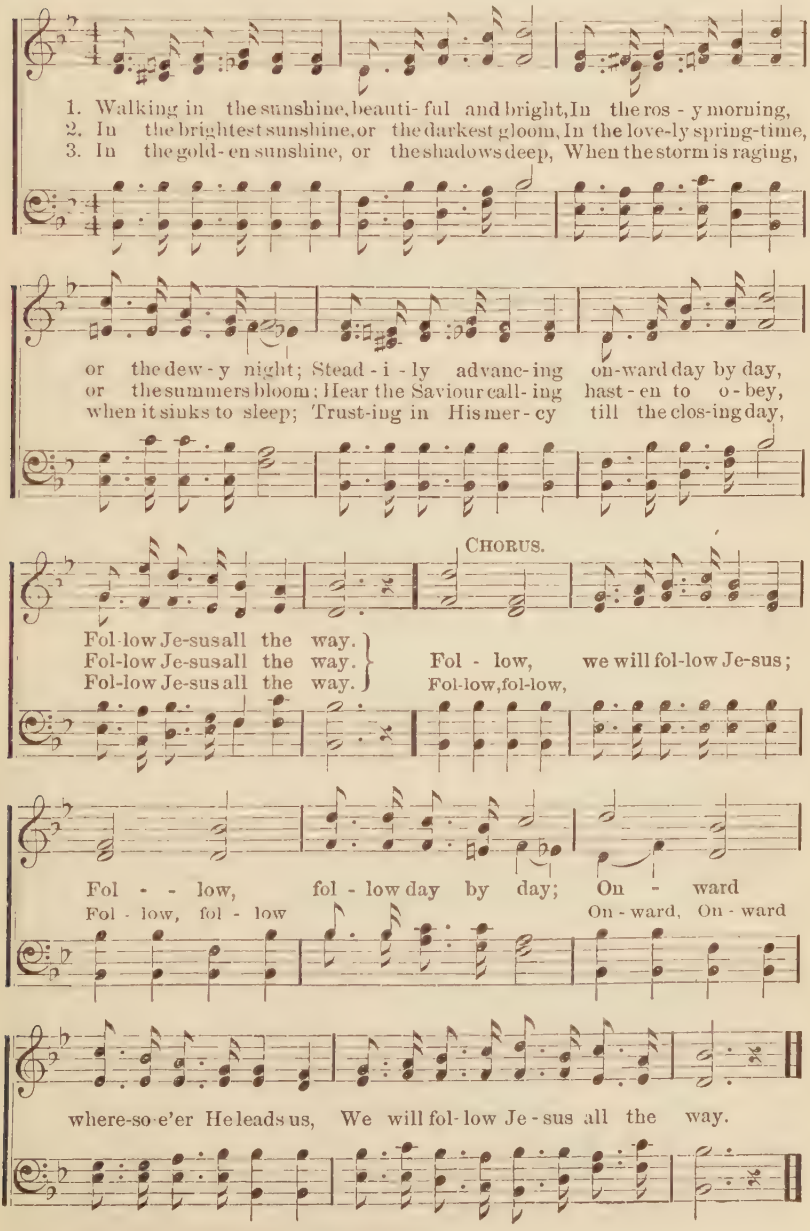
No. 41. Walking in the Sunshine.

"And he saith unto them, Follow me."—Matt. 4: 19.

W. Robert Lindsay. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Walking in the sunshine, beauti- ful and bright, In the ros - y morning,
2. In the brightest sunshine, or the darkest gloom, In the love-ly spring-time,
3. In the gold- en sunshine, or the shadows deep, When the storm is raging,
or the dew - y night; Stead - i - ly advanc- ing on-ward day by day,
or the summers bloom; Hear the Saviour call- ing hast - en to o - bey,
when it sinks to sleep; Trust-ing in His mer - cy till the clos-ing day,
Chorus.
Fol-low Je-sus all the way.
Fol-low Je-sus all the way.
Fol-low Je-sus all the way.
Fol - low, we will fol-low Je-sus;
Fol-low, fol-low,
Fol - - low, fol - low day by day; On - ward
Fol - low, fol - low On - ward, On - ward
where-so-e'er He leads us, We will fol-low Je - sus all the way.

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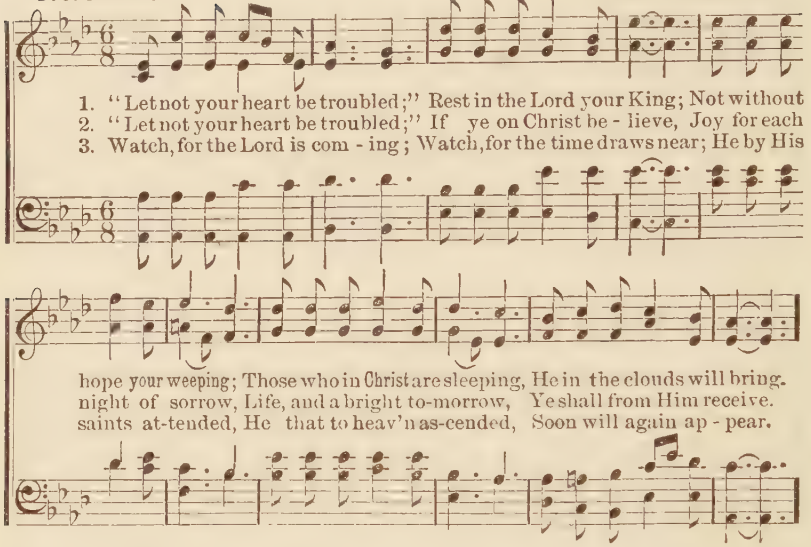
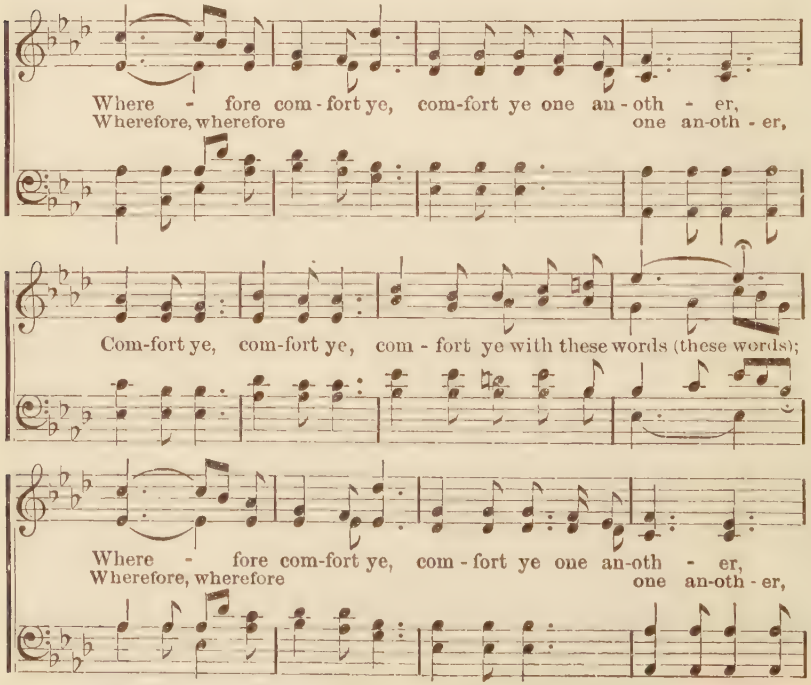
No. 42. Comfort Ye One Another.

"Wherefore comfort one another."—1 Thess. 4 : 18.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. "Let not your heart be troubled;" Rest in the Lord your King; Not without
2. "Let not your heart be troubled;" If ye on Christ be - lieve, Joy for each
3. Watch, for the Lord is com - ing; Watch, for the time draws near; He by His
hope your weeping; Those who in Christ are sleeping, He in the clouds will bring.
night of sorrow, Life, and a bright to-morrow, Ye shall from Him receive.
saints at-tended, He that to heav'n as-cended, Soon will again ap - pear.

Chorus.


Where - fore com - fort ye, com-fort ye one an - oth - er,
Wherefore, wherefore one an-oth - er,
Com-fort ye, com-fort ye, com - fort ye with these words (these words);
Where - fore com-fort ye, com - fort ye one an-oth - er,
Wherefore, wherefore one an-oth - er,

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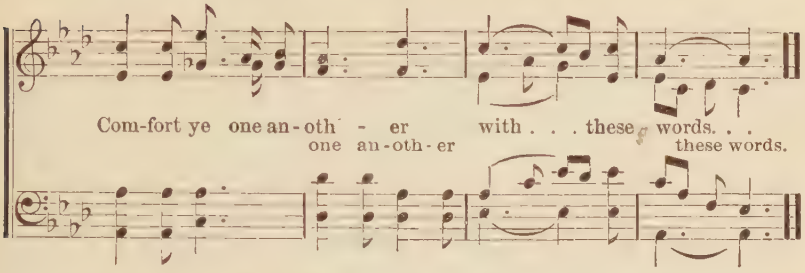
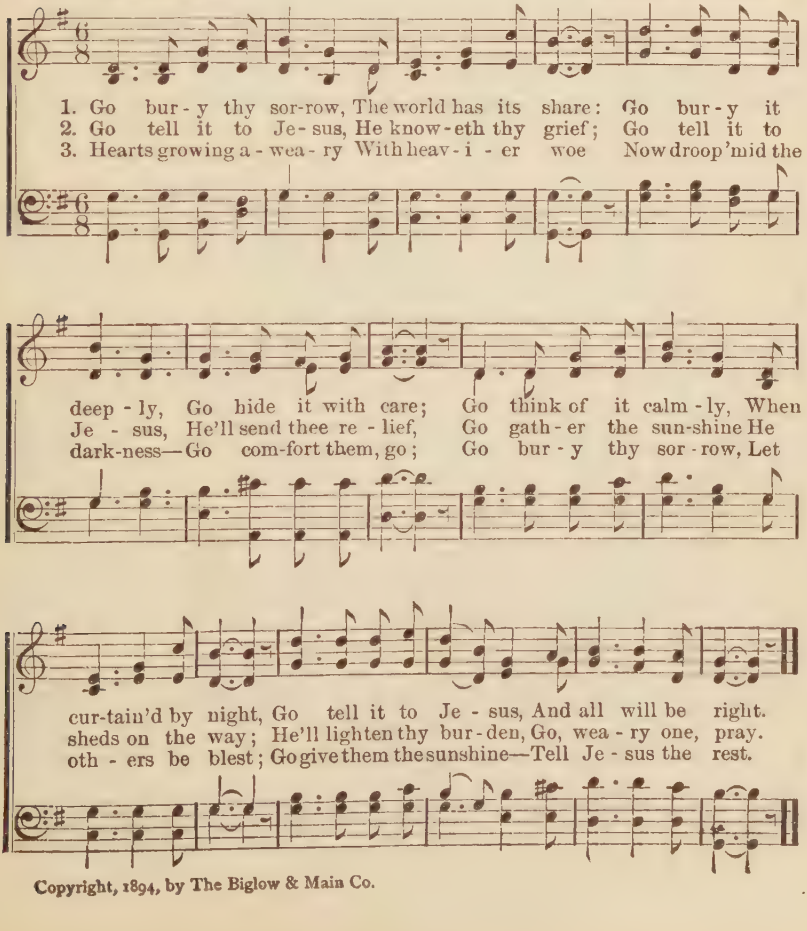

No. 43. Go Tell it to Jesus.

"And his disciples * * * * went and told Jesus."—Matt. 14: 12.

M. A. Bachelor, alt. Harry S. Lower.


1. Go bur-y thy sor-row, The world has its share: Go bur-y it
2. Go tell it to Je-sus, He know-eth thy grief; Go tell it to
3. Hearts growing a-wea-ry With heav-i - er woe Now droop'mid the
deep-ly, Go hide it with care; Go think of it calm-ly, When
Je - sus, He'll send thee re-lief, Go gath-er the sun-shine He
dark-ness—Go com-fort them, go; Go bur-y thy sor-row, Let
cur-tain'd by night, Go tell it to Je-sus, And all will be right.
sheds on the way; He'll lighten thy bur-den, Go, wea-ry one, pray.
oth-ers be blest; Go give them the sunshine—Tell Je-sus the rest.

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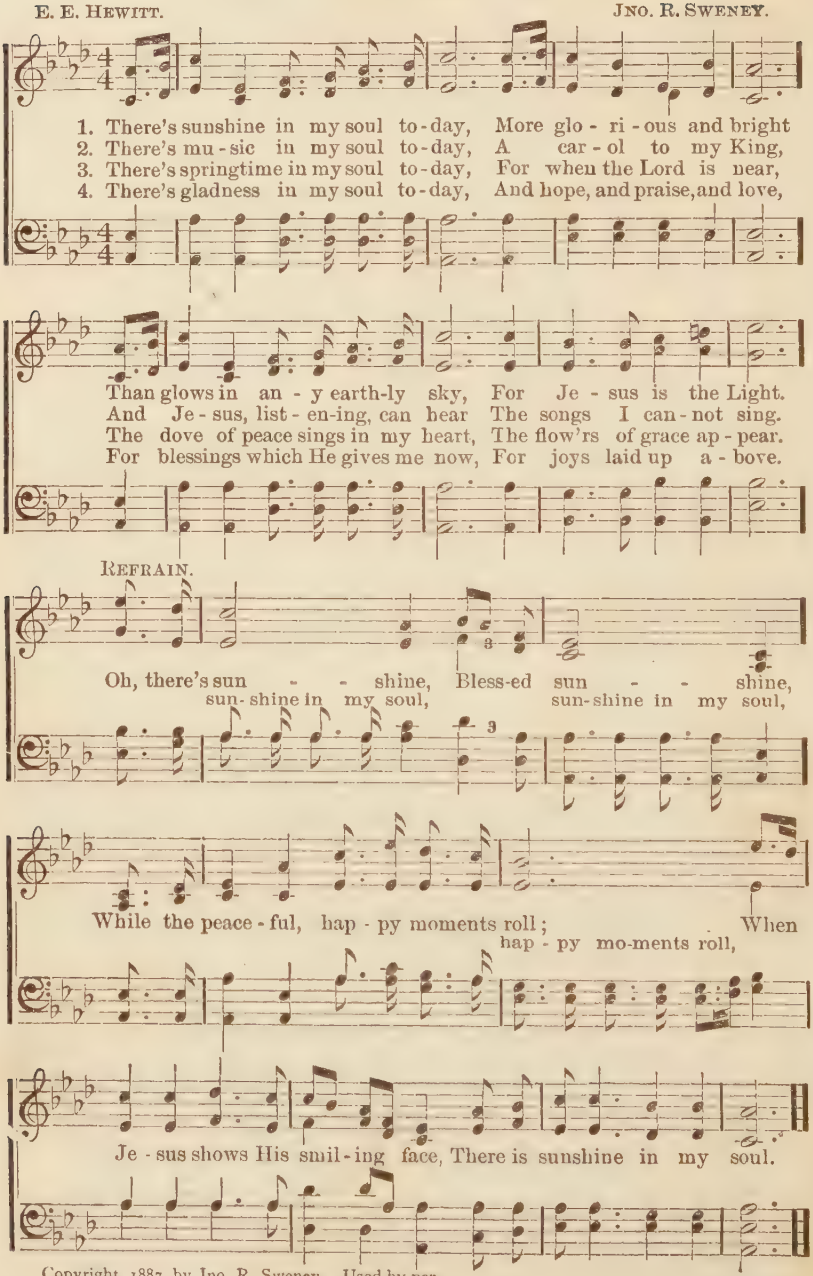
No. 44. Sunshine in the Soul.

"I will joy in the God of my salvation."—Hab. 3 : 18.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,
Than glows in an - y earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is the Light.
And Je - sus, list - en-ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For blessings which He gives me now, For joys laid up a - bove.
Refrain.
Oh, there's sun - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - shine,
sun-shine in my soul, sun-shine in my soul,
While the peace - ful, hap - py moments roll; When
hap - py mo-ments roll,
Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sunshine in my soul.

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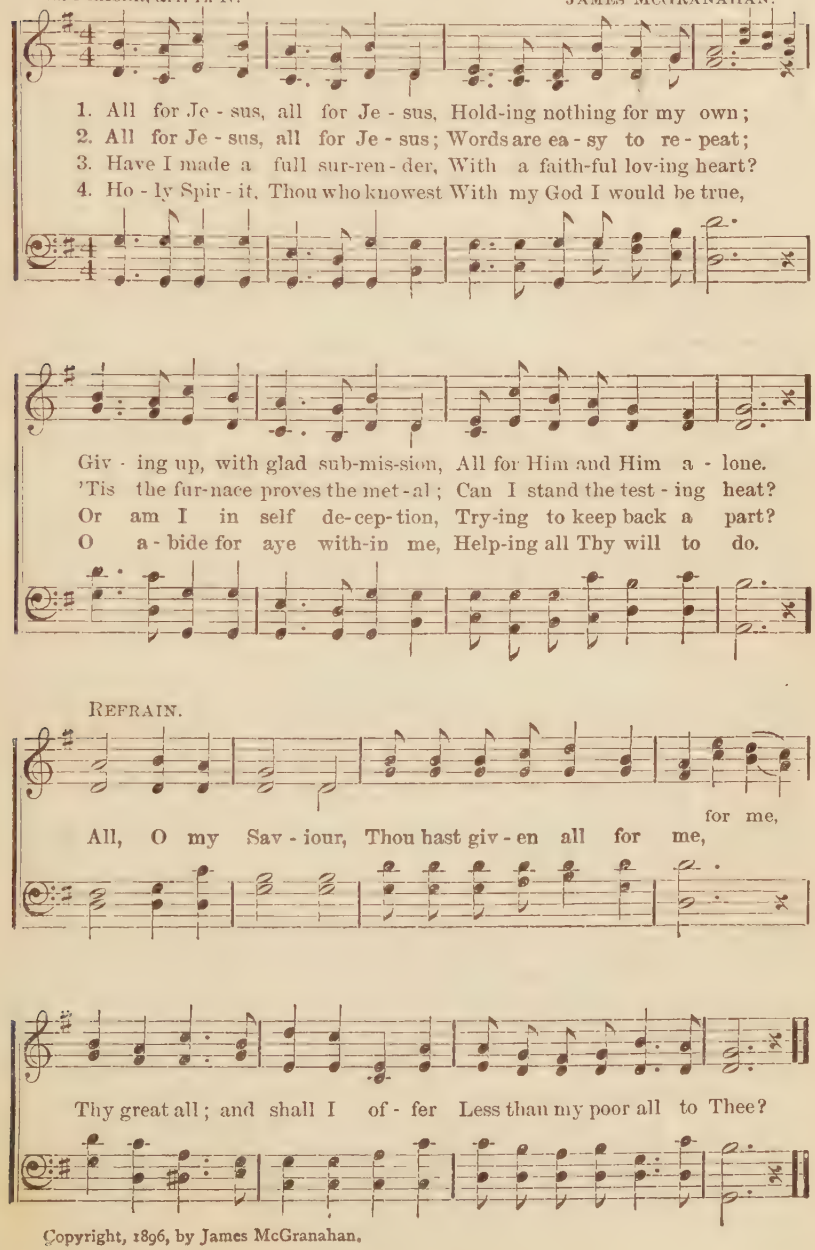
No. 45.

All For Jesus.

"Who loved me, and gave himself for me."—Gal. 2: 20.

M. Fraser, arr. E. N. James McGranahan.


1. All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus, Hold-ing nothing for my own;
2. All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus; Words are ea - sy to re - peat;
3. Have I made a full sur-ren - der, With a faith-ful lov-ing heart?
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, Thou who knowest With my God I would be true,
Giv - ing up, with glad sub-mis-sion, All for Him and Him a - lone.
'Tis the fur-nace proves the met - al; Can I stand the test - ing heat?
Or am I in self de-cep-tion, Try-ing to keep back a part?
O a - bide for aye with-in me, Help-ing all Thy will to do.
Refrain.
All, O my Sav - iour, Thou hast giv - en all for me,
for me,
Thy great all; and shall I of - fer Less than my poor all to Thee?

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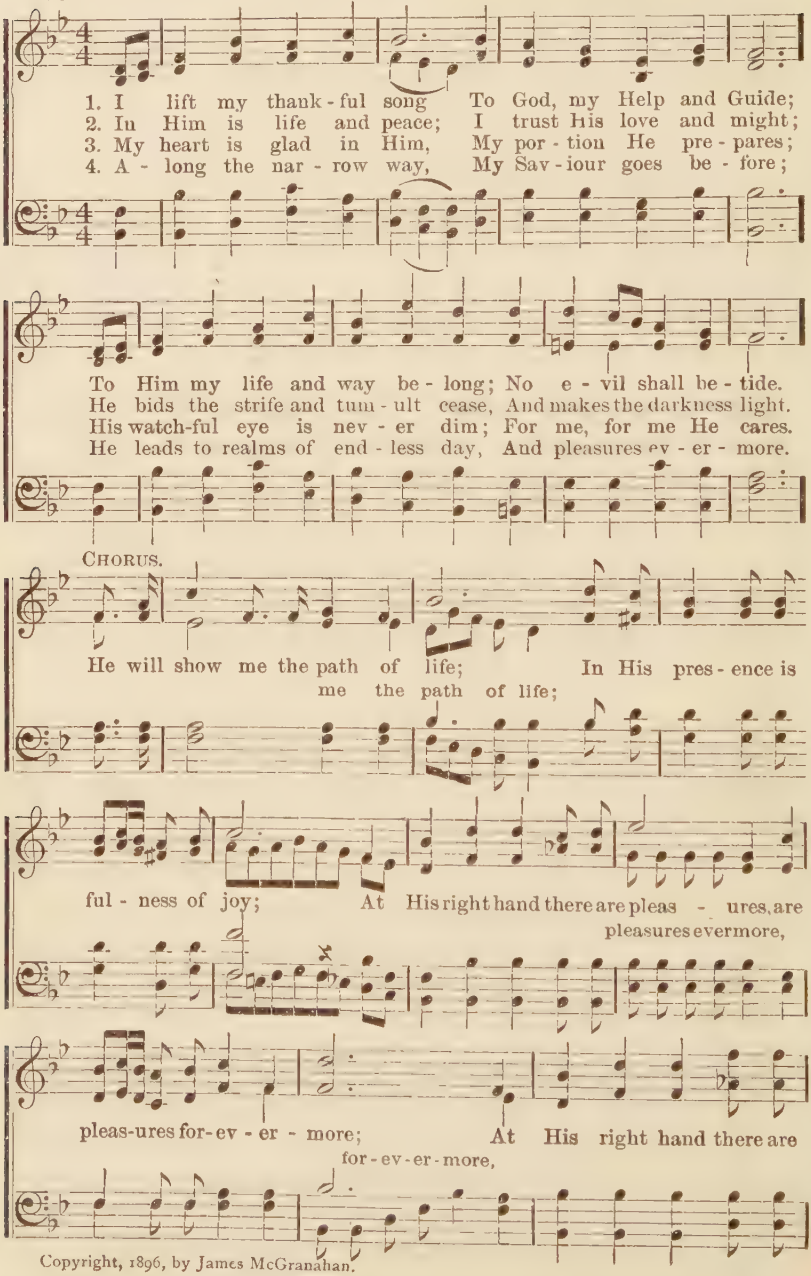
No. 46.

Pleasures Forevermore.

"At thy right hand."—Ps. 16: 11.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. I lift my thank-ful song To God, my Help and Guide;
2. In Him is life and peace; I trust His love and might;
3. My heart is glad in Him, My por-tion He pre-pares;
4. A-long the nar-row way, My Sav-iour goes be-fore;
To Him my life and way be-long; No e-vil shall be-tide.
He bids the strife and tum-ult cease, And makes the darkness light.
His watch-ful eye is nev-er dim; For me, for me He cares.
He leads to realms of end-less day, And pleasures ev-er-more.
CHORUS.
He will show me the path of life; In His pres-ence is
me the path of life;
ful-ness of joy; At His right hand there are pleas-ures, are
pleasures evermore,
pleas-ures for-ev-er-more; At His right hand there are
for-ev-er-more,

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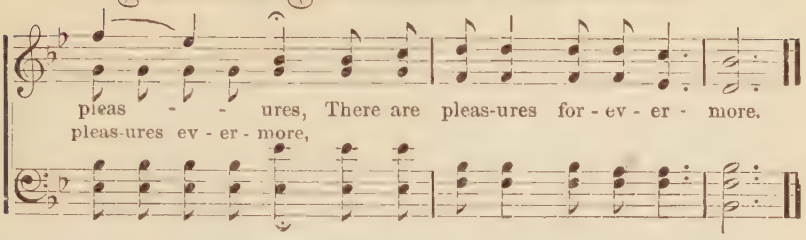
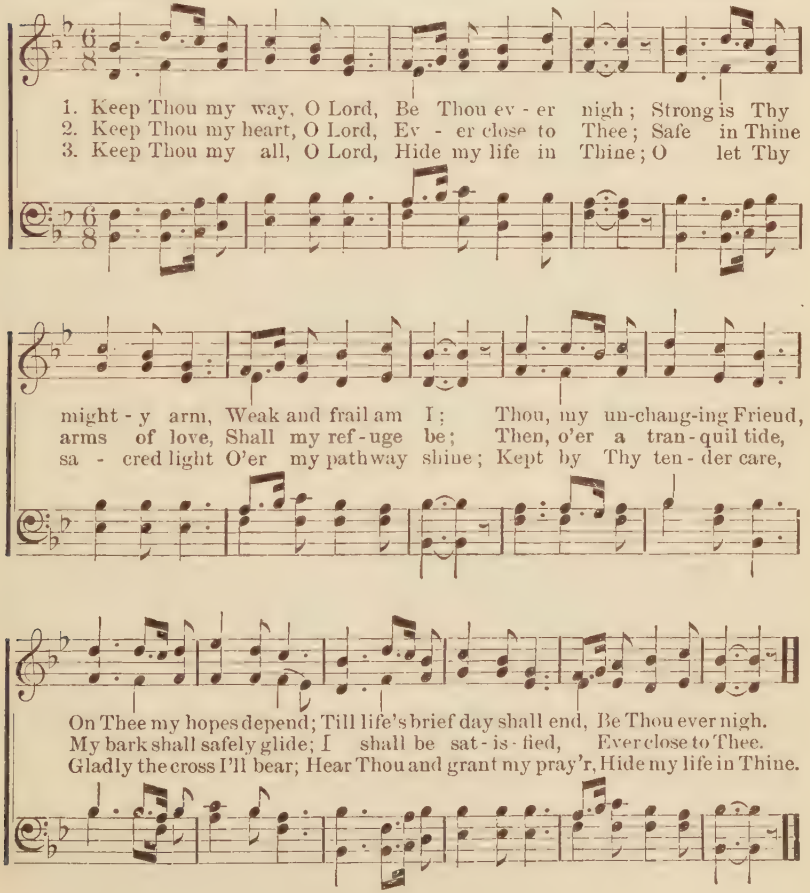
Pleasures Forevermore.—Concluded.



No. 47. Keep Thou My Way.

"The Lord is thy keeper."—Ps. 121 : 5.

F. J. Crosby. Theo. E. Perkins.


1. Keep Thou my way, O Lord, Be Thou ev - er nigh; Strong is Thy
2. Keep Thou my heart, O Lord, Ev - er close to Thee; Safe in Thine
3. Keep Thou my all, O Lord, Hide my life in Thine; O let Thy
might - y arm, Weak and frail am I; Thou, my un-chang-ing Friend,
arms of love, Shall my ref-uge be; Then, o'er a tran-quil tide,
sa - cred light O'er my pathway shine; Kept by Thy ten - der care,
On Thee my hopes depend; Till life's brief day shall end, Be Thou ever nigh.
My bark shall safely glide; I shall be sat - is - fied, Ever close to Thee.
Gladly the cross I'll bear; Hear Thou and grant my pray'r, Hide my life in Thine.

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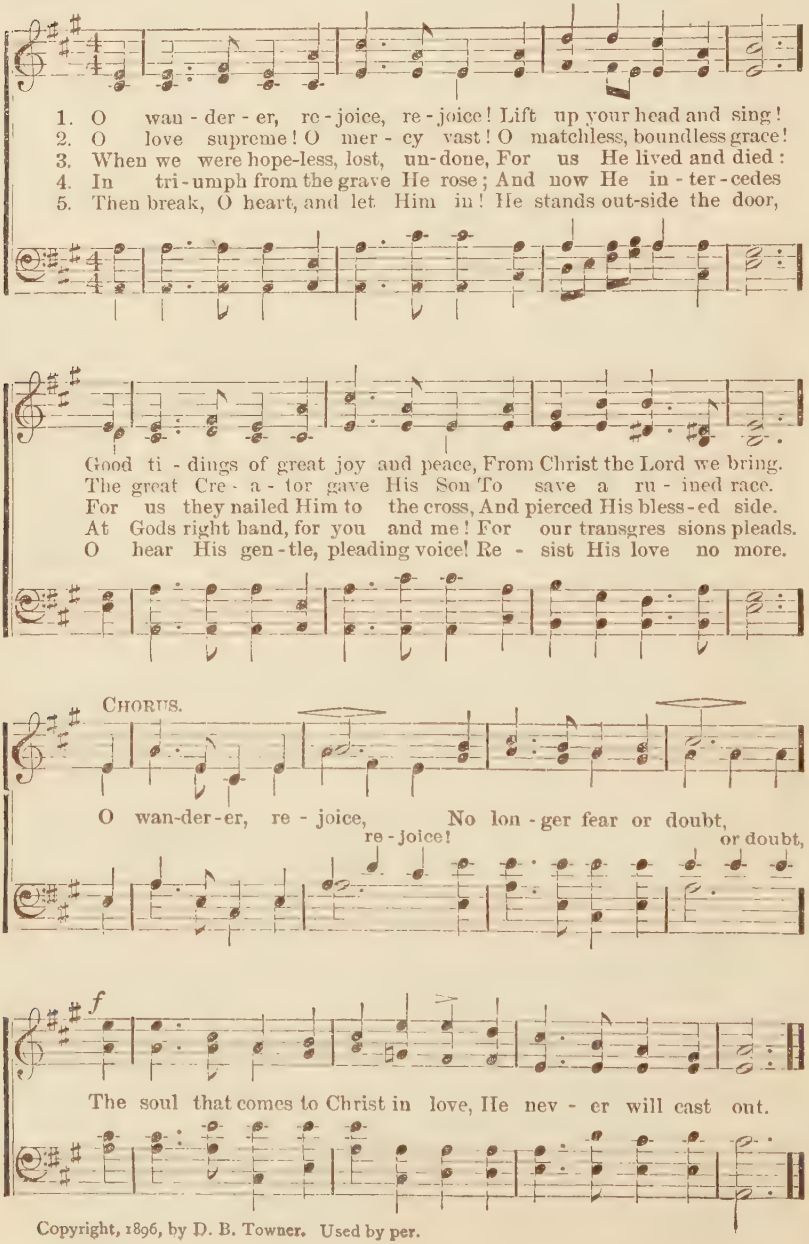
No. 48. O Wanderer, Rejoice!

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—Jno. 6 : 27

A. A. P. D. B. Towner.


1. O wan - der - er, re - joice, re - joice! Lift up your head and sing!
2. O love supreme! O mer - cy vast! O matchless, boundless grace!
3. When we were hope-less, lost, un-done, For us He lived and died:
4. In tri - umph from the grave He rose; And now He in - ter - cedes
5. Then break, O heart, and let Him in! He stands out-side the door,
Good ti - dings of great joy and peace, From Christ the Lord we bring.
The great Cre - a - tor gave His Son To save a ru - ined race.
For us they nailed Him to the cross, And pierced His bless - ed side.
At Gods right hand, for you and me! For our transgres sions pleads.
O hear His gen - tle, pleading voice! Re - sist His love no more.
Chorus.
O wan-der-er, re - joice, No lon - ger fear or doubt,
re - joice! or doubt,
f
The soul that comes to Christ in love, He nev - er will cast out.

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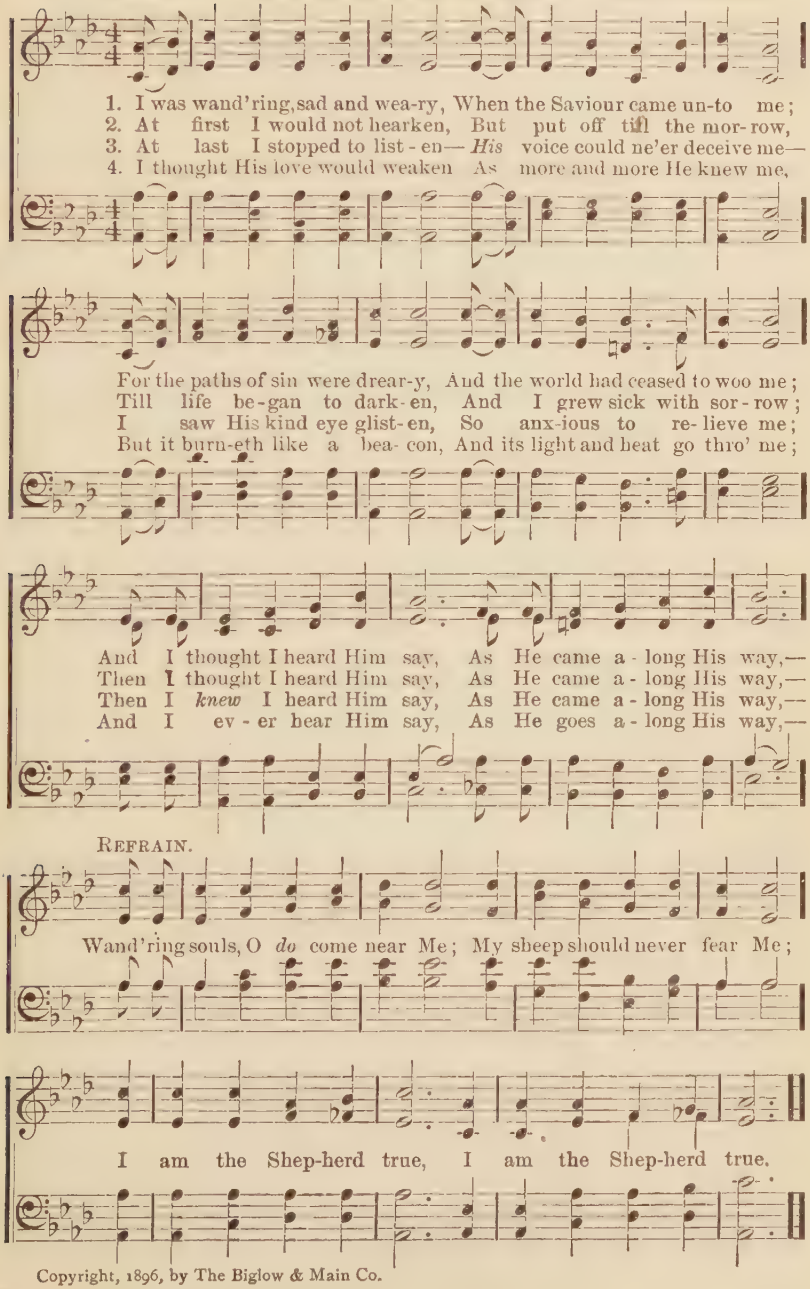
No. 49. The Shepherd True.

F. W. FABER. "I am the good shepherd."—JOHN 10 : 14. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I was wand'ring, sad and wea-ry, When the Saviour came un-to me;
2. At first I would not hearken, But put off till the mor-row,
3. At last I stopped to list-en— His voice could ne'er deceive me—
4. I thought His love would weaken As more and more He knew me,
For the paths of sin were drear-y, And the world had ceased to woo me;
Till life be-gan to dark-en, And I grew sick with sor-row;
I saw His kind eye glist-en, So anx-ious to re-lieve me;
But it burn-eth like a bea-con, And its light and heat go thro' me;
And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a-long His way,—
Then I thought I heard Him say, As He came a-long His way,—
Then I knew I heard Him say, As He came a-long His way,—
And I ev-er hear Him say, As He goes a-long His way,—
REFRAIN.
Wand'ring souls, O do come near Me; My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shep-herd true, I am the Shep-herd true.

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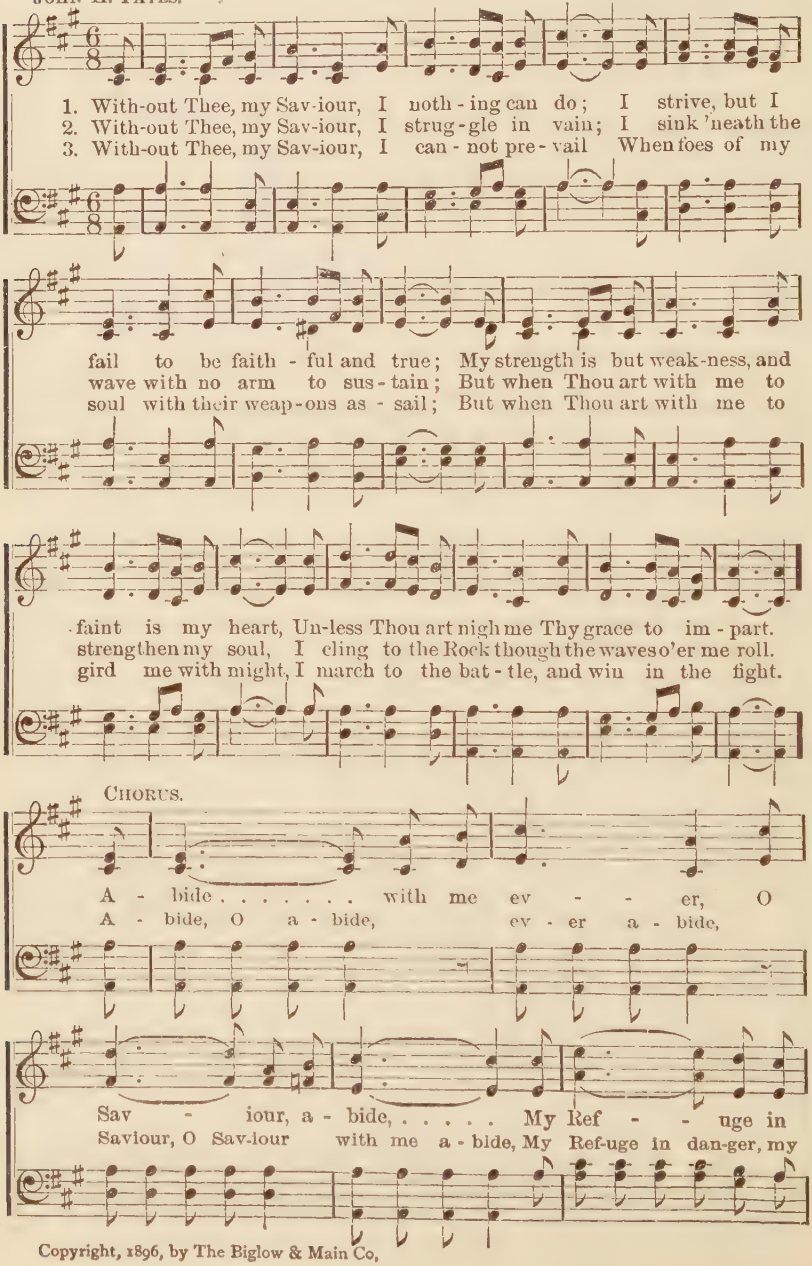
No. 50.

Abide with me Ever.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—Luke 24 : 29.

John H. Yates. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. With-out Thee, my Sav-iour, I noth-ing can do; I strive, but I
2. With-out Thee, my Sav-iour, I strug-gle in vain; I sink 'neath the
3. With-out Thee, my Sav-iour, I can-not pre-vail When foes of my
fail to be faith-ful and true; My strength is but weak-ness, and
wave with no arm to sus-tain; But when Thou art with me to
soul with their weap-ons as-sail; But when Thou art with me to
faint is my heart, Un-less Thou art nigh me Thy grace to im-part.
strengthen my soul, I cling to the Rock though the waves o'er me roll.
gird me with might, I march to the bat-tle, and win in the fight.
Chorus.
A-bide . . . . . with me ev-er, O
A-bide, O a-bide, ev-er a-bide,
Sav-iour, a-bide, ... My Ref-uge in
Saviour, O Sav-iour with me a-bide, My Ref-uge in dan-ger, my

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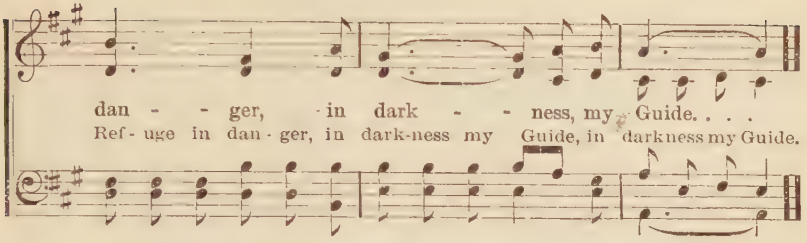
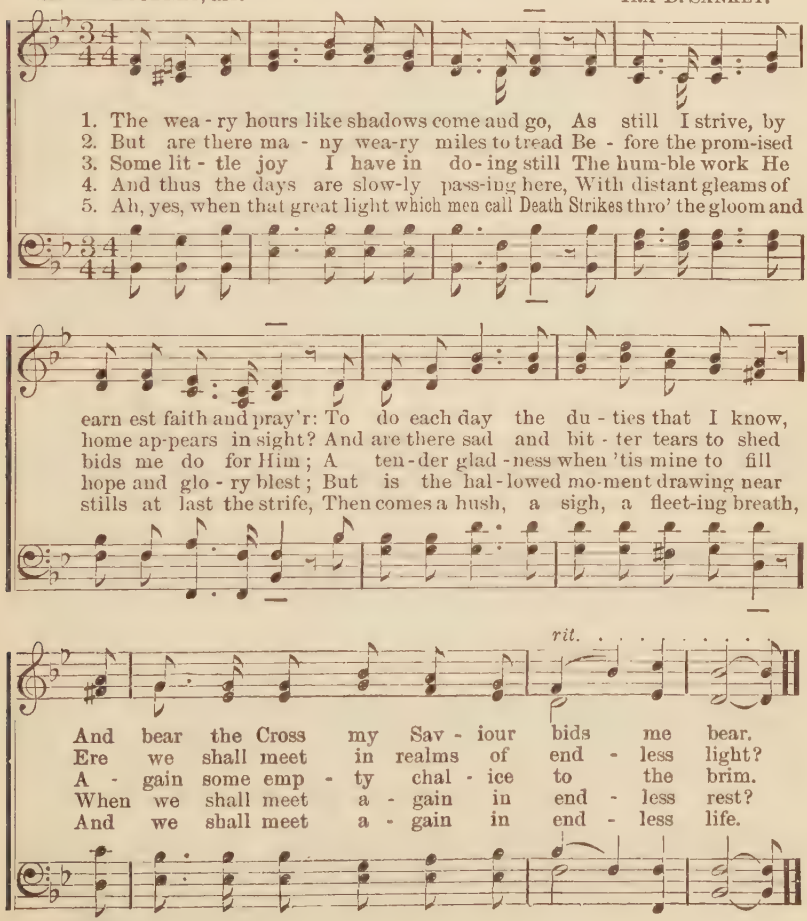

No. 51. How Long?

"At evening time it shall be light."—Zech. 14: 7.

SARAH DOUDNEY, arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. The wea - ry hours like shadows come and go, As still I strive, by
2. But are there ma - ny wea-ry miles to tread Be - fore the prom-ised
3. Some lit - tle joy I have in do - ing still The hum-ble work He
4. And thus the days are slow-ly pass-ing here, With distant gleams of
5. Ah, yes, when that great light which men call Death Strikes thro' the gloom and
earn est faith and pray'r: To do each day the du - ties that I know,
home ap-pears in sight? And are there sad and bit - ter tears to shed
bids me do for Him; A ten-der glad - ness when 'tis mine to fill
hope and glo - ry blest; But is the hal - lowed mo-ment drawing near
stills at last the strife, Then comes a hush, a sigh, a fleet-ing breath,
rit.
And bear the Cross my Sav - iour bids me bear.
Ere we shall meet in realms of end - less light?
A - gain some emp - ty chal - ice to the brim.
When we shall meet a - gain in end - less rest?
And we shall meet a - gain in end - less life.

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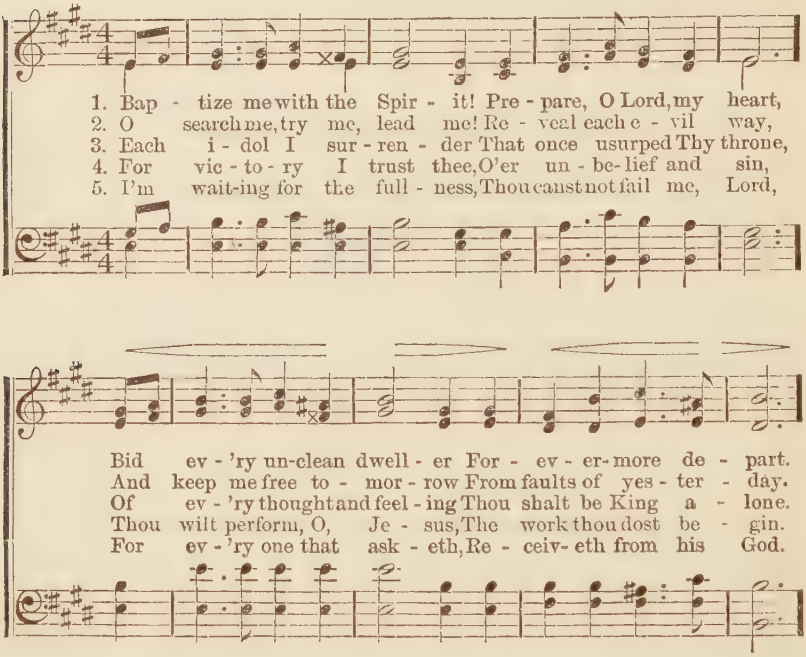
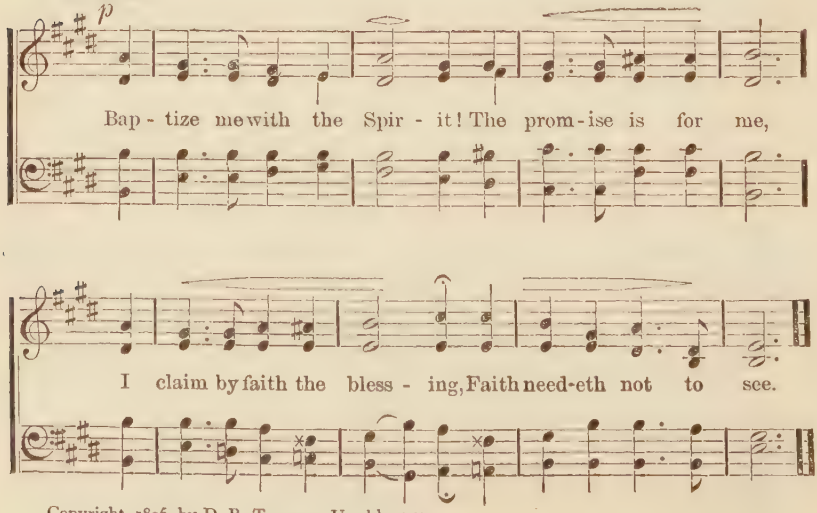
No. 52. Baptize Me With The Spirit!

"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—Acts. 2: 4.

A. A. P. D. B. Towner.


1. Bap - tize me with the Spir - it! Pre - pare, O Lord, my heart,
2. O search me, try me, lead me! Re - veal each e - vil way,
3. Each i - dol I sur - ren - der That once usurped Thy throne,
4. For vic - to - ry I trust thee, O'er un - be - lief and sin,
5. I'm wait-ing for the full - ness, Thou canst not fail me, Lord,
Bid ev - 'ry un-clean dwell - er For - ev - er-more de - part.
And keep me free to - mor - row From faults of yes - ter - day.
Of ev - 'ry thought and feel - ing Thou shalt be King a - lone.
Thou wilt perform, O, Je - sus, The work thou dost be - gin.
For ev - 'ry one that ask - eth, Re - ceiv- eth from his God.

Refrain.



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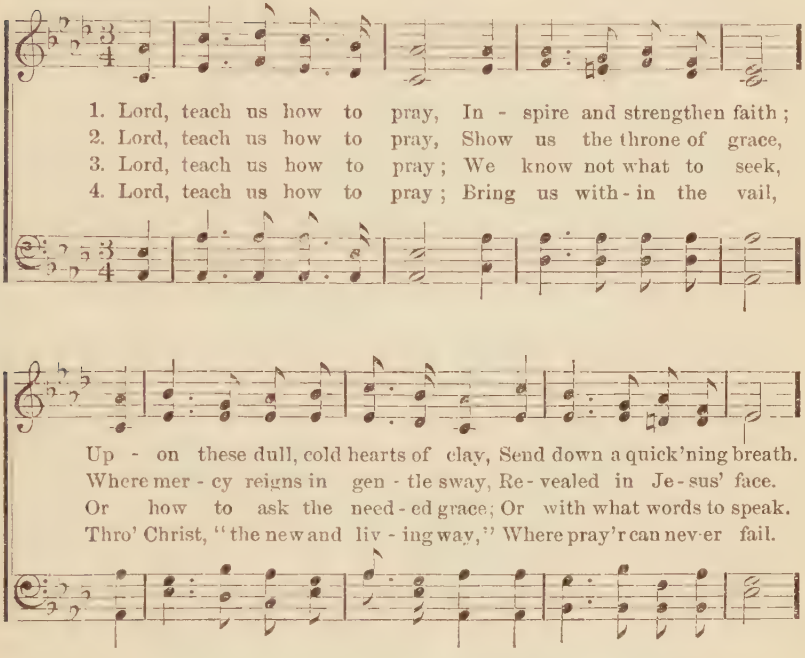
No. 53. Lord, Teach us How to Pray.

"Lord, teach us to pray."—Luke 11 : 1.

D. W. Whittle. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Lord, teach us how to pray, In - spire and strengthen faith;
2. Lord, teach us how to pray, Show us the throne of grace,
3. Lord, teach us how to pray; We know not what to seek,
4. Lord, teach us how to pray; Bring us with - in the vail,
Up - on these dull, cold hearts of clay, Send down a quick'ning breath.
Where mer - cy reigns in gen - tle sway, Re - vealed in Je - sus' face.
Or how to ask the need - ed grace; Or with what words to speak.
Thro' Christ, "the new and liv - ing way," Where pray'r can nev - er fail.
Chorus.
Lord, teach us how to pray, The Spir - it now im - part,
That we, be - fore Thy throne to-day, May come with per - fect heart.

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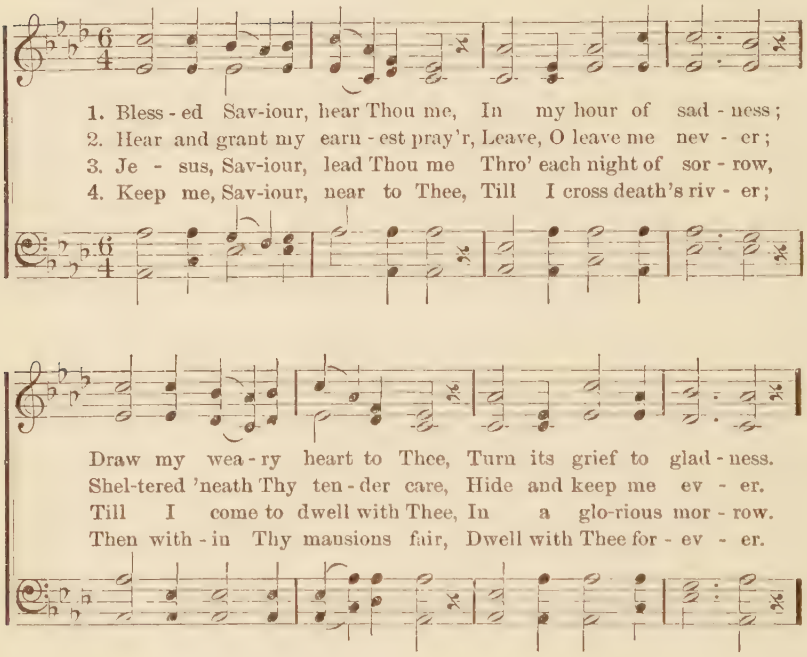
No. 54.

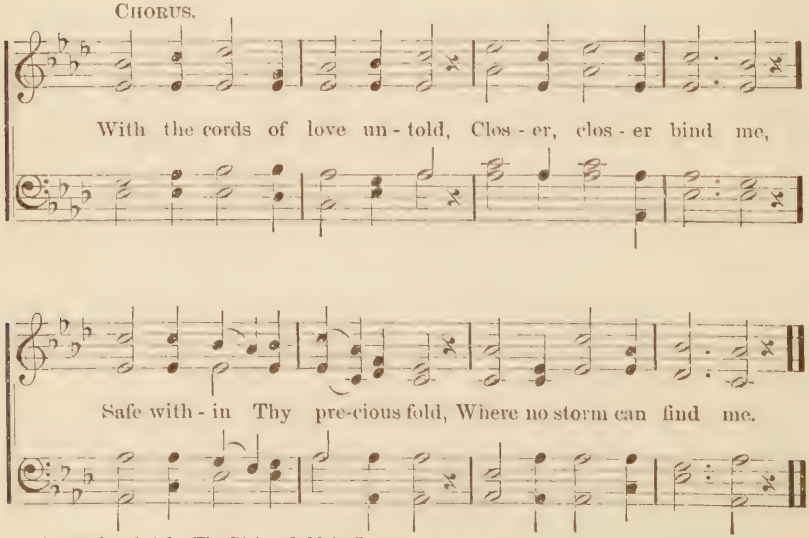
Hear Thou Me.

"Hear my prayer, O LORD."—Ps. 143 : 1.

LYMAN G. CUYLER. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Bless - ed Sav-iour, hear Thou me, In my hour of sad - ness;
2. Hear and grant my earn - est pray'r, Leave, O leave me nev - er;
3. Je - sus, Sav-iour, lead Thou me Thro' each night of sor - row,
4. Keep me, Sav-iour, near to Thee, Till I cross death's riv - er;
Draw my wea - ry heart to Thee, Turn its grief to glad - ness.
Shel-tered 'neath Thy ten - der care, Hide and keep me ev - er.
Till I come to dwell with Thee, In a glo-rious mor - row.
Then with - in Thy mansions fair, Dwell with Thee for - ev - er.

CHORUS.



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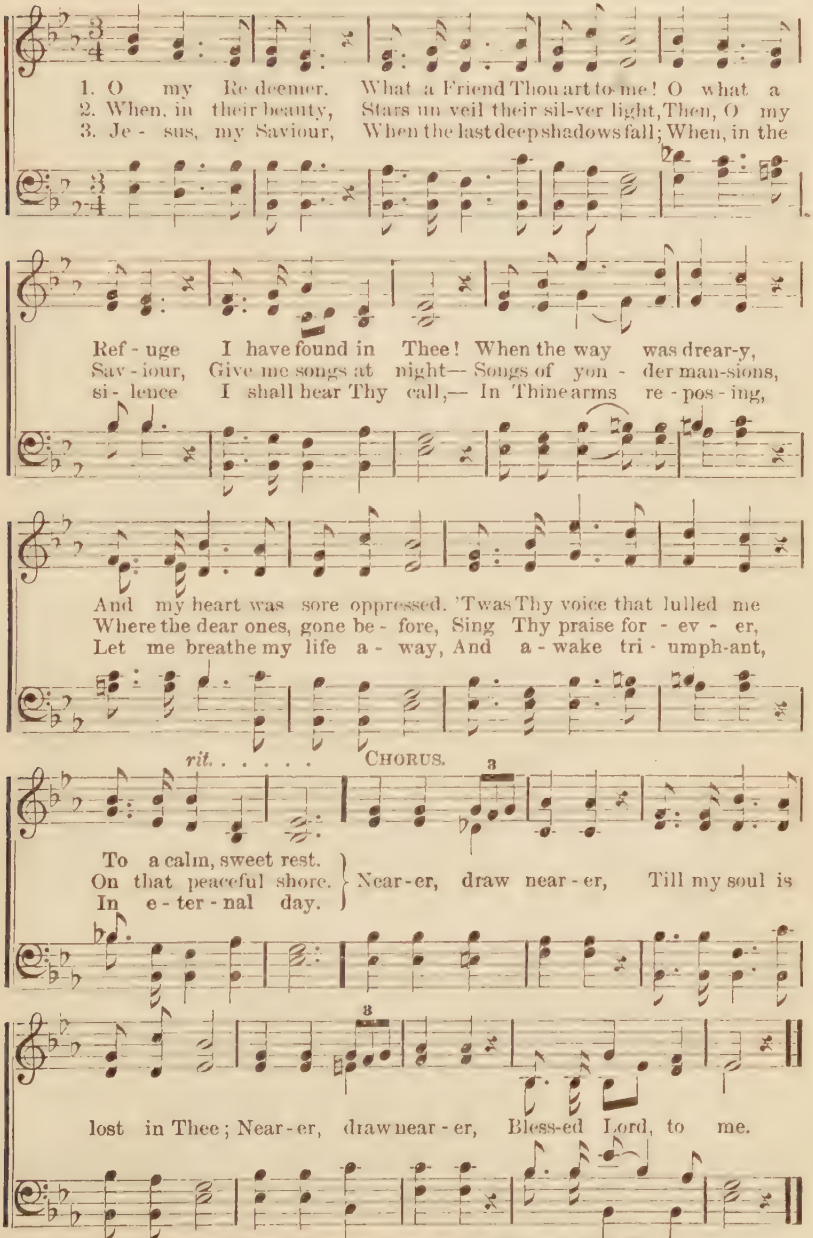
No. 55. What A Friend Thou Art to Me.

"He will draw nigh to you."—JAMES 4: 8.

F. J. CROSBY. (QUARTET.) Har. by HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. O my Re deemer. What a Friend Thou art to me! O what a
2. When, in their beauty, Stars un veil their sil-ver light, Then, O my
3. Je - sus, my Saviour, When the last deep shadows fall; When, in the
Ref - uge I have found in Thee! When the way was drear-y,
Sav - iour, Give me songs at night— Songs of yon - der man-sions,
si - lence I shall hear Thy call,— In Thine arms re - pos - ing,
And my heart was sore oppressed. 'Twas Thy voice that lulled me
Where the dear ones, gone be - fore, Sing Thy praise for - ev - er,
Let me breathe my life a - way, And a - wake tri - umph-ant,
rit. . . . . CHORUS.
To a calm, sweet rest.
On that peaceful shore.
In e - ter - nal day.
Near-er, draw near - er, Till my soul is
lost in Thee; Near-er, draw near - er, Bless-ed Lord, to me.

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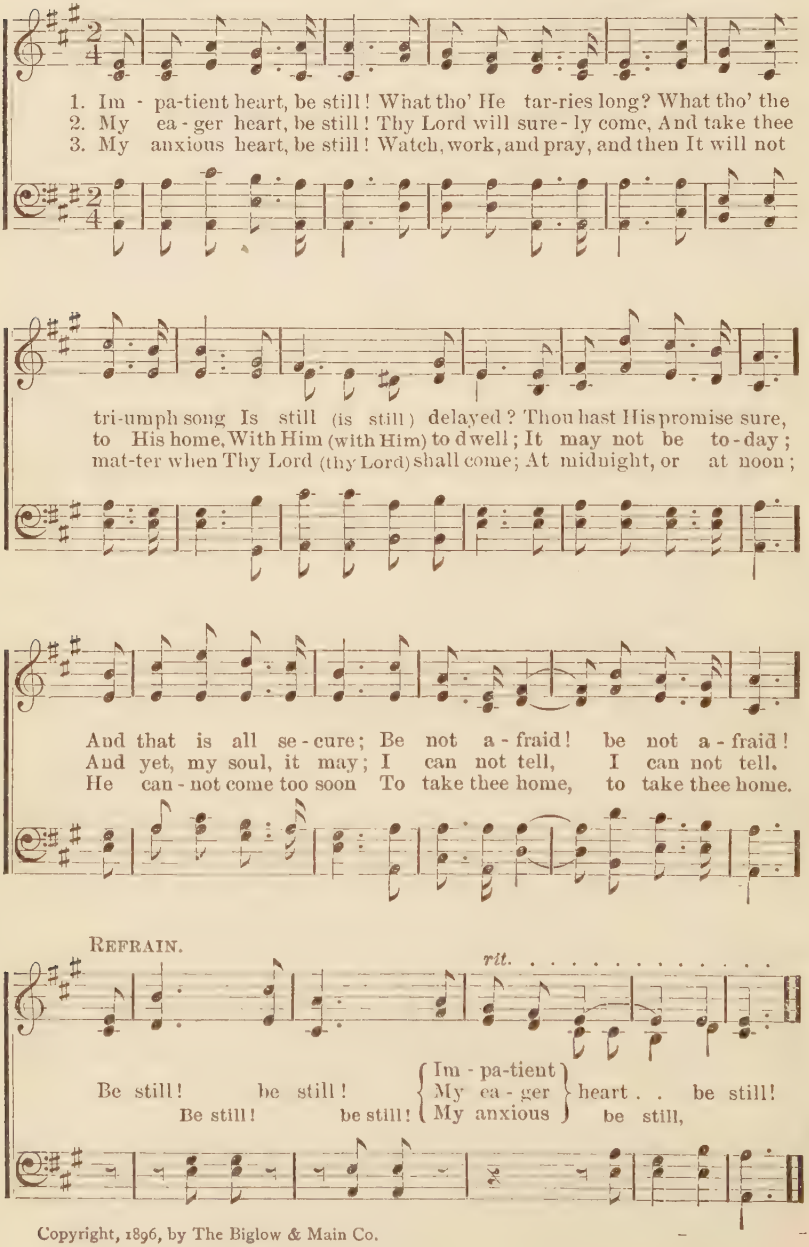
No. 56. Impatient Heart, Be Still.

"I will come again."—JOHN 14: 3.

GEO. A. WARBURTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Im - pa-tient heart, be still! What tho' He tar-ries long? What tho' the
2. My ea - ger heart, be still! Thy Lord will sure - ly come, And take thee
3. My anxious heart, be still! Watch, work, and pray, and then It will not
tri-umph song Is still (is still) delayed? Thou hast His promise sure,
to His home, With Him (with Him) to dwell; It may not be to - day;
mat-ter when Thy Lord (thy Lord) shall come; At midnight, or at noon;
And that is all se - cure; Be not a - fraid! be not a - fraid!
And yet, my soul, it may; I can not tell, I can not tell.
He can - not come too soon To take thee home, to take thee home.
REFRAIN.
rit.
Be still! be still! Im - pa-tient / My ea - ger / My anxious heart . . be still!
Be still! be still! be still,

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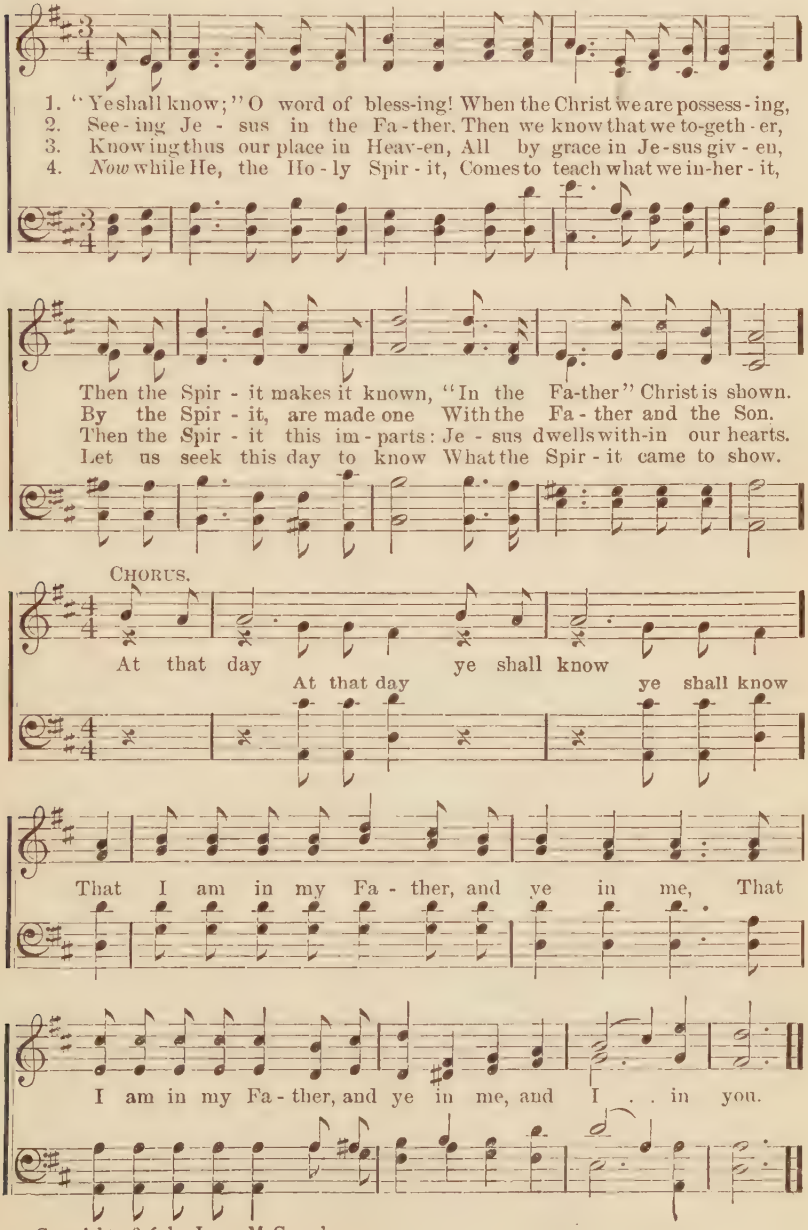
No. 57. At That Day Ye Shall Know.

"That I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you."—John 14 : 20.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "Ye shall know;" O word of bless-ing! When the Christ we are possess-ing,
2. See-ing Je-sus in the Fa-ther. Then we know that we to-geth-er,
3. Know-ing thus our place in Heav-en, All by grace in Je-sus giv-en,
4. *Now* while He, the Ho-ly Spir-it, Comes to teach what we in-her-it,
Then the Spir-it makes it known, "In the Fa-ther" Christ is shown.
By the Spir-it, are made one With the Fa-ther and the Son.
Then the Spir-it this im-parts: Je-sus dwells with-in our hearts.
Let us seek this day to know What the Spir-it came to show.
CHORUS.
At that day ye shall know
At that day ye shall know
That I am in my Fa-ther, and ye in me, That
I am in my Fa-ther, and ye in me, and I . . in you.

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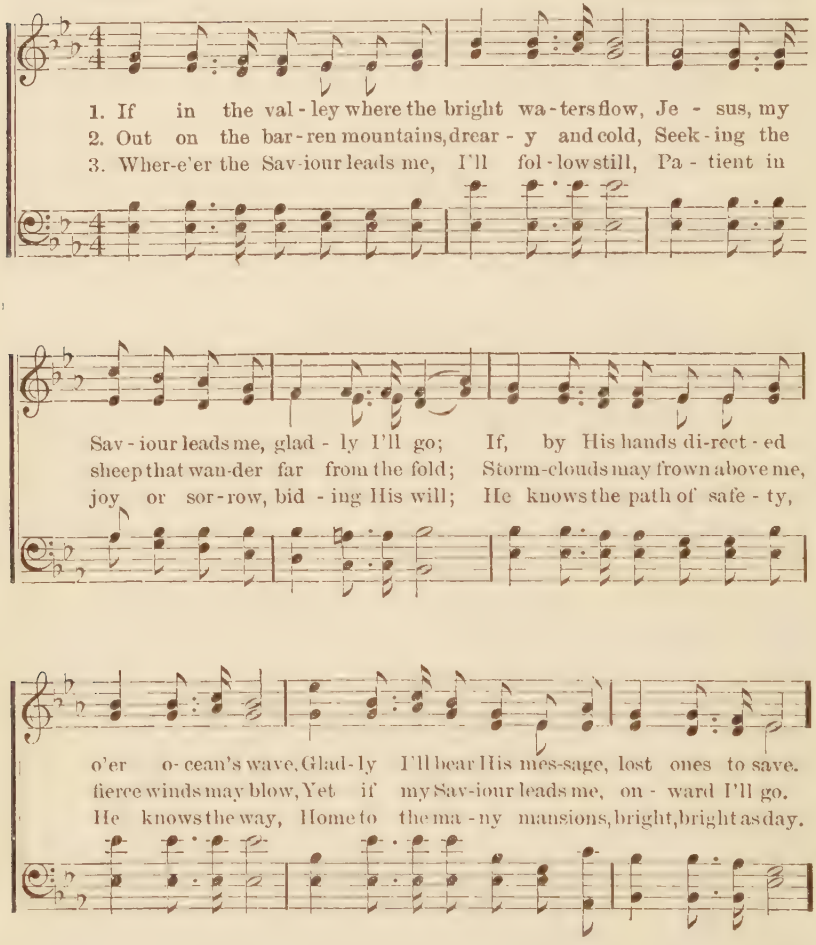
No. 58. Where the Saviour Leads.

"I will follow thee withersoever thou goest."—MATT. 8 : 19.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. If in the val - ley where the bright wa - ters flow, Je - sus, my
2. Out on the bar - ren mountains, drear - y and cold, Seek - ing the
3. Wher-e'er the Sav - iour leads me, I'll fol - low still, Pa - tient in
Sav - iour leads me, glad - ly I'll go; If, by His hands di-rect - ed
sheep that wan-der far from the fold; Storm-clouds may frown above me,
joy or sor - row, bid - ing His will; He knows the path of safe - ty,
o'er o - cean's wave, Glad - ly I'll bear His mes-sage, lost ones to save.
fierce winds may blow, Yet if my Sav-iour leads me, on - ward I'll go.
He knows the way, Home to the ma - ny mansions, bright, bright as day.
CHORUS.
Where . . the Sav-iour leads me, I . . . . will gladly
Where the lov - ing Sav - iour leads me, I will glad - ly,

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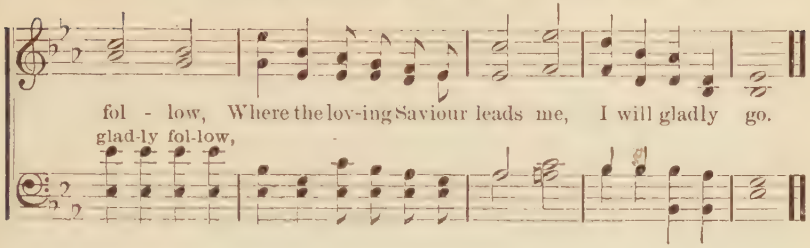
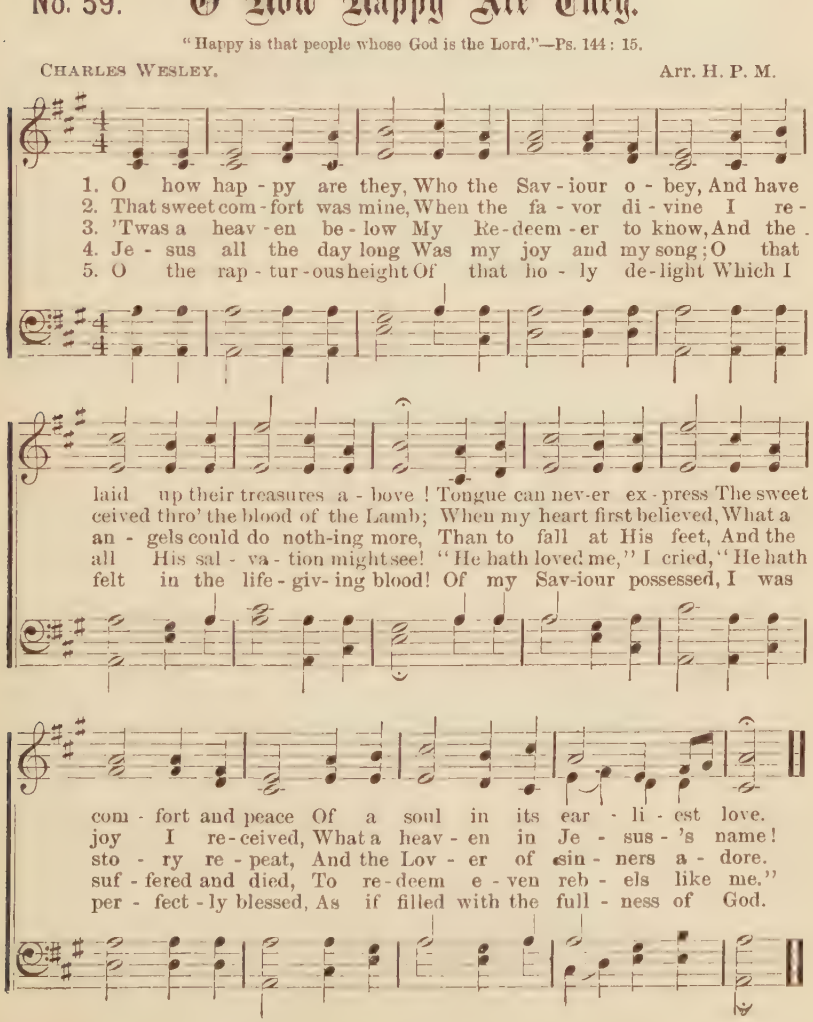

No. 59. O How Happy Are They.

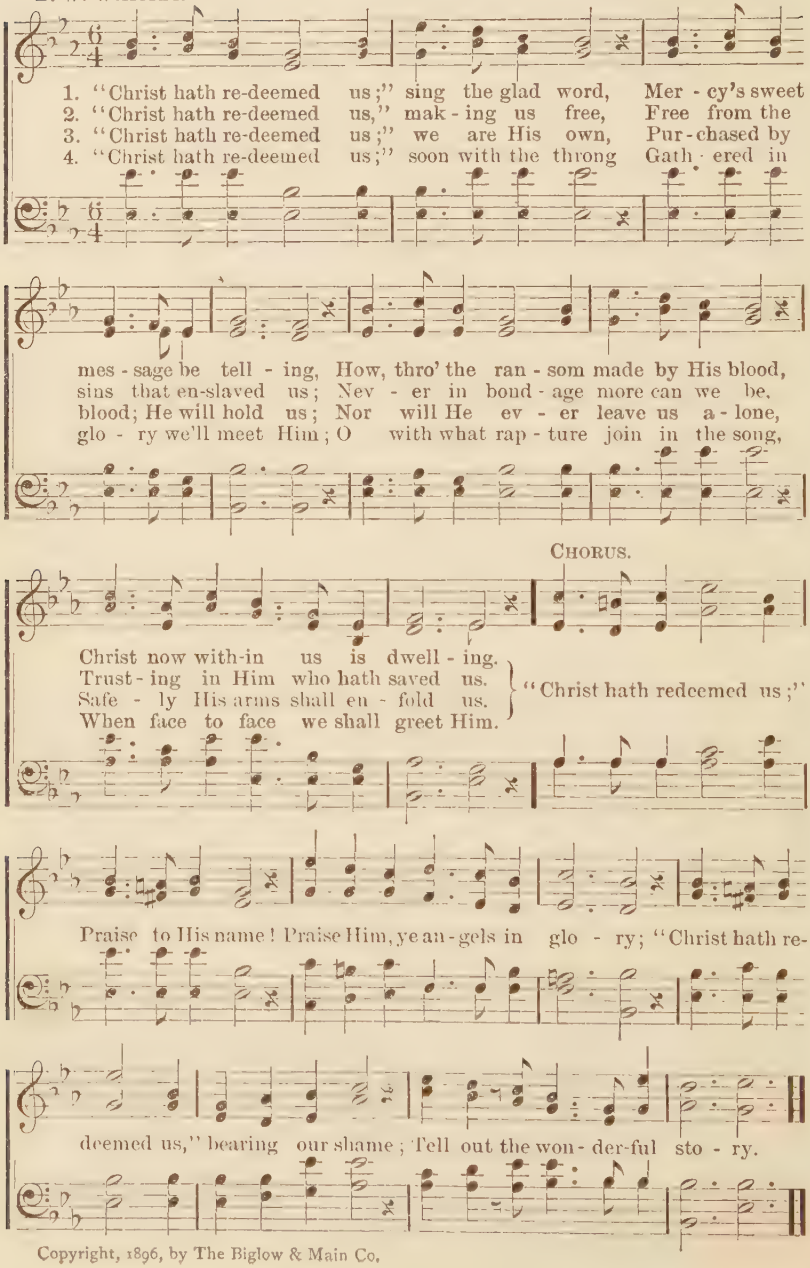
"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."—Ps. 144 : 15.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. H. P. M.


1. O how hap - py are they, Who the Sav - iour o - bey, And have
2. That sweet com - fort was mine, When the fa - vor di - vine I re -
3. 'Twas a heav - en be - low My Re-deem - er to know, And the
4. Je - sus all the day long Was my joy and my song; O that
5. O the rap - tur - ous height Of that ho - ly de-light Which I
laid up their treasures a - bove! Tongue can nev-er ex - press The sweet
ceived thro' the blood of the Lamb; When my heart first believed, What a
an - gels could do noth-ing more, Than to fall at His feet, And the
all His sal - va - tion might see! "He hath loved me," I cried, "He hath
felt in the life - giv - ing blood! Of my Sav-iour possessed, I was
com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
joy I re-ceived, What a heav - en in Je - sus - 's name!
sto - ry re - peat, And the Lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.
suf - fered and died, To re-deem e - ven reb - els like me."
per - fect - ly blessed, As if filled with the full - ness of God.

No. 60. Christ Hath Redeemed Us.

GAL. 3 : 13.

D. W. WHITTLE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. "Christ hath re-deemed us;" sing the glad word, Mer - cy's sweet mes - sage be tell - ing, How, thro' the ran - som made by His blood,
2. "Christ hath re-deemed us," mak - ing us free, Free from the sins that en-slaved us; Nev - er in bond - age more can we be.
3. "Christ hath re-deemed us;" we are His own, Pur - chased by blood; He will hold us; Nor will He ev - er leave us a - lone,
4. "Christ hath re-deemed us;" soon with the throng Gath - ered in glo - ry we'll meet Him; O with what rap - ture join in the song,
CHORUS.
Christ now with-in us is dwell - ing.
Trust - ing in Him who hath saved us.
Safe - ly His arms shall en - fold us.
When face to face we shall greet Him.
"Christ hath redeemed us;"
Praise to His name! Praise Him, ye an - gels in glo - ry; "Christ hath re-
deemed us," bearing our shame; Tell out the won - der-ful sto - ry.

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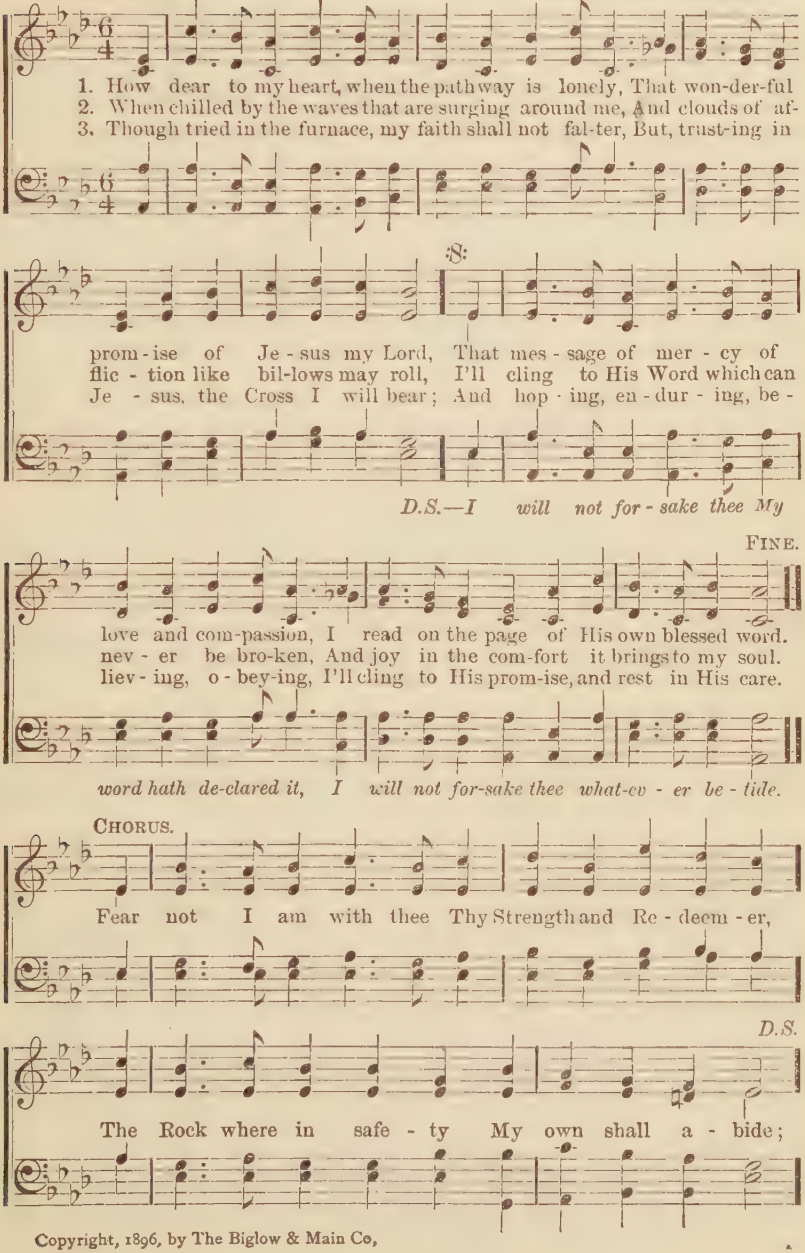
No. 61. How Dear to my Heart.

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee."—Isa. 41 : 10.

F. J. Crosby. Arr. by Ira D. Sankey.

1. How dear to my heart, when the pathway is lonely, That won-der-ful
2. When chilled by the waves that are surging around me, And clouds of af-
3. Though tried in the furnace, my faith shall not fal-ter, But, trust-ing in
:S:
prom-ise of Je-sus my Lord, That mes-sage of mer-cy of
flic-tion like bil-lows may roll, I'll cling to His Word which can
Je-sus, the Cross I will bear; And hop-ing, en-dur-ing, be-
D.S.—I will not for-sake thee My
Fine.
love and com-passion, I read on the page of His own blessed word.
nev-er be bro-ken, And joy in the com-fort it brings to my soul.
liev-ing, o-bey-ing, I'll cling to His prom-ise, and rest in His care.
word hath de-clared it, I will not for-sake thee what-ev-er be-tide.
Chorus.
Fear not I am with thee Thy Strength and Re-deem-er,
D.S.
The Rock where in safe-ty My own shall a-bide;

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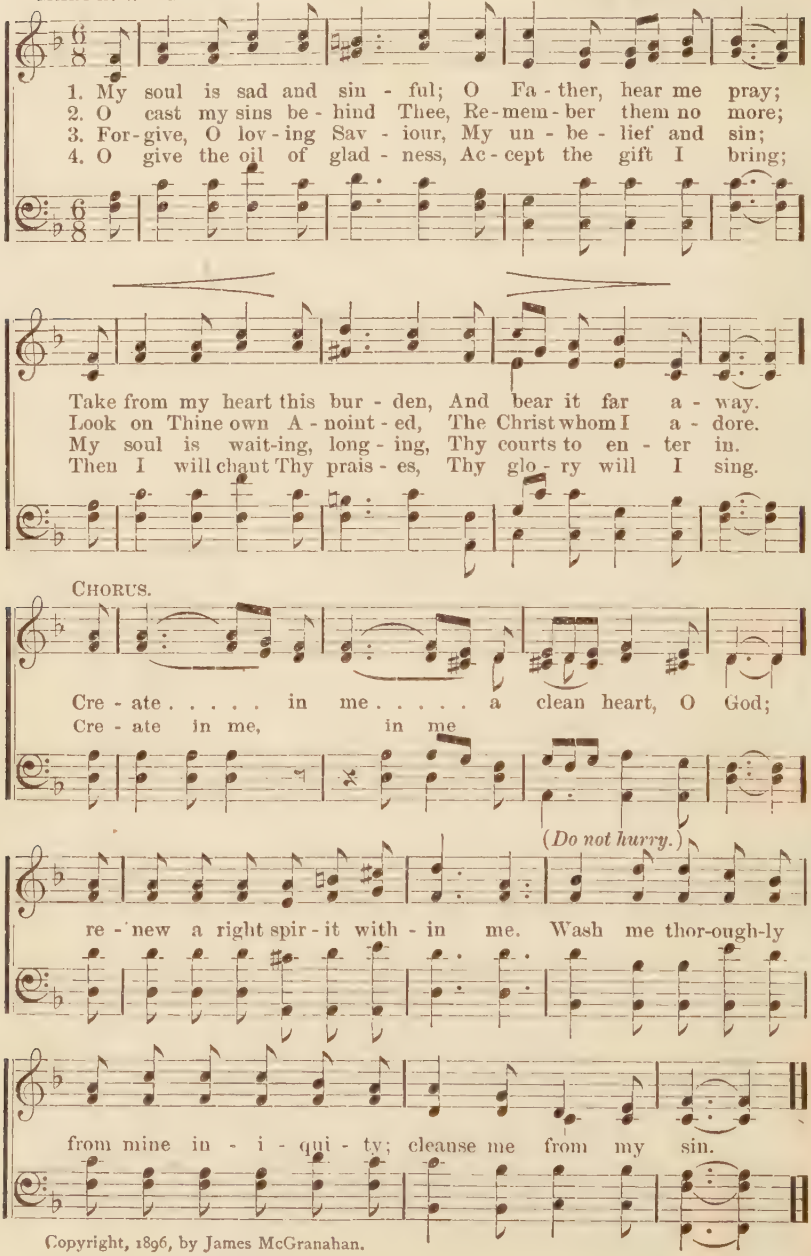
No. 62. Create in Me a Clean Heart.

"O God; and renew a right spirit within me."—Ps. 51: 10.

MARY B. WINGATE. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. My soul is sad and sin - ful; O Fa - ther, hear me pray;
2. O cast my sins be - hind Thee, Re - mem - ber them no more;
3. For - give, O lov - ing Sav - iour, My un - be - lief and sin;
4. O give the oil of glad - ness, Ac - cept the gift I bring;
Take from my heart this bur - den, And bear it far a - way.
Look on Thine own A - noint - ed, The Christ whom I a - dore.
My soul is wait-ing, long - ing, Thy courts to en - ter in.
Then I will chant Thy prais - es, Thy glo - ry will I sing.
CHORUS.
Cre - ate . . . . . in me . . . . . a clean heart, O God;
Cre - ate in me, in me
(Do not hurry.)
re - new a right spir - it with - in me. Wash me thor-ough-ly
from mine in - i - qui - ty; cleanse me from my sin.

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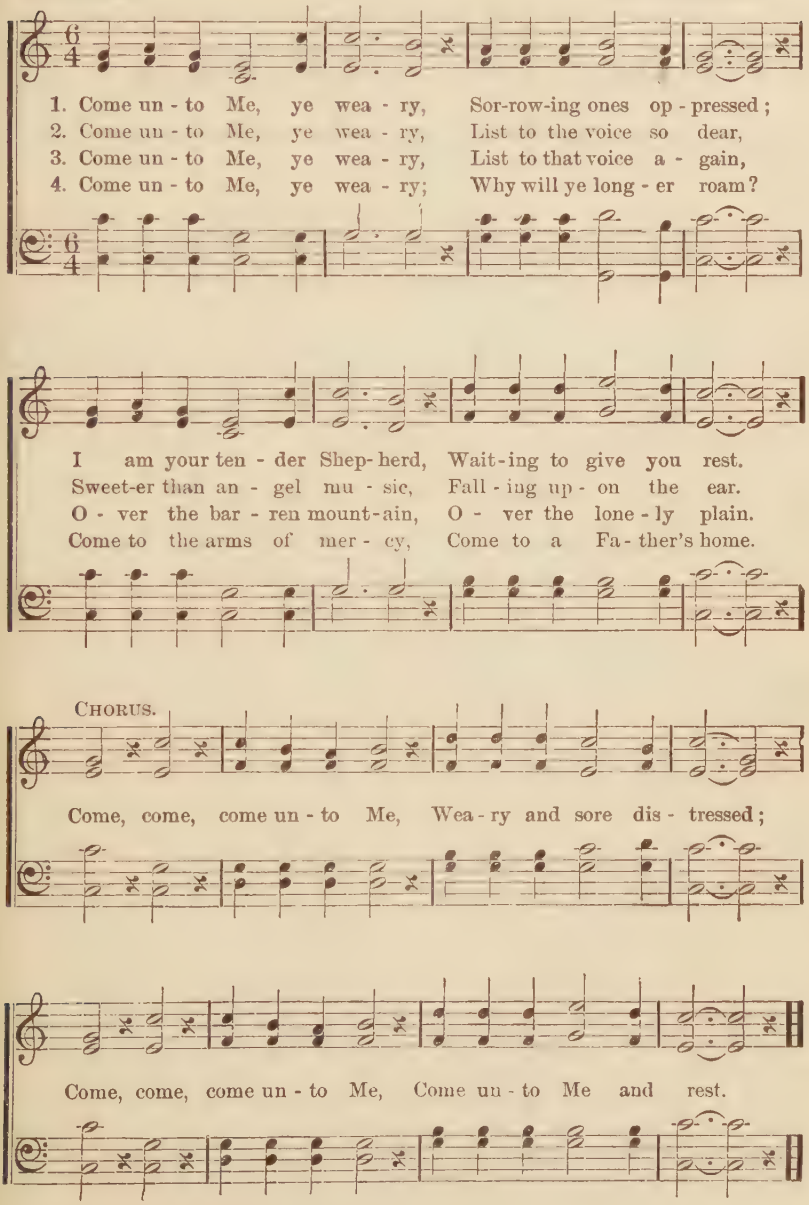
No. 63. Come Unto Me, Ye Weary.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor; and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, Sor-row-ing ones op - pressed;
2. Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, List to the voice so dear,
3. Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, List to that voice a - gain,
4. Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry; Why will ye long - er roam?
I am your ten - der Shep-herd, Wait-ing to give you rest.
Sweet-er than an - gel mu - sic, Fall - ing up - on the ear.
O - ver the bar - ren mount-ain, O - ver the lone - ly plain.
Come to the arms of mer - cy, Come to a Fa - ther's home.
Chorus.
Come, come, come un - to Me, Wea - ry and sore dis - tressed;
Come, come, come un - to Me, Come un - to Me and rest.

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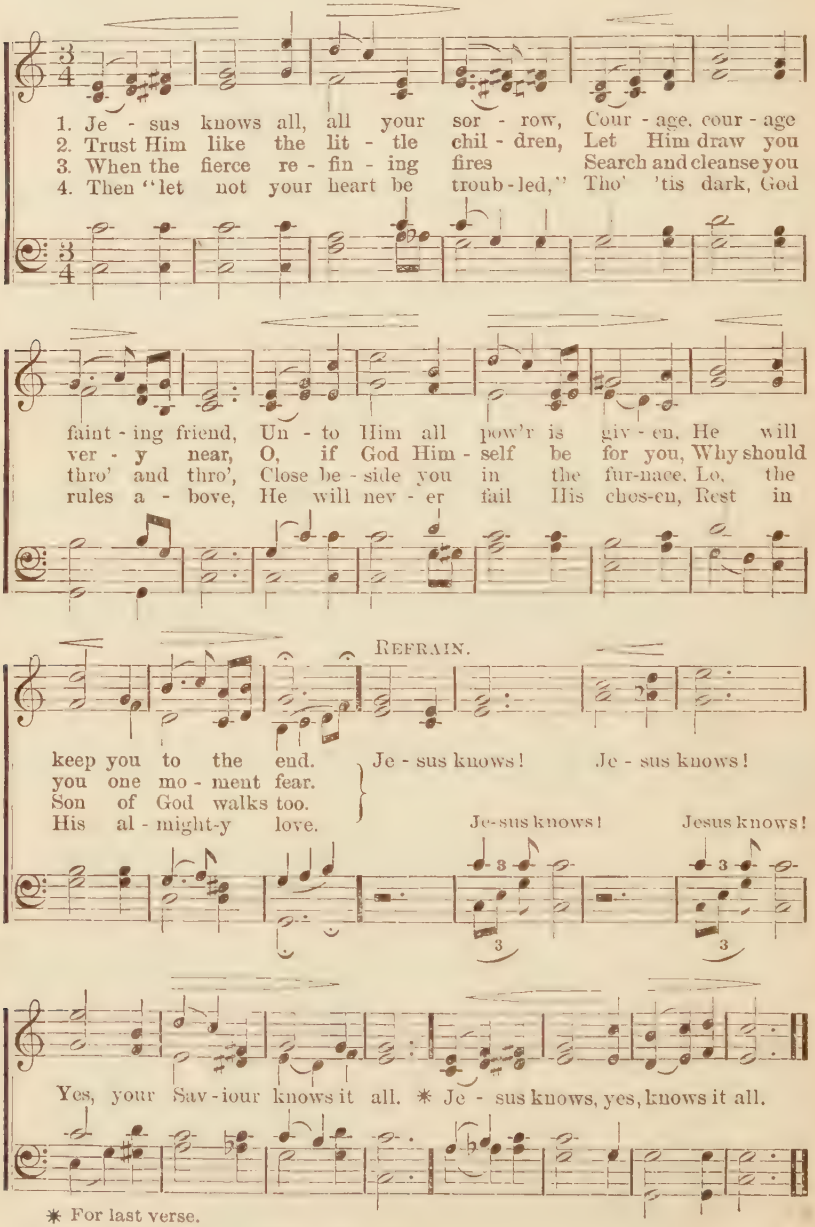
No. 64. Jesus Knows Your Sorrow.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows."—Isa. 53 : 4.

A. A. P. D. B. Towner.

1. Je - sus knows all, all your sor - row, Cour - age, cour - age
2. Trust Him like the lit - tle chil - dren, Let Him draw you
3. When the fierce re - fin - ing fires Search and cleanse you
4. Then "let not your heart be troub - led," Tho' 'tis dark, God
faint - ing friend, Un - to Him all pow'r is giv - en, He will
ver - y near, O, if God Him - self be for you, Why should
thro' and thro', Close be - side you in the fur-nace, Lo, the
rules a - bove, He will nev - er fail His chos-en, Rest in
Refrain.
keep you to the end.
you one mo - ment fear.
Son of God walks too.
His al - might-y love.
Je - sus knows! Je - sus knows!
Je-sus knows! Jesus knows!
Yes, your Sav - iour knows it all. * Je - sus knows, yes, knows it all.

* For last verse.

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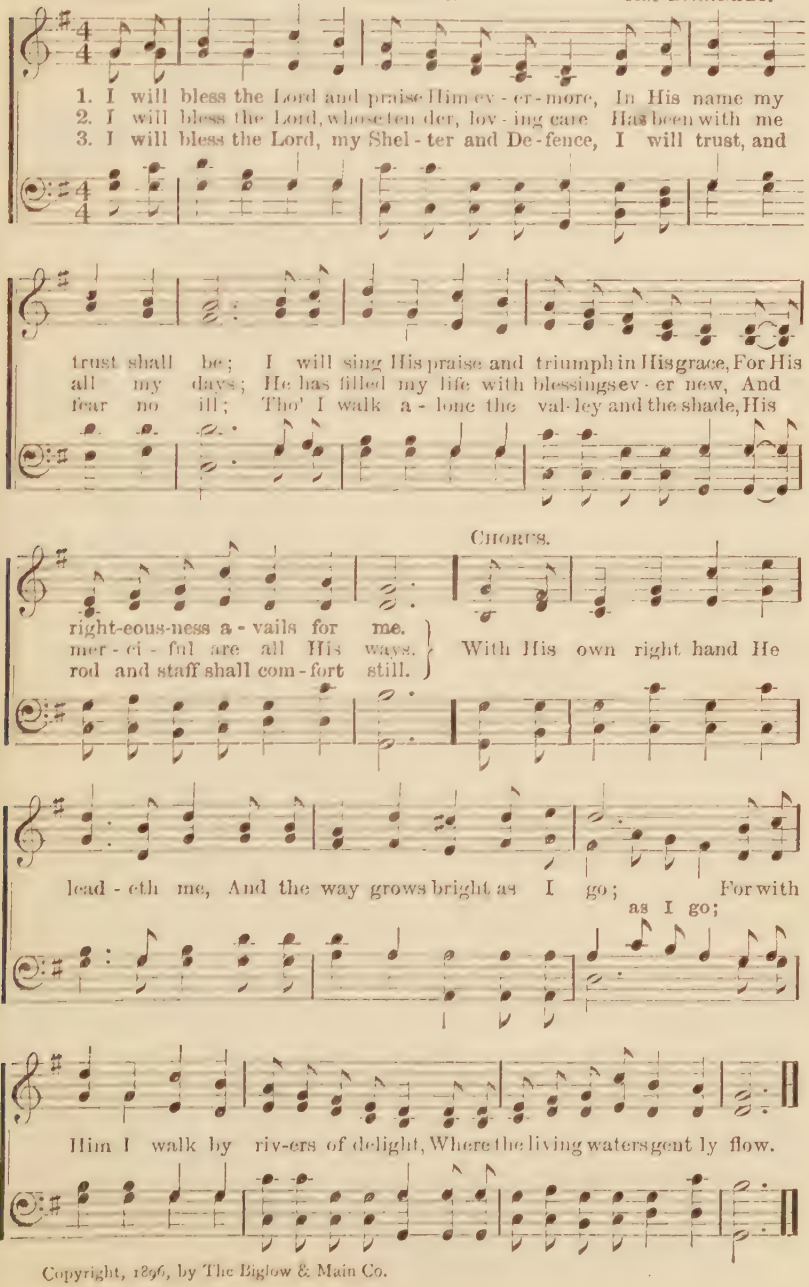
No. 65. I Will Bless the Lord.

F. J. CROSBY. PSALM 34 : 1. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I will bless the Lord and praise Him ev - er - more, In His name my
2. I will bless the Lord, whose ten der, lov - ing care Has been with me
3. I will bless the Lord, my Shel - ter and De - fence, I will trust, and
trust shall be; I will sing His praise and triumph in His grace, For His
all my days; He has filled my life with blessings ev - er new, And
fear no ill; Tho' I walk a - lone the val - ley and the shade, His
CHORUS.
right-eous-ness a - vails for me.
mer - ci - ful are all His ways.
rod and staff shall com - fort still.
With His own right hand He
lead - eth me, And the way grows bright as I go; For with
as I go;
Him I walk by riv-ers of delight, Where the living waters gent ly flow.

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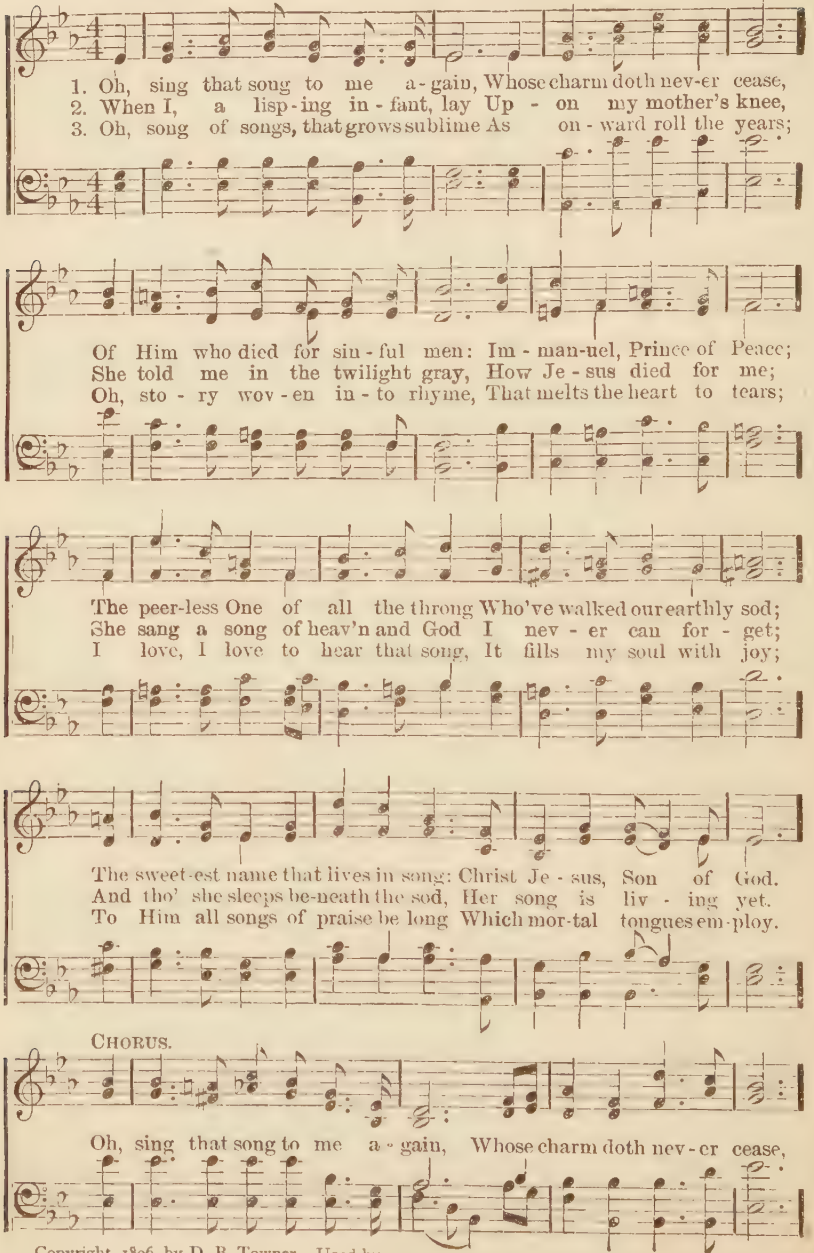
No. 66. Immanuel, Prince of Peace.

"Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour."—Acts 5 : 31.

ANDREW SHERWOOD. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Oh, sing that song to me a - gain, Whose charm doth nev-er cease,
Of Him who died for sin - ful men: Im - man-uel, Prince of Peace;
The peer-less One of all the throng Who've walked our earthly sod;
The sweet-est name that lives in song: Christ Je - sus, Son of God.
CHORUS.
Oh, sing that song to me a - gain, Whose charm doth nev - er cease,
2. When I, a lisp - ing in - fant, lay Up - on my mother's knee,
She told me in the twilight gray, How Je - sus died for me;
She sang a song of heav'n and God I nev - er can for - get;
And tho' she sleeps be-neath the sod, Her song is liv - ing yet.
3. Oh, song of songs, that grows sublime As on - ward roll the years;
Oh, sto - ry wov - en in - to rhyme, That melts the heart to tears;
I love, I love to hear that song, It fills my soul with joy;
To Him all songs of praise be long Which mor-tal tongues em - ploy.

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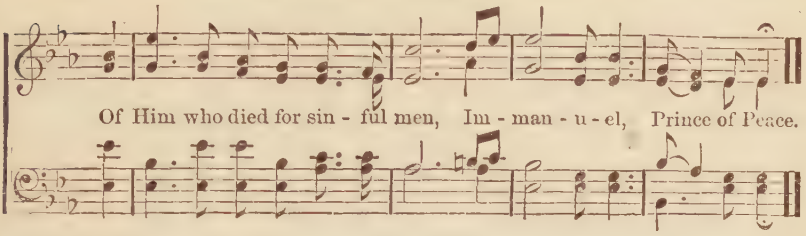
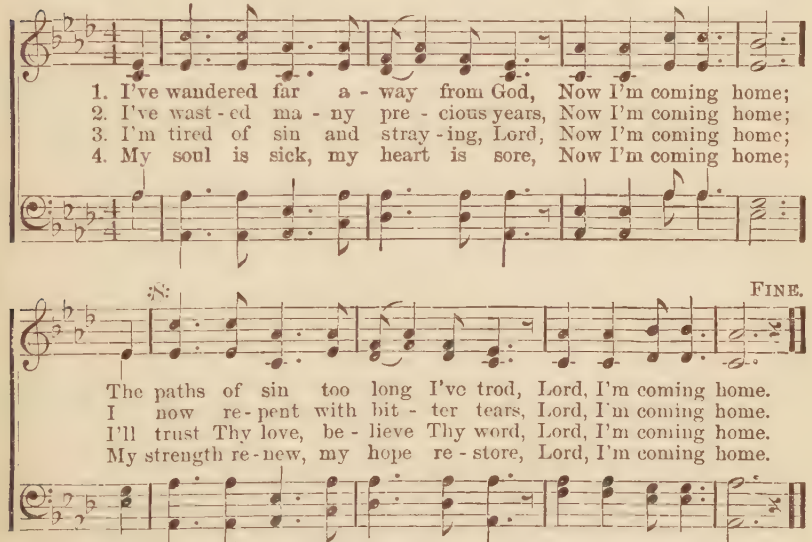
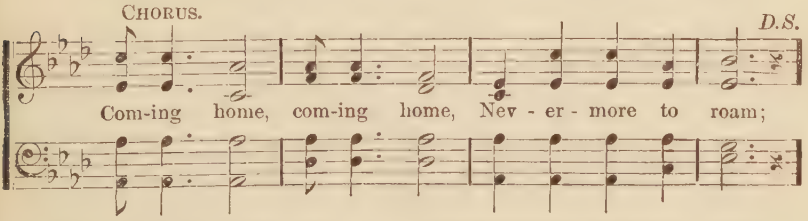

No. 67. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

"Come unto me all ye that labor."—MATT. 11: 28.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;
FINE.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm coming home.
D.S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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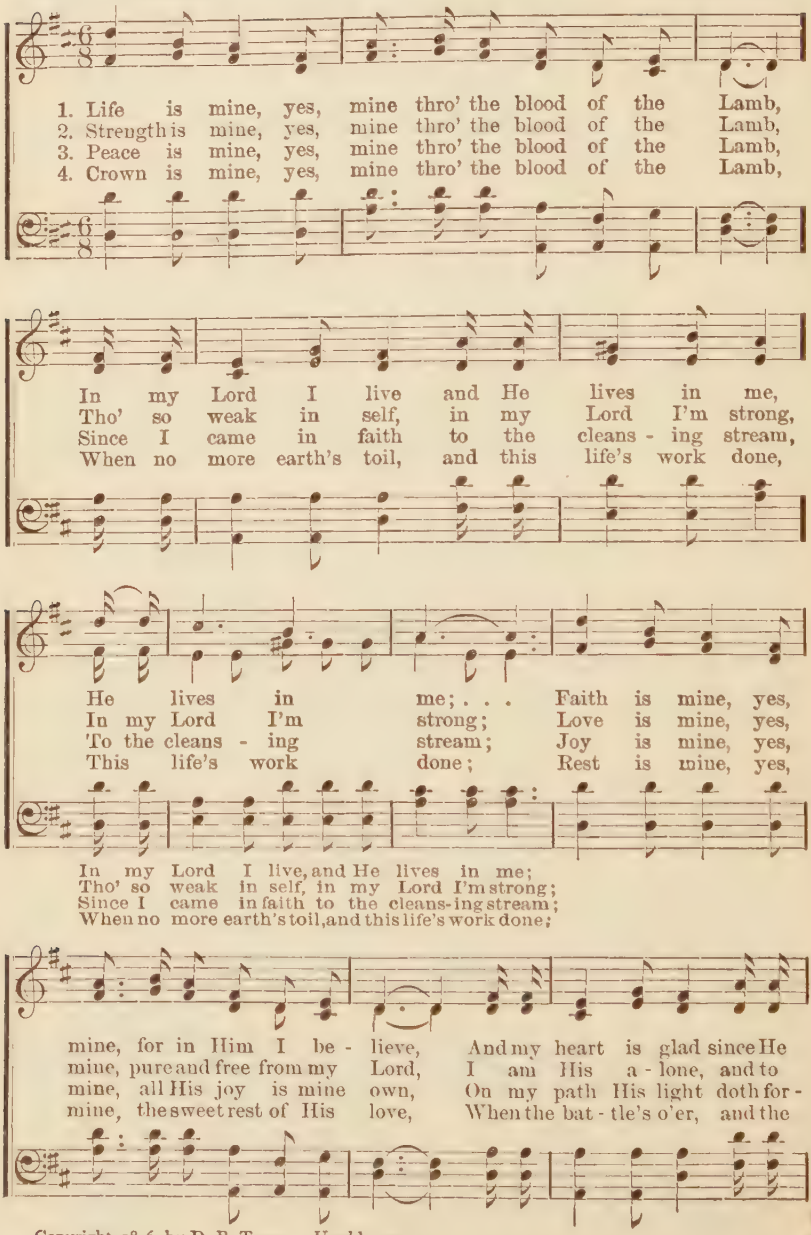
No. 68.

Life is Mine.

"He that hath the Son hath life." 1 Jno. 5: 2.

Rev. E. G. Wesley. D. B. Towner.

1. Life is mine, yes, mine thro' the blood of the Lamb,
2. Strength is mine, yes, mine thro' the blood of the Lamb,
3. Peace is mine, yes, mine thro' the blood of the Lamb,
4. Crown is mine, yes, mine thro' the blood of the Lamb,
In my Lord I live and He lives in me,
Tho' so weak in self, in my Lord I'm strong,
Since I came in faith to the cleans - ing stream,
When no more earth's toil, and this life's work done,
He lives in me; . . . Faith is mine, yes,
In my Lord I'm strong; Love is mine, yes,
To the cleans - ing stream; Joy is mine, yes,
This life's work done; Rest is mine, yes,
In my Lord I live, and He lives in me;
Tho' so weak in self, in my Lord I'm strong;
Since I came in faith to the cleans-ing stream;
When no more earth's toil, and this life's work done;
mine, for in Him I be - lieve, And my heart is glad since He
mine, pure and free from my Lord, I am His a - lone, and to
mine, all His joy is mine own, On my path His light doth for -
mine, the sweet rest of His love, When the bat - tle's o'er, and the

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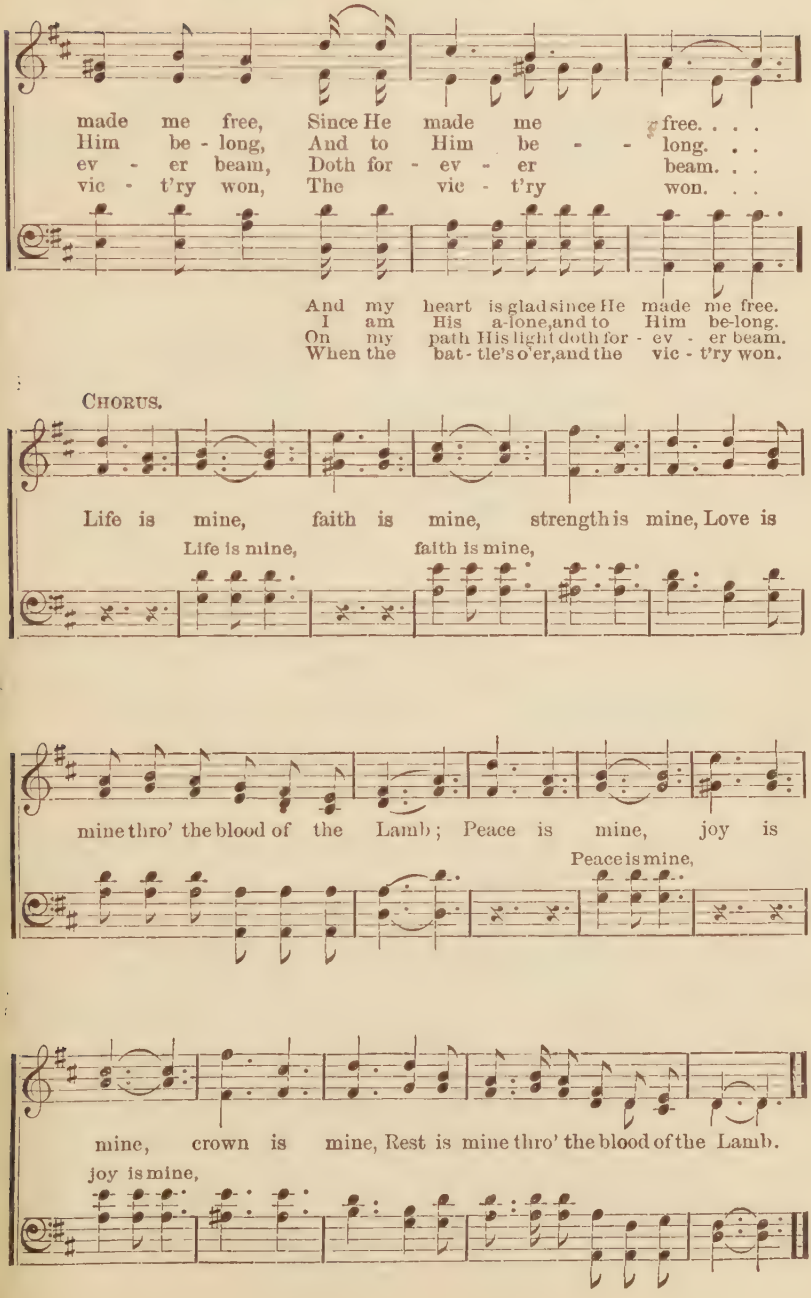
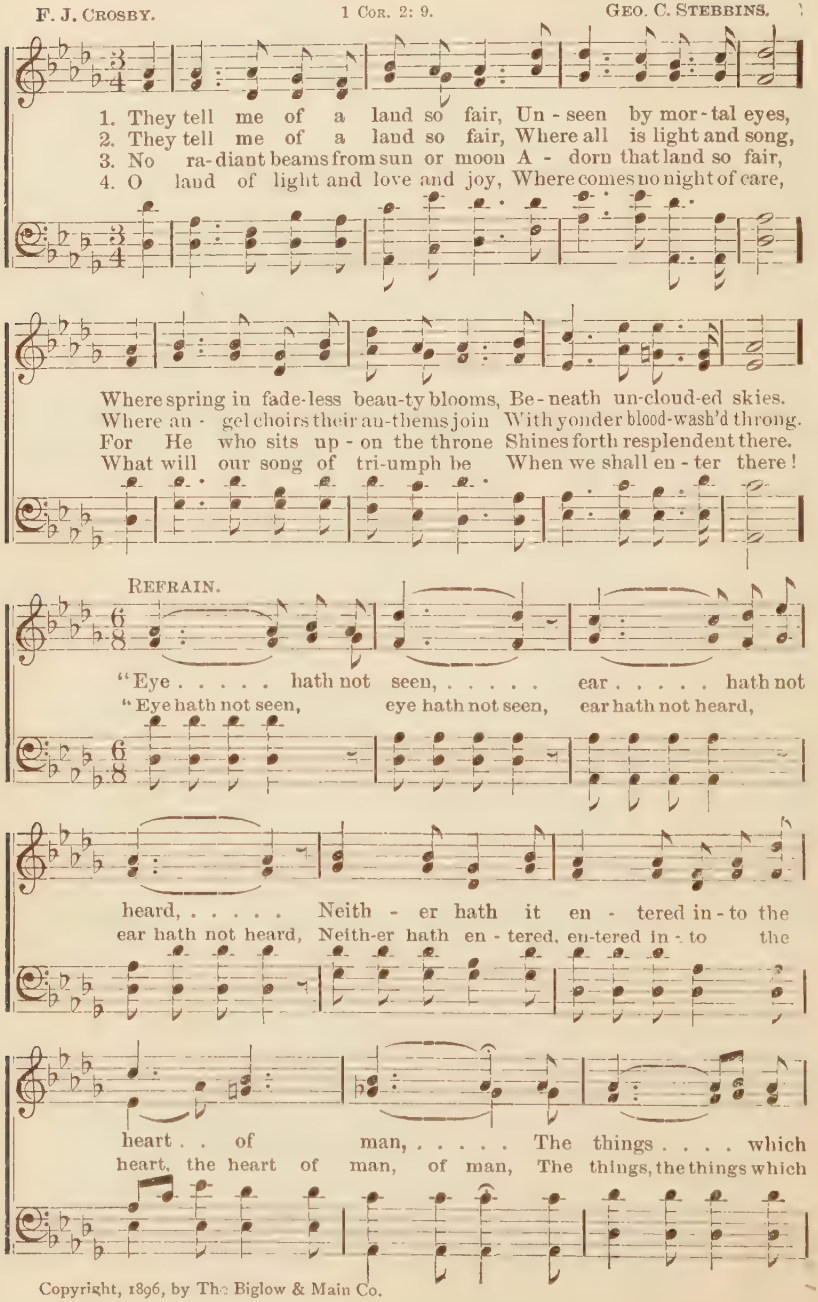
Life is Mine.—Concluded.

made me free, Since He made me free. . . .
Him be - long, And to Him be - - long. . .
ev - er beam, Doth for - ev - er beam. . .
vic - t'ry won, The vic - t'ry won. . .
And my heart is glad since He made me free.
I am His a-lone, and to Him be-long.
On my path His light doth for - ev - er beam.
When the bat - tle's o'er, and the vic - t'ry won.
CHORUS.
Life is mine, faith is mine, strength is mine, Love is
Life is mine,
faith is mine,
mine thro' the blood of the Lamb; Peace is mine, joy is
Peace is mine,
mine, crown is mine, Rest is mine thro' the blood of the Lamb.
joy is mine,

No. 69. Eye Hath Not Seen.

F. J. CROSBY. 1 Cor. 2: 9. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. They tell me of a land so fair, Un - seen by mor - tal eyes,
2. They tell me of a land so fair, Where all is light and song,
3. No ra - diant beams from sun or moon A - dorn that land so fair,
4. O land of light and love and joy, Where comes no night of care,
Where spring in fade - less beau - ty blooms, Be - neath un - cloud - ed skies.
Where an - gel choirs their an - thems join With yonder blood - wash'd throng.
For He who sits up - on the throne Shines forth resplendent there.
What will our song of tri - umph be When we shall en - ter there!
REFRAIN.
"Eye . . . . . hath not seen, ... ear . . . . . hath not
"Eye hath not seen, eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
heard, ... Neith - er hath it en - tered in - to the
ear hath not heard, Neith - er hath en - tered, en - tered in - to the
heart . . of man, ... The things . . . . which
heart, the heart of man, of man, The things, the things which

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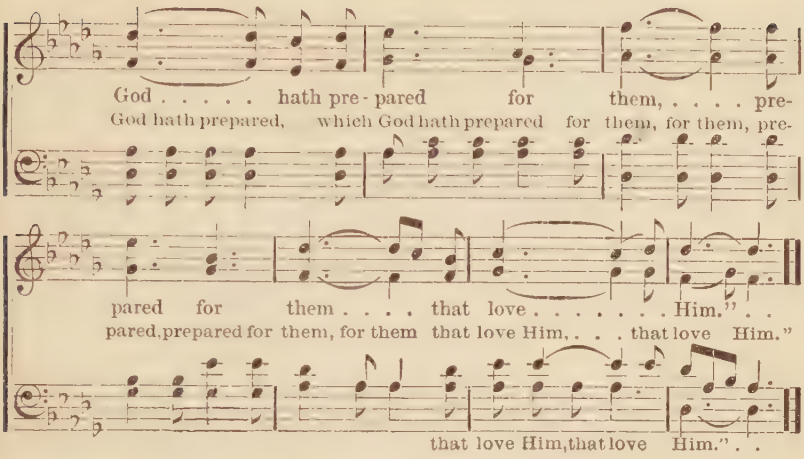
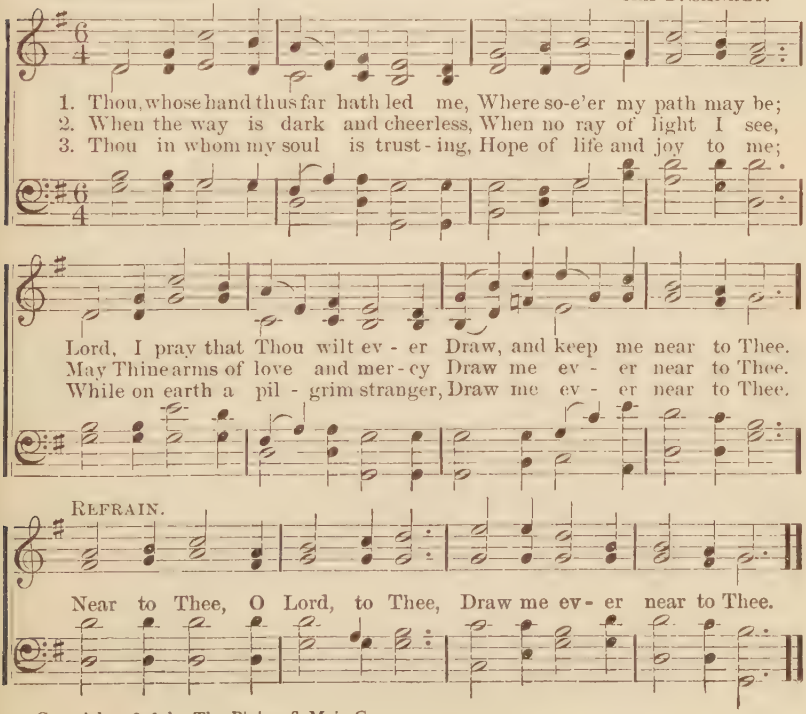
Eye Hath Not Seen.—Concluded.


God . . . . . hath pre - pared for them, ... pre-
God hath prepared, which God hath prepared for them, for them, pre-
pared for them . . . . that love . . . . . Him." . .
pared, prepared for them, for them that love Him, . . . that love Him."
that love Him, that love Him." . .

No. 70. Near to Thee.

"He will draw nigh to you."—JAMES 4: 8.

JULIA STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Thou, whose hand thus far hath led me, Where so-e'er my path may be;
2. When the way is dark and cheerless, When no ray of light I see,
3. Thou in whom my soul is trust - ing, Hope of life and joy to me;
Lord, I pray that Thou wilt ev - er Draw, and keep me near to Thee.
May Thine arms of love and mer - cy Draw me ev - er near to Thee.
While on earth a pil - grim stranger, Draw me ev - er near to Thee.
REFRAIN.
Near to Thee, O Lord, to Thee, Draw me ev - er near to Thee.

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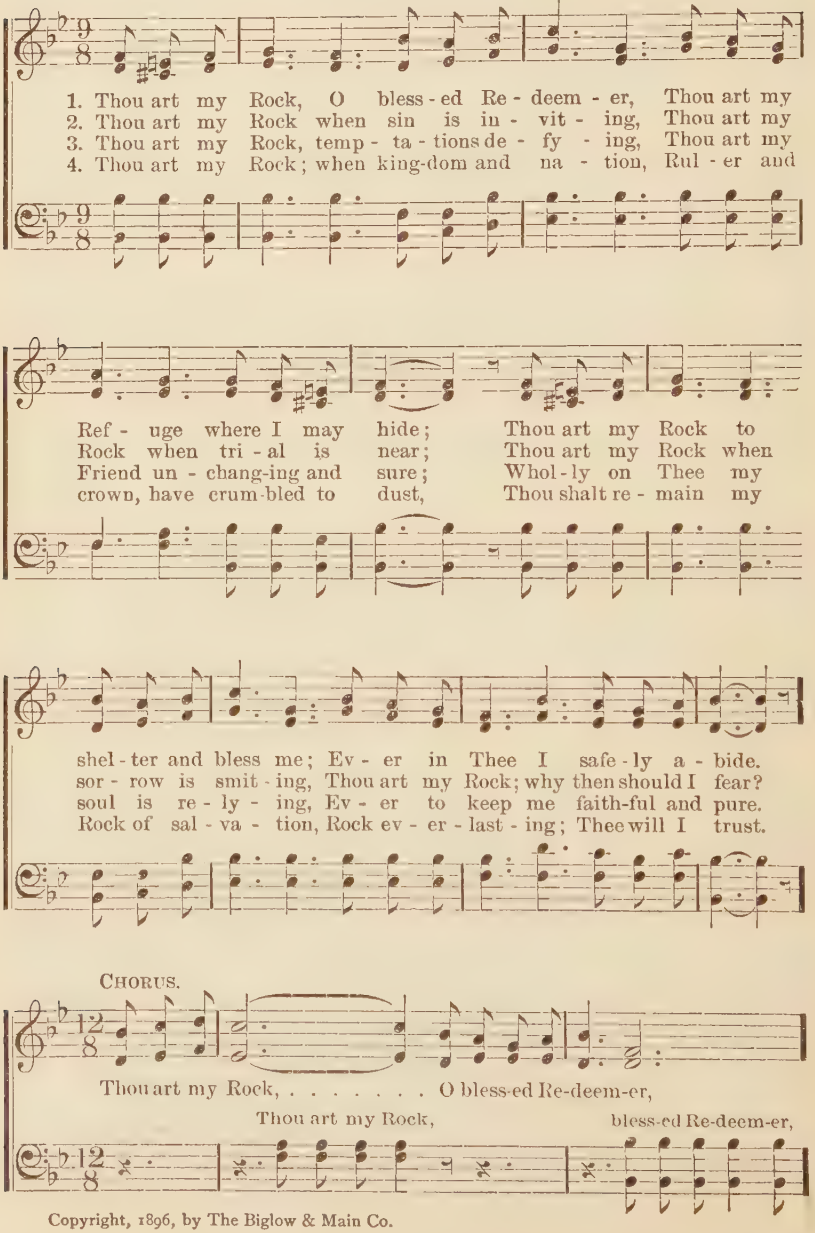
No. 71. Thou Art my Rock.

"Be thou my strong rock for a house of defence."—Ps. 31 : 2.

Mrs. C. E. Breck. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Thou art my Rock, O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Thou art my
2. Thou art my Rock when sin is in-vit-ing, Thou art my
3. Thou art my Rock, temp-ta-tions de-fy-ing, Thou art my
4. Thou art my Rock; when king-dom and na-tion, Rul-er and
Ref-uge where I may hide; Thou art my Rock to
Rock when tri-al is near; Thou art my Rock when
Friend un-chang-ing and sure; Whol-ly on Thee my
crown, have crum-bled to dust, Thou shalt re-main my
shel-ter and bless me; Ev-er in Thee I safe-ly a-bide.
sor-row is smit-ing, Thou art my Rock; why then should I fear?
soul is re-ly-ing, Ev-er to keep me faith-ful and pure.
Rock of sal-va-tion, Rock ev-er-last-ing; Thee will I trust.
Chorus.
Thou art my Rock, ... O bless-ed Re-deem-er,
Thou art my Rock, bless-ed Re-deem-er,

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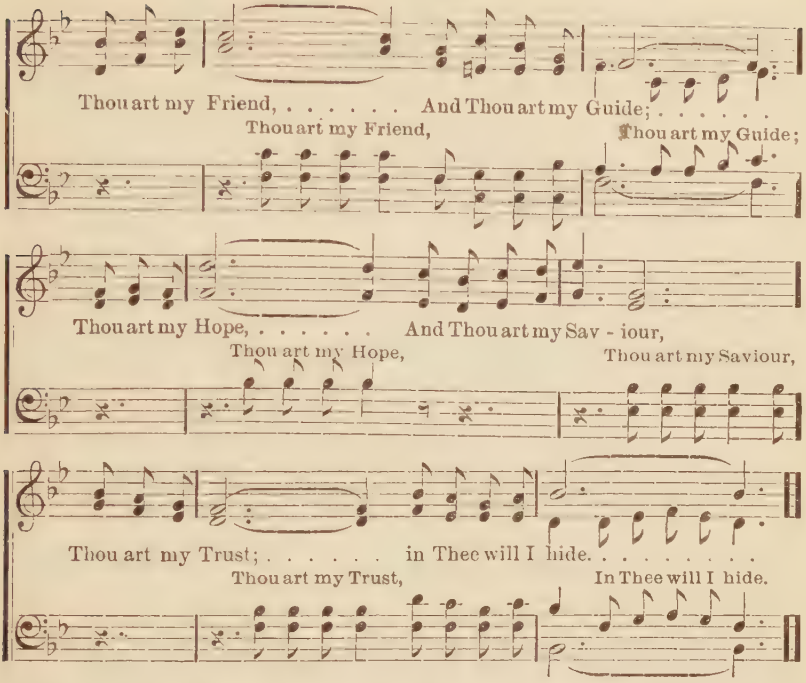
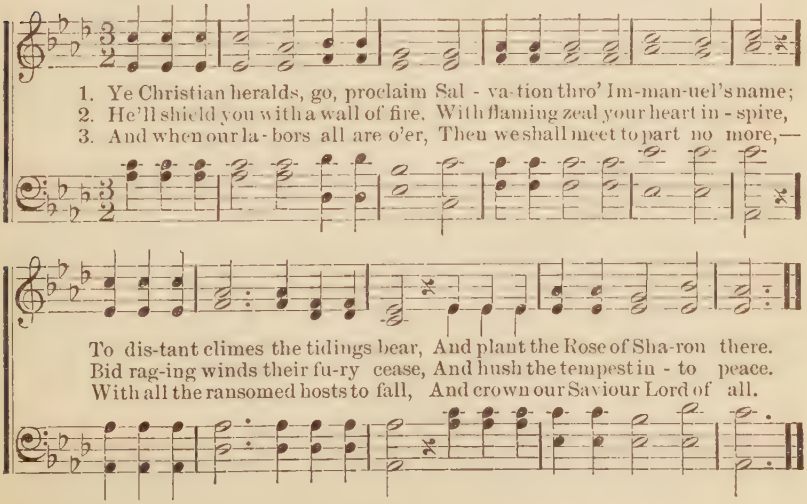
Thou Art my Rock.— Concluded.


Thou art my Friend, ... And Thou art my Guide; . . . . . .
Thou art my Friend, Thou art my Guide;
Thou art my Hope, ... And Thou art my Sav - iour,
Thou art my Hope, Thou art my Saviour,
Thou art my Trust; . . . . . in Thee will I hide. . . . . .
Thou art my Trust, In Thee will I hide.

No. 72. Ye Christian Heralds, Go.

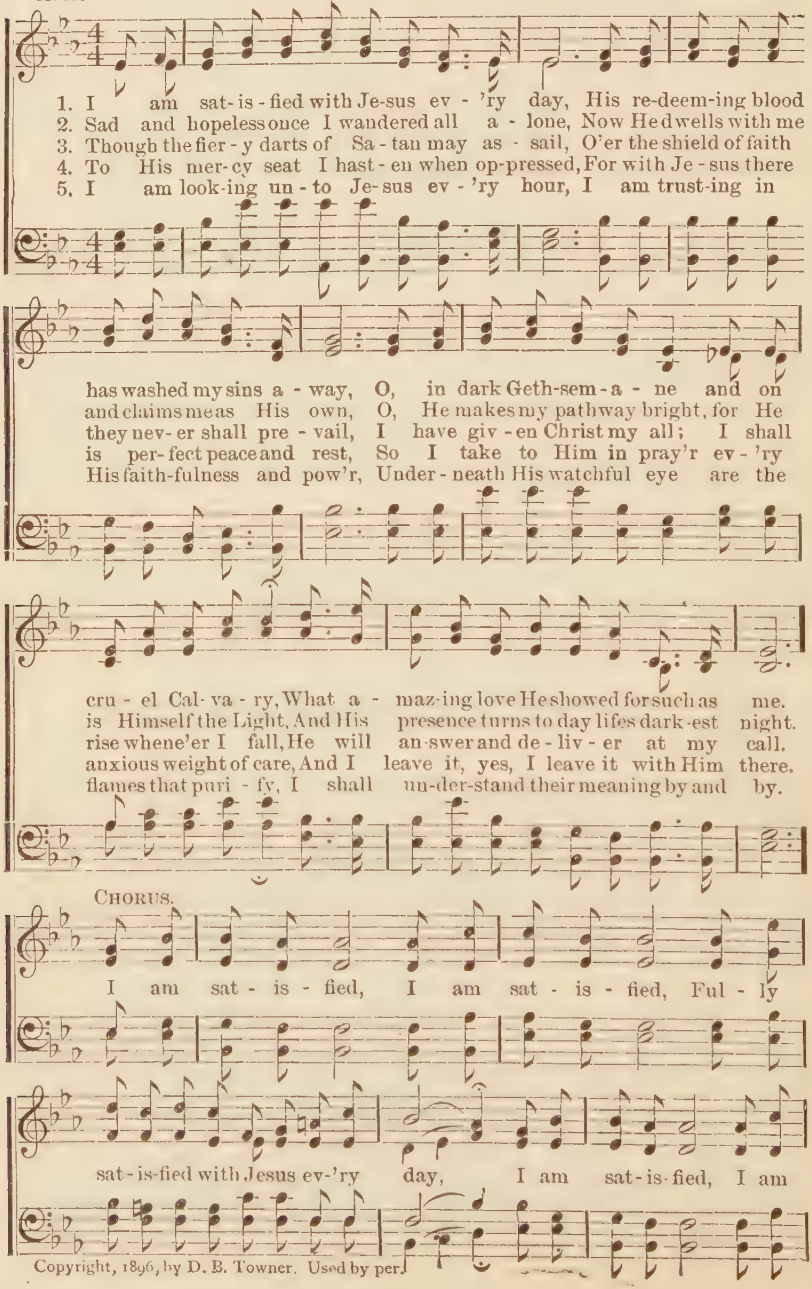
B. H. DRAPER. (MISSIONARY CHANT.) H. C. ZEUNER.


1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Sal - va-tion thro' Im-man-uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire. With flaming zeal your heart in - spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more,—
To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha-ron there.
Bid rag-ing winds their fu-ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
With all the ransomed hosts to fall, And crown our Saviour Lord of all.

No. 73. I am Satisfied with Jesus.

"For He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." Ps. 107 : 9.

A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.


1. I am sat-is-fied with Je-sus ev-'ry day, His re-deem-ing blood has washed my sins a-way, O, in dark Geth-sem-a-ne and on cru-el Cal-va-ry, What a-maz-ing love He showed for such as me.
2. Sad and hopeless once I wandered all a-lone, Now He dwells with me and claims me as His own, O, He makes my pathway bright, for He is Himself the Light, And His presence turns to day lifes dark-est night.
3. Though the fier-y darts of Sa-tan may as-sail, O'er the shield of faith they nev-er shall pre-vail, I have giv-en Christ my all; I shall rise whene'er I fall, He will an-swer and de-liv-er at my call.
4. To His mer-cy seat I hast-en when op-pressed, For with Je-sus there is per-fect peace and rest, So I take to Him in pray'r ev-'ry anxious weight of care, And I leave it, yes, I leave it with Him there.
5. I am look-ing un-to Je-sus ev-'ry hour, I am trust-ing in His faith-fulness and pow'r, Under-neath His watchful eye are the flames that puri-fy, I shall un-der-stand their meaning by and by.
CHORUS.
I am sat-is-fied, I am sat-is-fied, Ful-ly sat-is-fied with Jesus ev-'ry day, I am sat-is-fied, I am

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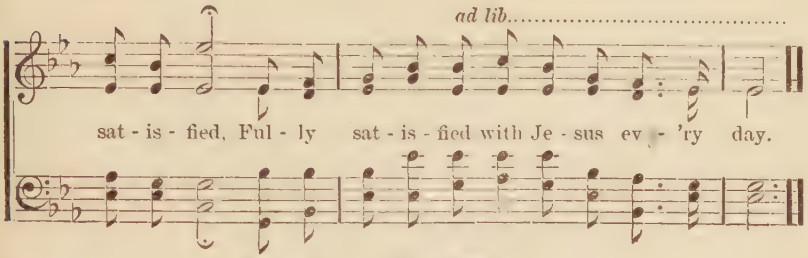
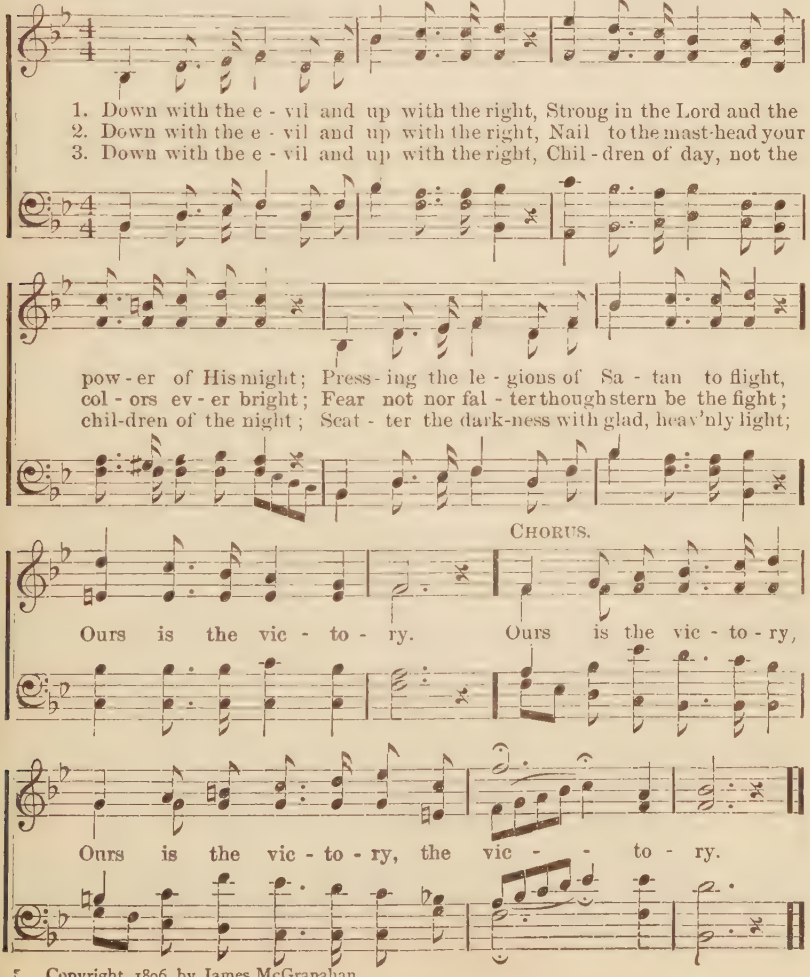
I am Satisfied with Jesus.—Concluded.

No. 74. Ours is the Victory.

"Be strong and of a good courage."—Josh. 1 : 9.

M. Fraser. James McGranahan.


1. Down with the e - vil and up with the right, Strong in the Lord and the
2. Down with the e - vil and up with the right, Nail to the mast-head your
3. Down with the e - vil and up with the right, Chil - dren of day, not the
pow - er of His might; Press - ing the le - gions of Sa - tan to flight,
col - ors ev - er bright; Fear not nor fal - ter though stern be the fight;
chil-dren of the night; Scat - ter the dark-ness with glad, heav'nly light;
Chorus.
Ours is the vic - to - ry. Ours is the vic - to - ry,
Ours is the vic - to - ry, the vic - - to - ry.

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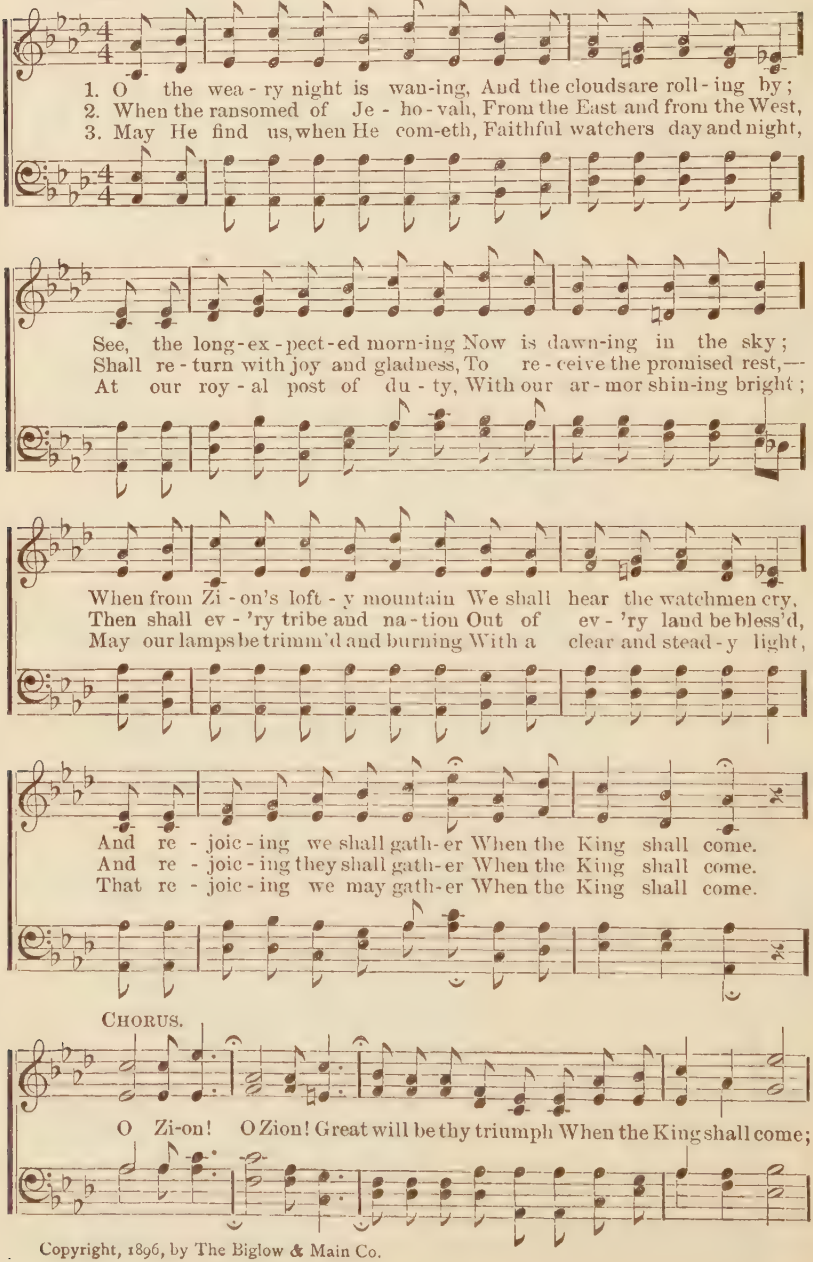
No. 75. When the King Shall Come.

"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."—Ps. 149: 2.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O the wea - ry night is wan-ing, And the cloudsare roll - ing by;
2. When the ransomed of Je - ho - vah, From the East and from the West,
3. May He find us, when He com-eth, Faithful watchers day and night,
See, the long-ex-pect-ed morn-ing Now is dawn-ing in the sky;
Shall re - turn with joy and gladness, To re - ceive the promised rest,—
At our roy - al post of du - ty, With our ar - mor shin-ing bright;
When from Zi - on's loft - y mountain We shall hear the watchmen cry,
Then shall ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion Out of ev - 'ry land be bless'd,
May our lamps be trimm'd and burning With a clear and stead - y light,
And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er When the King shall come.
And re - joic - ing they shall gath - er When the King shall come.
That re - joic - ing we may gath - er When the King shall come.
CHORUS.
O Zi-on! O Zion! Great will be thy triumph When the King shall come;

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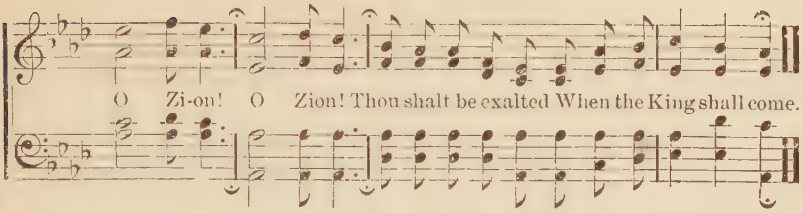
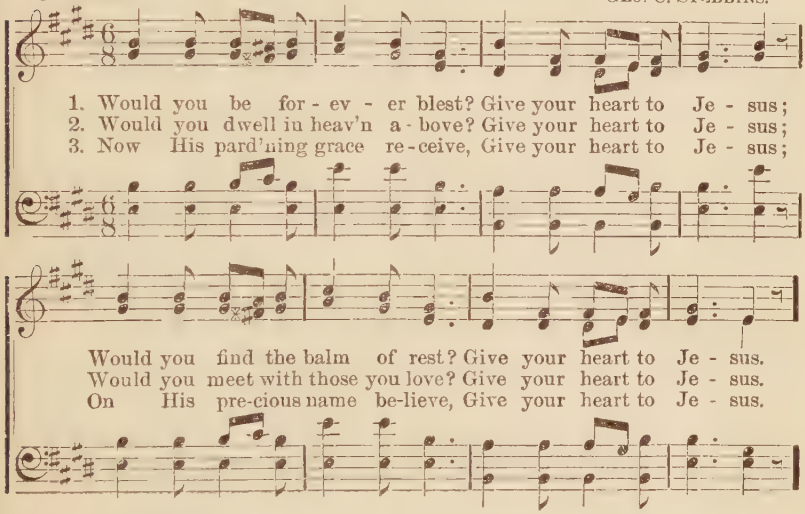
When the King.—Concluded.



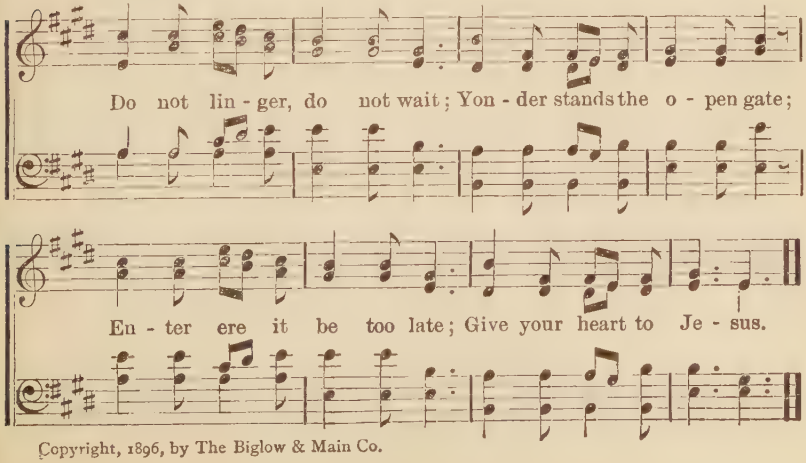
No. 76. Give your Heart to Jesus.

"My son, give me thine heart."—Prov. 23 : 26.

CHARLES BRUCE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Would you be for - ev - er blest? Give your heart to Je - sus;
2. Would you dwell in heav'n a - bove? Give your heart to Je - sus;
3. Now His pard'ning grace re - ceive, Give your heart to Je - sus;
Would you find the balm of rest? Give your heart to Je - sus.
Would you meet with those you love? Give your heart to Je - sus.
On His pre-cious name be-lieve, Give your heart to Je - sus.

CHORUS.



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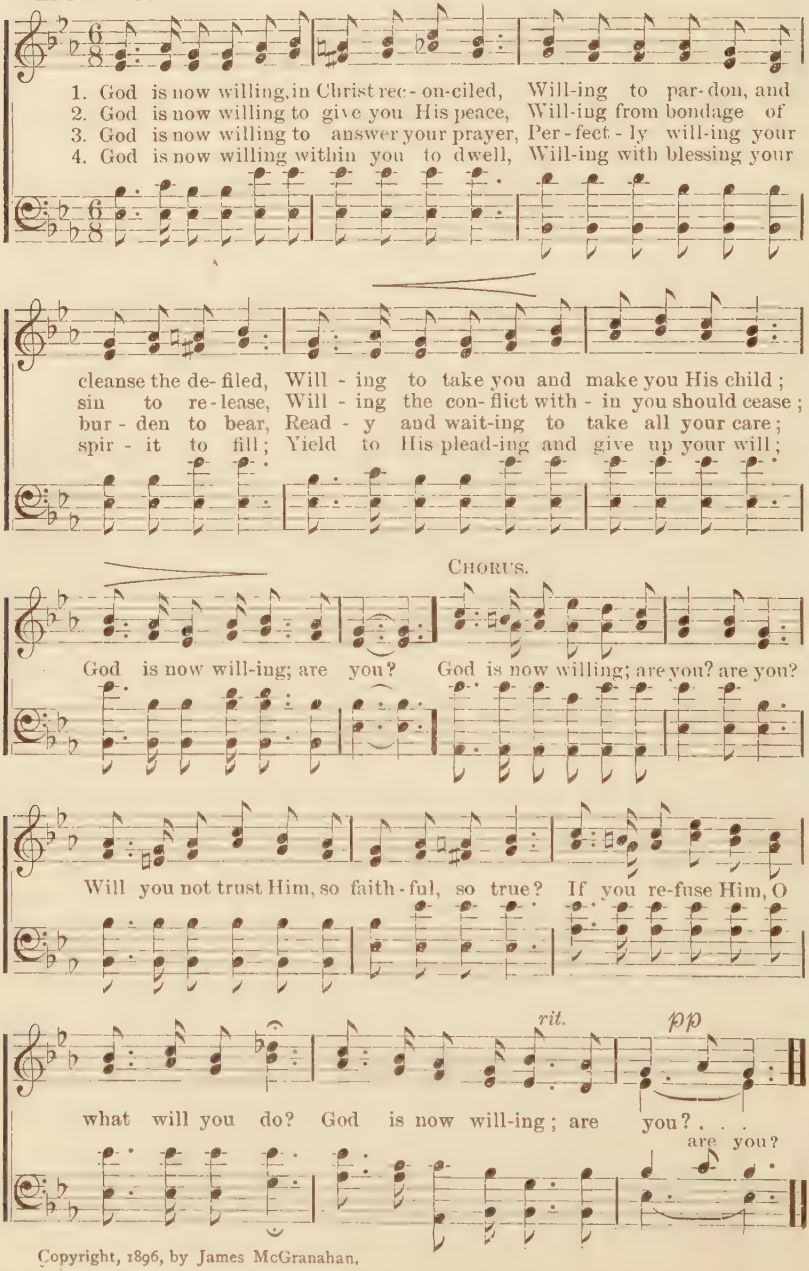
No. 77. God is Now Willing; Are You?

"Who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. 5 : 18.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. God is now willing, in Christ rec - on-ciled, Will-ing to par-don, and
2. God is now willing to give you His peace, Will-ing from bondage of
3. God is now willing to answer your prayer, Per-fect - ly will-ing your
4. God is now willing within you to dwell, Will-ing with blessing your
cleanse the de-filed, Will - ing to take you and make you His child;
sin to re-lease, Will - ing the con-flict with - in you should cease;
bur - den to bear, Read - y and wait-ing to take all your care;
spir - it to fill; Yield to His plead-ing and give up your will;
CHORUS.
God is now will-ing; are you? God is now willing; are you? are you?
Will you not trust Him, so faith-ful, so true? If you re-fuse Him, O
rit.
pp
what will you do? God is now will-ing; are you? . . .
are you?

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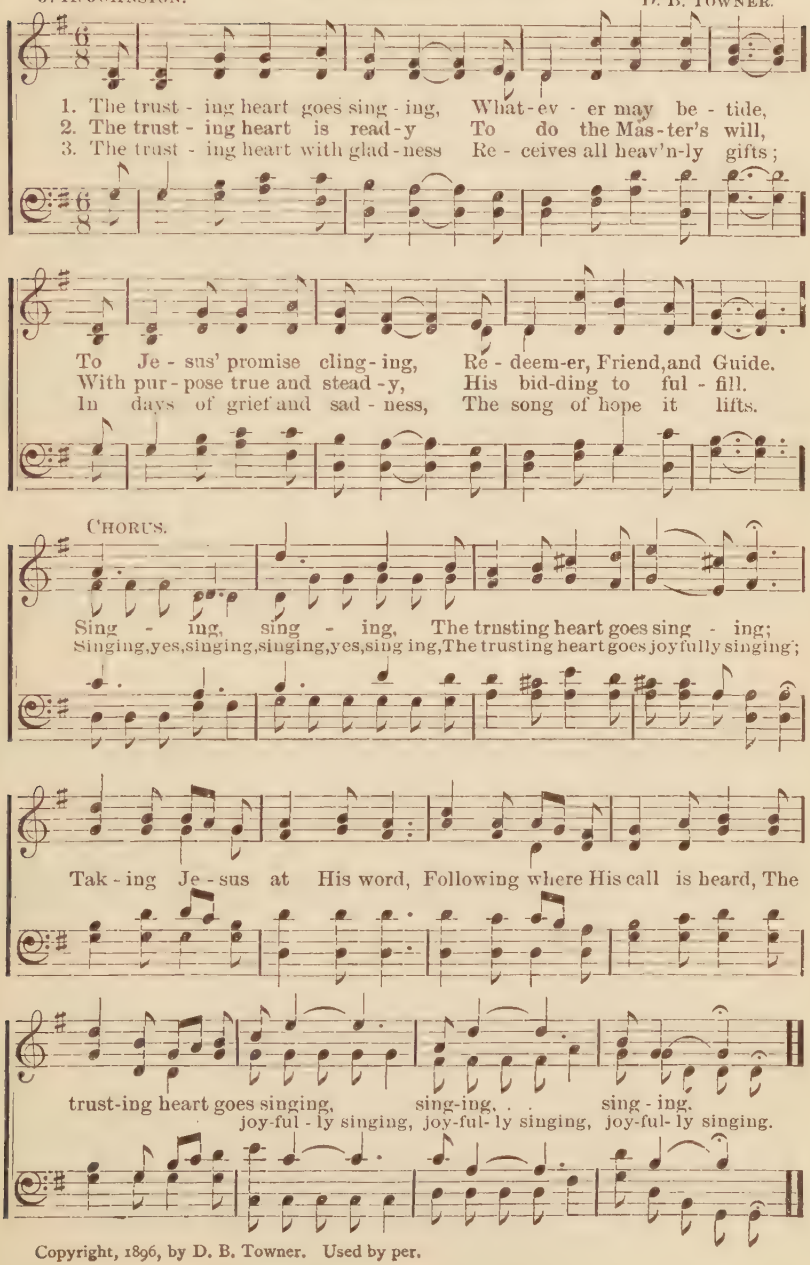
No. 78.

The Trusting Heart.

"The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion."—Isa. 51: 2.

J. H. Johnston. D. B. Towner.

1. The trust - ing heart goes sing - ing, What - ev - er may be - tide,
2. The trust - ing heart is read - y To do the Mas - ter's will,
3. The trust - ing heart with glad - ness Re - ceives all heav'n-ly gifts;
To Je - sus' promise cling - ing, Re - deem-er, Friend, and Guide.
With pur - pose true and stead - y, His bid-ding to ful - fill.
In days of grief and sad - ness, The song of hope it lifts.
Chorus.
Sing - ing, sing - ing, The trusting heart goes sing - ing;
Singing, yes, singing, singing, yes, sing ing, The trusting heart goes joyfully singing;
Tak - ing Je - sus at His word, Following where His call is heard, The
trust-ing heart goes singing, sing-ing, . . sing - ing.
joy-ful - ly singing, joy-ful- ly singing, joy-ful- ly singing.

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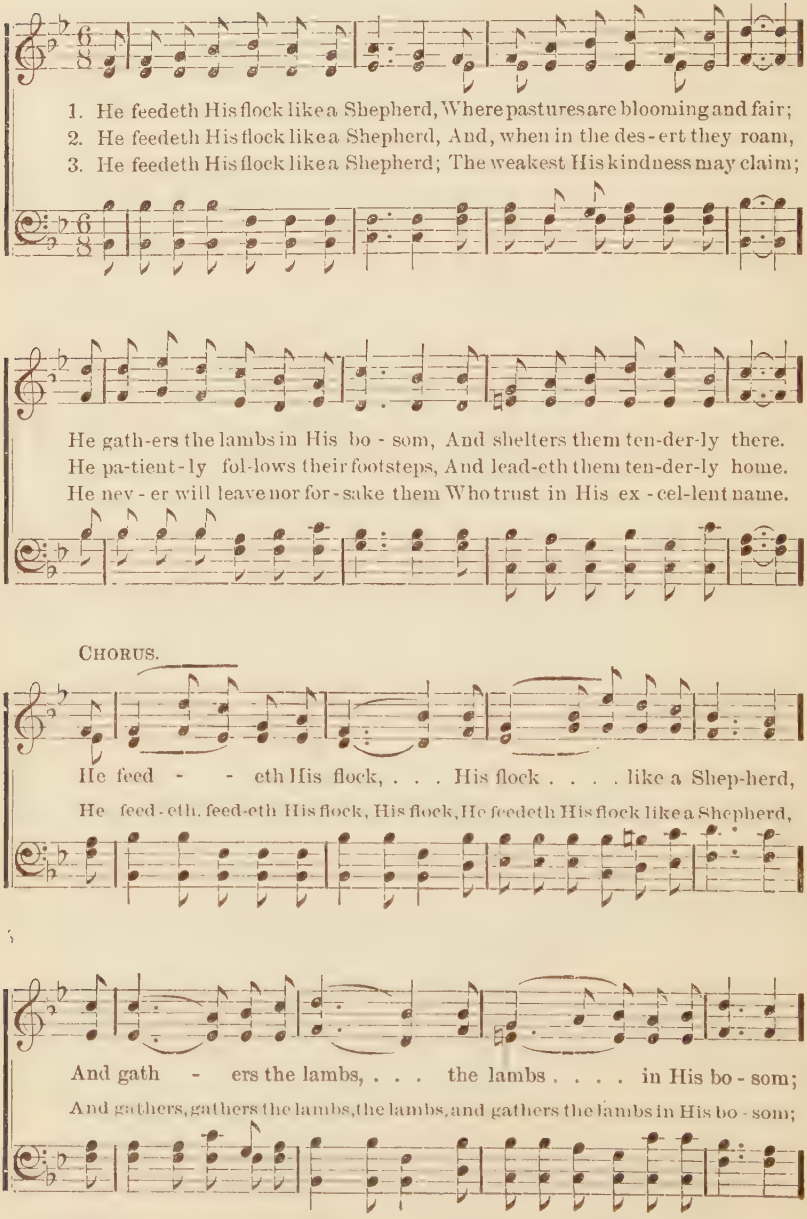
No. 79.

He Feedeth His Flock.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd."—Isa. 40 : 11.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. He feedeth His flock like a Shepherd, Where pastures are blooming and fair;
2. He feedeth His flock like a Shepherd, And, when in the des-ert they roam,
3. He feedeth His flock like a Shepherd; The weakest His kindness may claim;
He gath-ers the lambs in His bo-som, And shelters them ten-der-ly there.
He pa-tient-ly fol-lows their footsteps, And lead-eth them ten-der-ly home.
He nev-er will leave nor for-sake them Who trust in His ex-cel-lent name.
Chorus.
He feed - - eth His flock, . . . His flock . . . . like a Shep-herd,
He feed-eth, feed-eth His flock, His flock, He feedeth His flock like a Shepherd,
And gath - ers the lambs, . . . the lambs . . . . in His bo-som;
And gathers, gathers the lambs, the lambs, and gathers the lambs in His bo-som;

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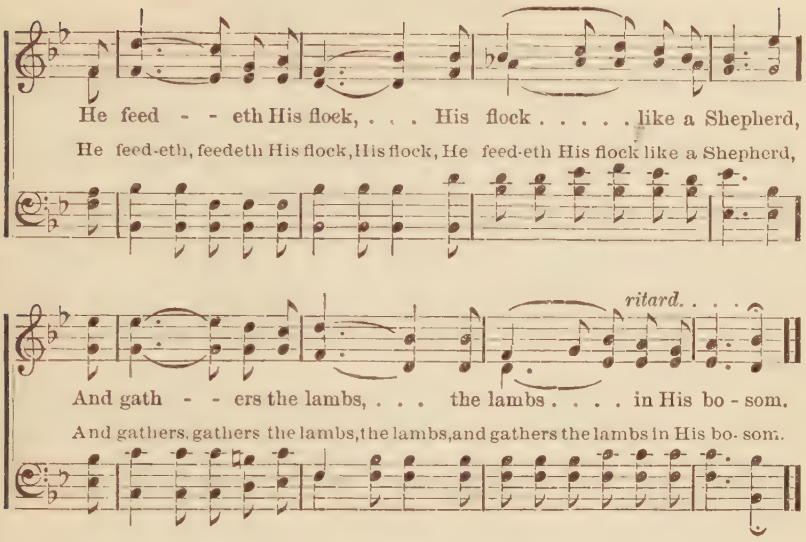
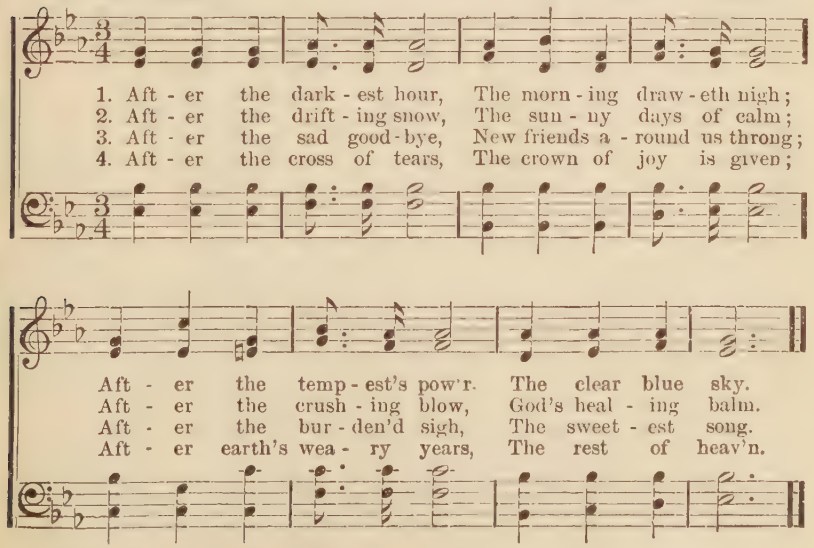
He Feedeth His Flock.—Concluded.

He feed - - eth His flock, . . . His flock . . . . . like a Shepherd,
He feed-eth, feedeth His flock, His flock, He feed-eth His flock like a Shepherd,
ritard. . . . .
And gath - - ers the lambs, . . . the lambs . . . . in His bo - som.
And gathers, gathers the lambs, the lambs, and gathers the lambs in His bo- som.

No. 80. After the Darkest Hour.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

Mrs. M. R. Tilden. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Aft - er the dark - est hour, The morn - ing draw - eth nigh;
2. Aft - er the drift - ing snow, The sun - ny days of calm;
3. Aft - er the sad good - bye, New friends a - round us throng;
4. Aft - er the cross of tears, The crown of joy is given;
Aft - er the temp - est's pow'r. The clear blue sky.
Aft - er the crush - ing blow, God's heal - ing balm.
Aft - er the bur - den'd sigh, The sweet - est song.
Aft - er earth's wea - ry years, The rest of heav'n.

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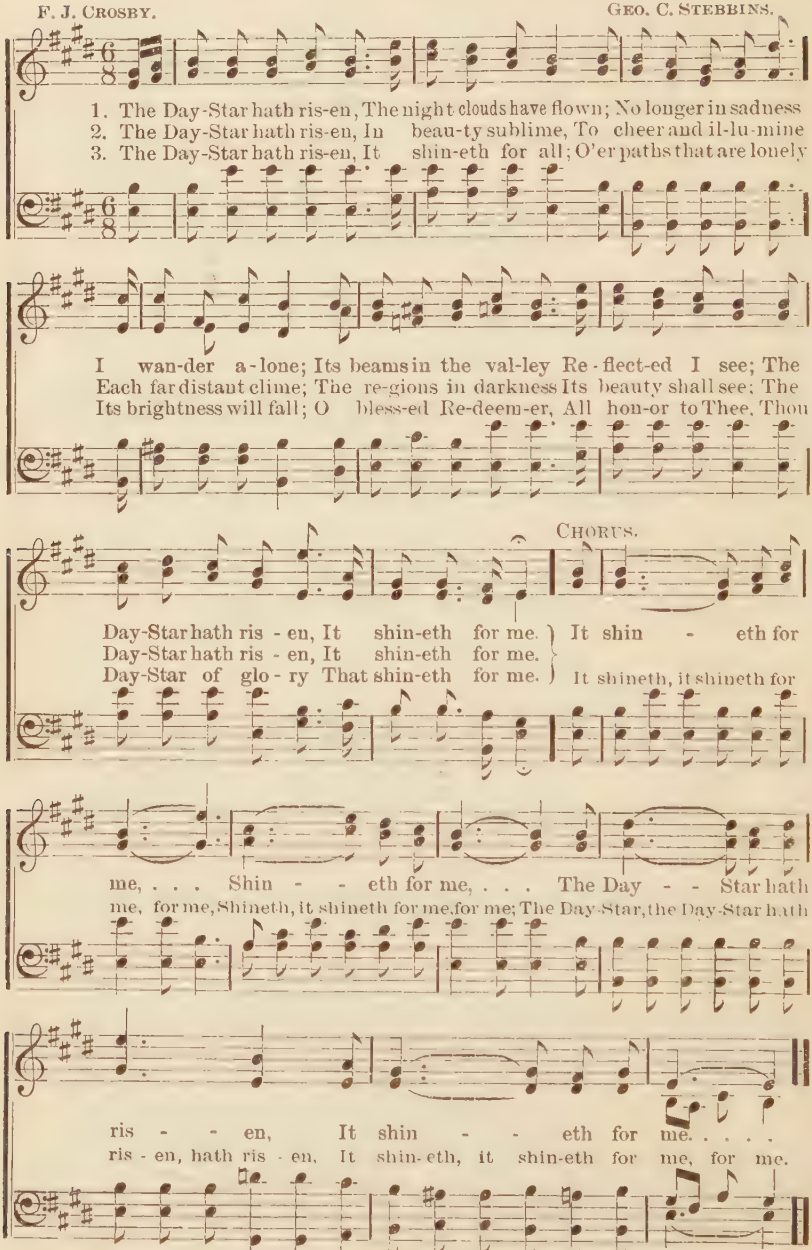
No. 81. The Day-Star Hath Risen.

"Until the day dawn, and the day-star arise."—2 Pet. 1: 19.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. The Day-Star hath ris-en, The night clouds have flown; No longer in sadness
2. The Day-Star hath ris-en, In beau-ty sublime, To cheer and il-lu-mine
3. The Day-Star hath ris-en, It shin-eth for all; O'er paths that are lonely
I wan-der a-lone; Its beams in the val-ley Re-flect-ed I see; The
Each far distant clime; The re-gions in darkness Its beauty shall see; The
Its brightness will fall; O bless-ed Re-deem-er, All hon-or to Thee, Thou
Chorus.
Day-Star hath ris - en, It shin-eth for me.) It shin - eth for
Day-Star hath ris - en, It shin-eth for me.
Day-Star of glo - ry That shin-eth for me.) It shineth, it shineth for
me, . . . Shin - - eth for me, . . . The Day - - Star hath
me, for me, Shineth, it shineth for me, for me; The Day-Star, the Day-Star hath
ris - - en, It shin - - eth for me. . . .
ris - en, hath ris - en, It shin-eth, it shin-eth for me, for me.

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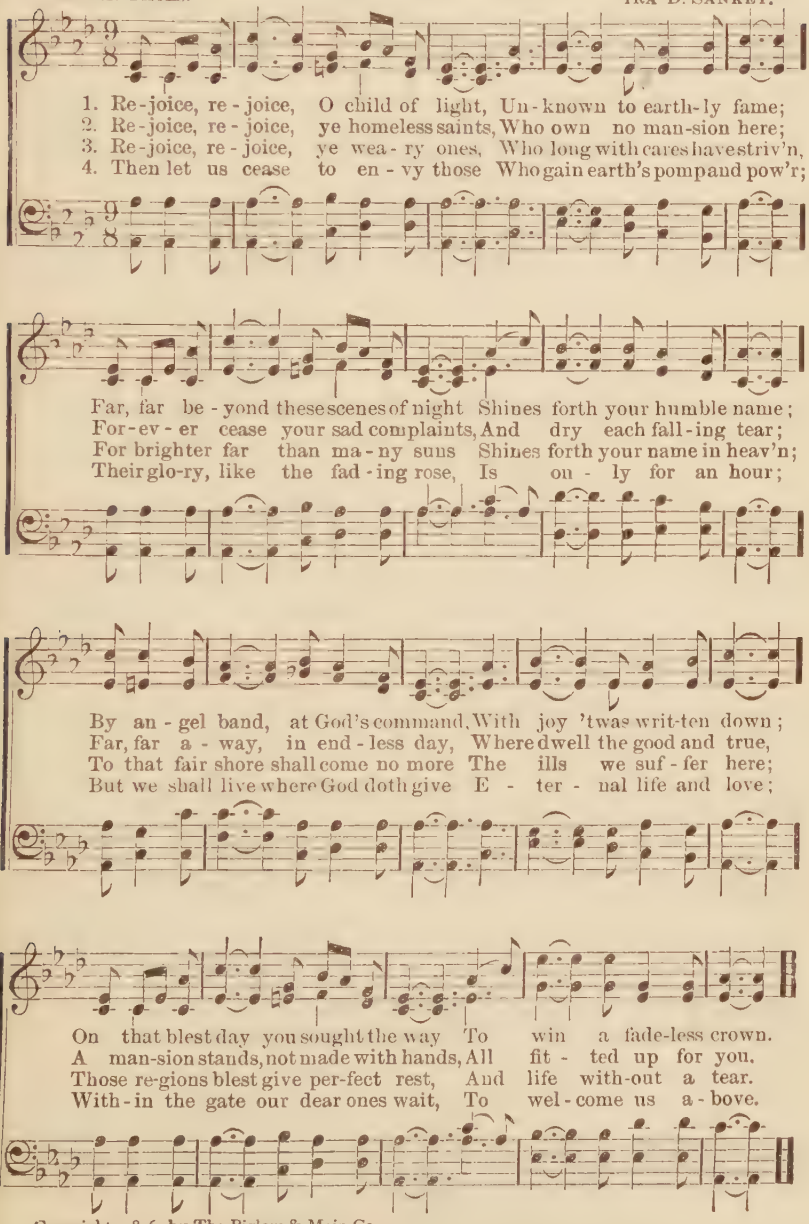
No. 82. Our Names in Heaven.

"Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."—Luke 10: 20.

John H. Yates. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Re-joice, re-joice, O child of light, Un-known to earth-ly fame;
2. Re-joice, re-joice, ye homeless saints, Who own no man-sion here;
3. Re-joice, re-joice, ye wea-ry ones, Who long with cares have striv'n,
4. Then let us cease to en-vy those Who gain earth's pomp and pow'r;
Far, far be-yond these scenes of night Shines forth your humble name;
For-ev-er cease your sad complaints, And dry each fall-ing tear;
For brighter far than ma-ny suns Shines forth your name in heav'n;
Their glo-ry, like the fad-ing rose, Is on-ly for an hour;
By an-gel band, at God's command, With joy 'twas writ-ten down;
Far, far a-way, in end-less day, Where dwell the good and true,
To that fair shore shall come no more The ills we suf-fer here;
But we shall live where God doth give E-ter-nal life and love;
On that blest day you sought the way To win a fade-less crown.
A man-sion stands, not made with hands, All fit-ted up for you.
Those re-gions blest give per-fect rest, And life with-out a tear.
With-in the gate our dear ones wait, To wel-come us a-bove.

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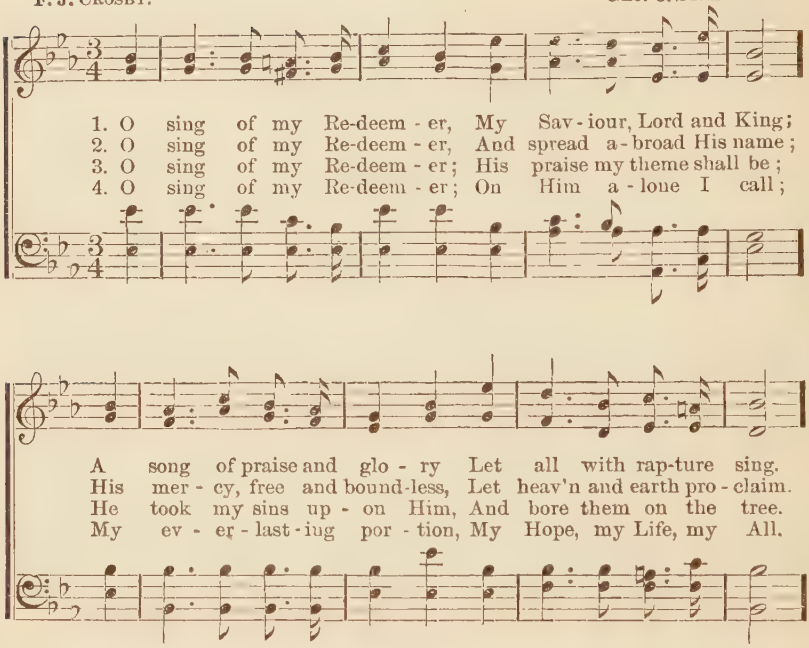
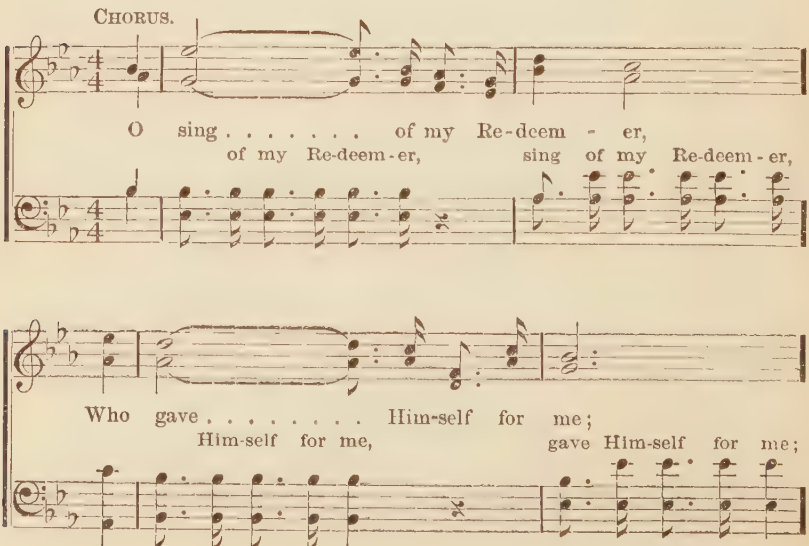
No. 83. O Sing of my Redeemer.

"I will sing praise to thy name."—Ps. 9: 2.

F. J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. O sing of my Re-deem - er, My Sav - iour, Lord and King;
2. O sing of my Re-deem - er, And spread a - broad His name;
3. O sing of my Re-deem - er; His praise my theme shall be;
4. O sing of my Re-deem - er; On Him a - lone I call;
A song of praise and glo - ry Let all with rap-ture sing.
His mer - cy, free and bound-less, Let heav'n and earth pro - claim.
He took my sins up - on Him, And bore them on the tree.
My ev - er - last - ing por - tion, My Hope, my Life, my All.



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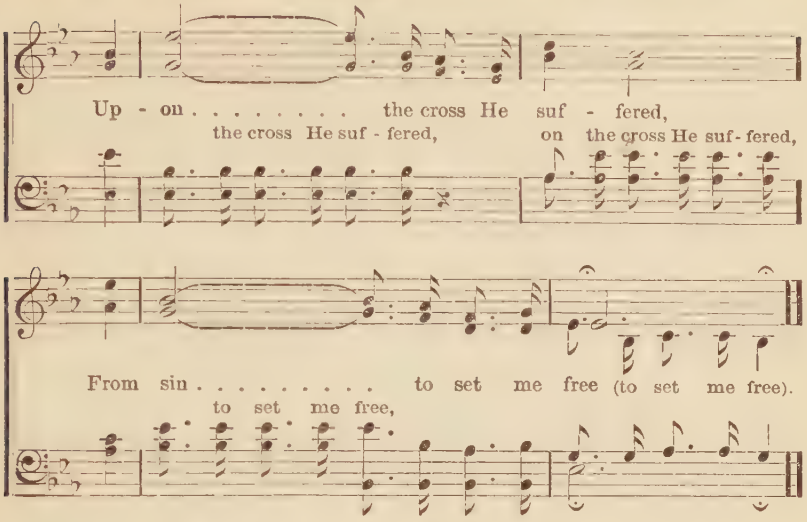
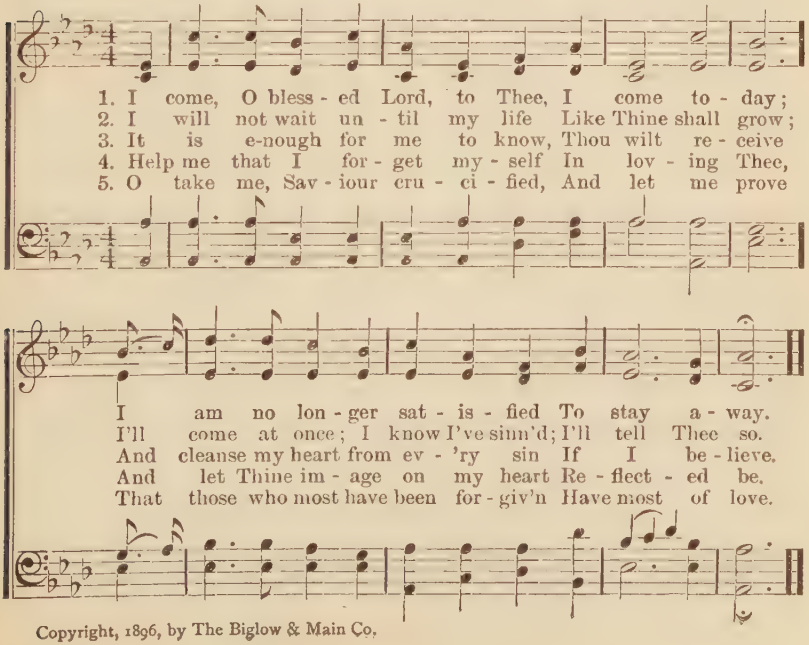
O Sing of my Redeemer.—Concluded.

Up - on . . . . . the cross He suf - fered,
the cross He suf - fered, on the cross He suf - fered,
From sin . . . . . to set me free (to set me free).
to set me free,

No. 84. I Come, O Blessed Lord.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

ELLEN K. BRADFORD. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. I come, O bless - ed Lord, to Thee, I come to - day;
2. I will not wait un - til my life Like Thine shall grow;
3. It is e-nough for me to know, Thou wilt re - ceive
4. Help me that I for - get my - self In lov - ing Thee,
5. O take me, Sav - iour cru - ci - fied, And let me prove
I am no lon - ger sat - is - fied To stay a - way.
I'll come at once; I know I've sinn'd; I'll tell Thee so.
And cleanse my heart from ev - 'ry sin If I be - lieve.
And let Thine im - age on my heart Re - flect - ed be.
That those who most have been for - giv'n Have most of love.

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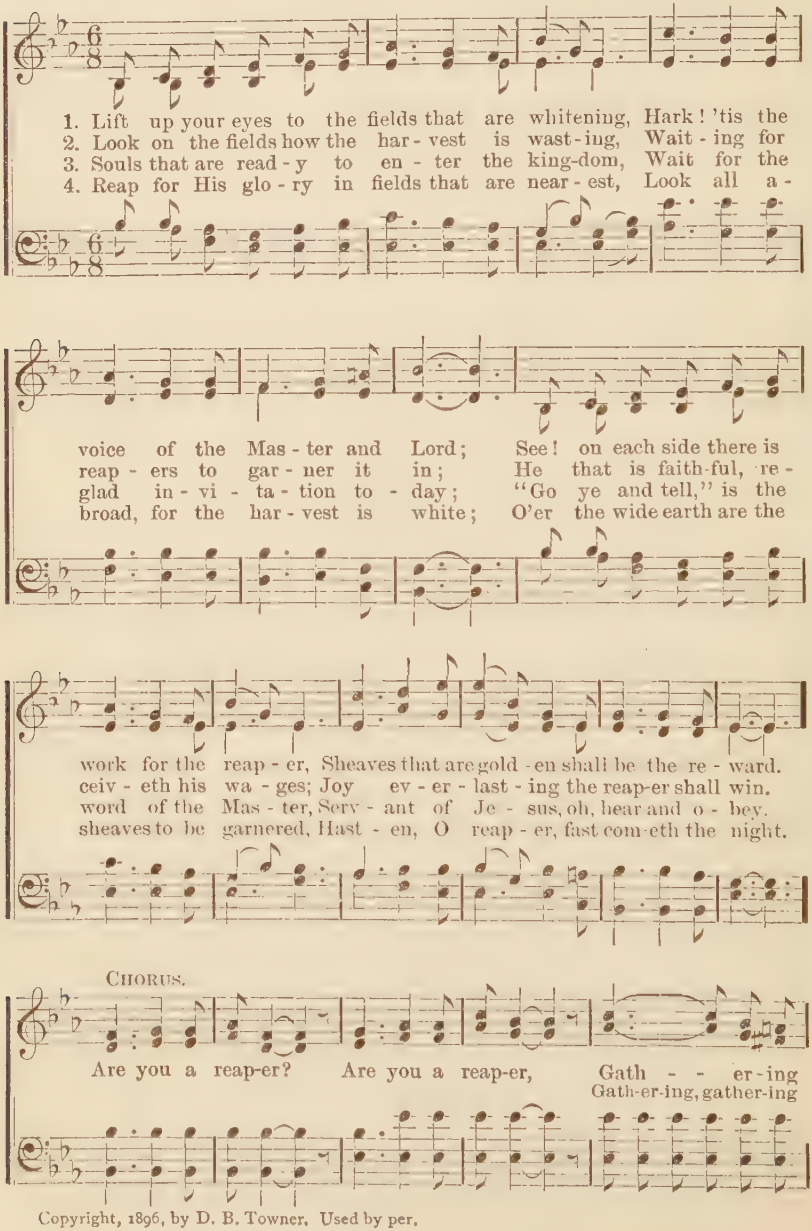
No. 85.

Are You a Reaper?

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are already white to harvest."—Jno. 4: 35.

Julia H. Johnston. D. B. Towner.

1. Lift up your eyes to the fields that are whitening, Hark! 'tis the
2. Look on the fields how the har-vest is wast-ing, Wait-ing for
3. Souls that are read-y to en-ter the king-dom, Wait for the
4. Reap for His glo-ry in fields that are near-est, Look all a-
voice of the Mas-ter and Lord; See! on each side there is
reap-ers to gar-ner it in; He that is faith-ful, re-
glad in-vi-ta-tion to-day; "Go ye and tell," is the
broad, for the har-vest is white; O'er the wide earth are the
work for the reap-er, Sheaves that are gold-en shall be the re-ward.
ceiv-eth his wa-ges; Joy ev-er-last-ing the reap-er shall win.
word of the Mas-ter, Serv-ant of Je-sus, oh, hear and o-bey.
sheaves to be garnered, Hast-en, O reap-er, fast com-eth the night.
Chorus.
Are you a reap-er? Are you a reap-er, Gath-er-ing
Gath-er-ing, gather-ing

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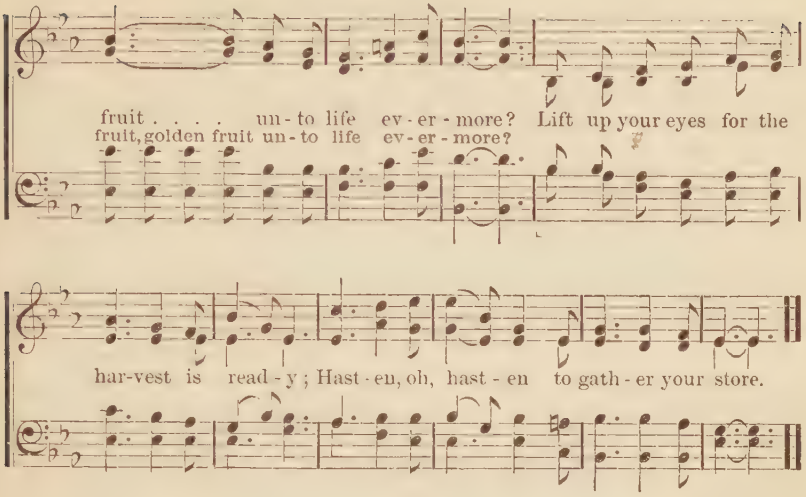
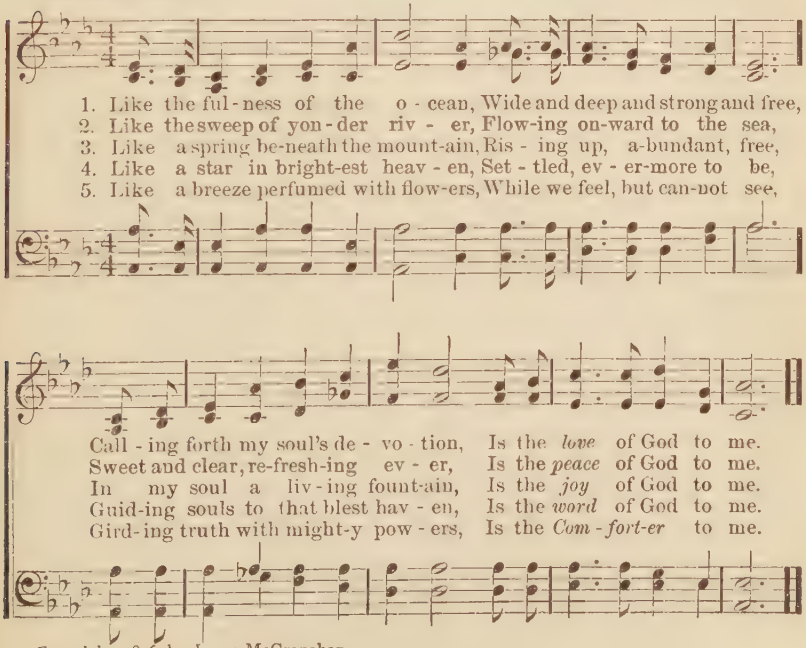
Are You a Reaper? Concluded.


fruit . . . un - to life ev - er - more? Lift up your eyes for the
fruit, golden fruit un - to life ev - er - more?
har-vest is read - y; Hast - en, oh, hast - en to gath - er your store.

No. 86. God's Bounty.

"God is able to make all grace abound toward you."—2 Cor. 9 : 8.

Furnished by E. N. M. A. Sea.


1. Like the ful - ness of the o - cean, Wide and deep and strong and free,
2. Like the sweep of yon - der riv - er, Flow-ing on-ward to the sea,
3. Like a spring be-neath the mount-ain, Ris - ing up, a-bundant, free,
4. Like a star in bright-est heav - en, Set - tled, ev - er-more to be,
5. Like a breeze perfumed with flow-ers, While we feel, but can-not see,
Call - ing forth my soul's de - vo - tion, Is the *love* of God to me.
Sweet and clear, re-fresh-ing ev - er, Is the *peace* of God to me.
In my soul a liv - ing fount-ain, Is the *joy* of God to me.
Guid-ing souls to that blest hav - en, Is the *word* of God to me.
Gird-ing truth with might-y pow - ers, Is the *Com - fort-er* to me.

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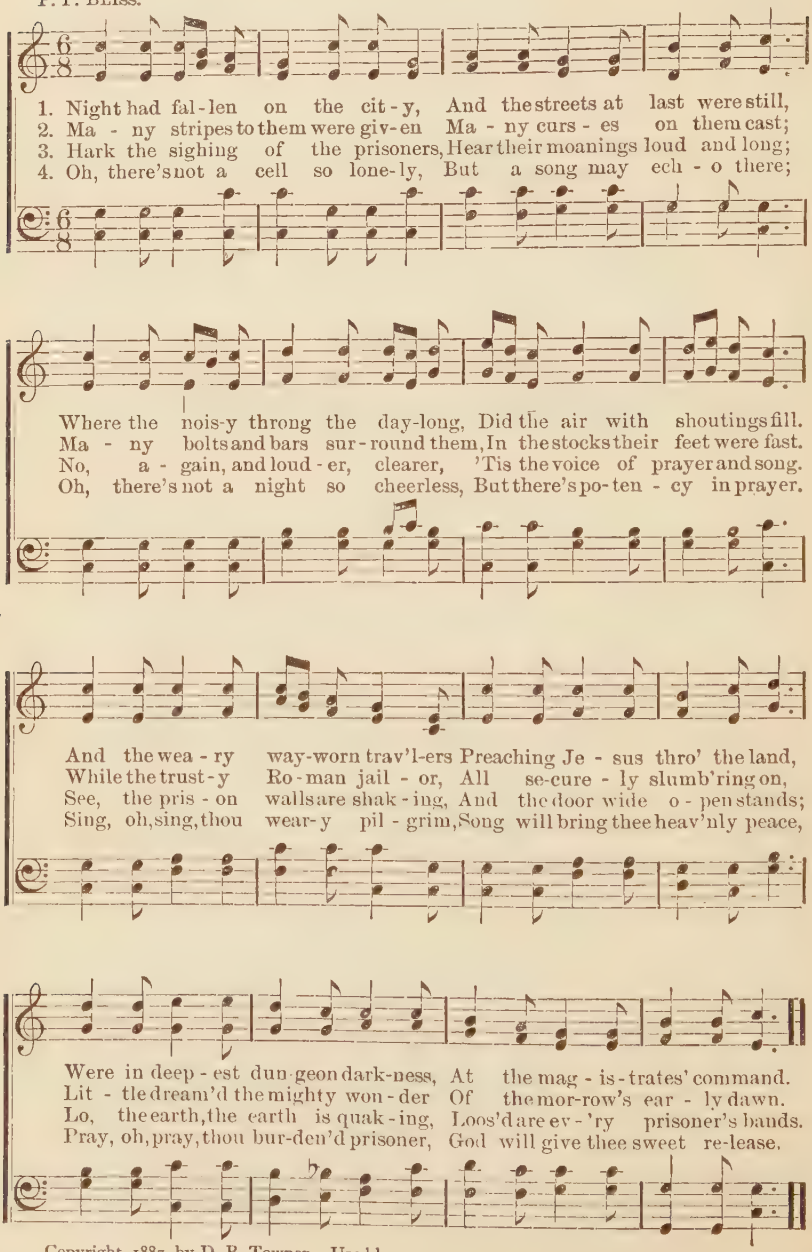
No. 87.

Paul and Silas.

"Prayed and sang praises unto God and the prisoners heard them."—Acts 16: 25.

P. P. Bliss. D. B. Towner.

1. Night had fal-len on the cit-y, And the streets at last were still,
2. Ma - ny stripes to them were giv-en Ma - ny curs - es on them cast;
3. Hark the sighing of the prisoners, Hear their moanings loud and long;
4. Oh, there's not a cell so lone-ly, But a song may ech - o there;
Where the nois-y throng the day-long, Did the air with shoutings fill.
Ma - ny bolts and bars sur-round them, In the stocks their feet were fast.
No, a - gain, and loud-er, clearer, 'Tis the voice of prayer and song.
Oh, there's not a night so cheerless, But there's po-ten - cy in prayer.
And the wea - ry way-worn trav'l-ers Preaching Je - sus thro' the land,
While the trust-y Ro-man jail - or, All se-cure - ly slumb'ring on,
See, the pris - on walls are shak-ing, And the door wide o - pen stands;
Sing, oh, sing, thou wear-y pil - grim, Song will bring thee heav'nly peace,
Were in deep - est dun-geon dark-ness, At the mag - is-trates' command.
Lit - tle dream'd the mighty won-der Of the mor-row's ear - ly dawn.
Lo, the earth, the earth is quak-ing, Loos'd are ev - 'ry prisoner's bands.
Pray, oh, pray, thou bur-den'd prisoner, God will give thee sweet re-lease.

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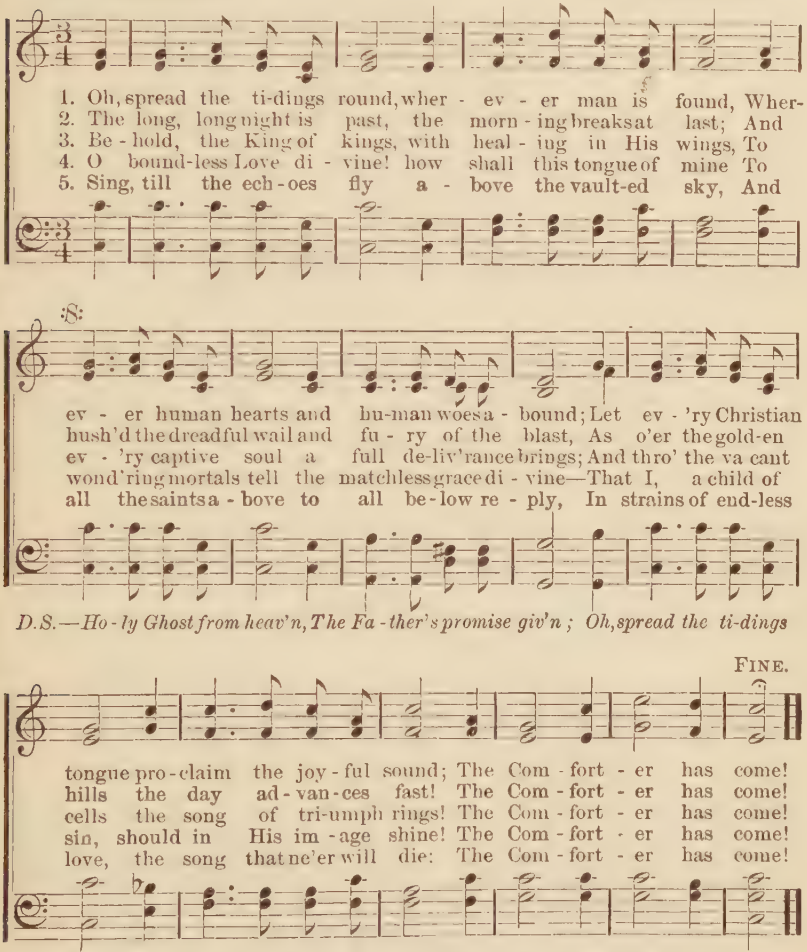
No. 88. The Comforter has come!

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever."—John 15 : 16.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Oh, spread the ti-dings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Be - hold, the King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And
:S:
ev - er human hearts and hu-man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry captive soul a full de-liv'rance brings; And thro' the va cant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di - vine—That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be-low re - ply, In strains of end-less
D.S.—Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa - ther's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the ti-dings
FINE.
tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound; The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - van - ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings! The Com - fort - er has come!
sin, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!
round, Wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!
CHORUS.
D.S.
The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

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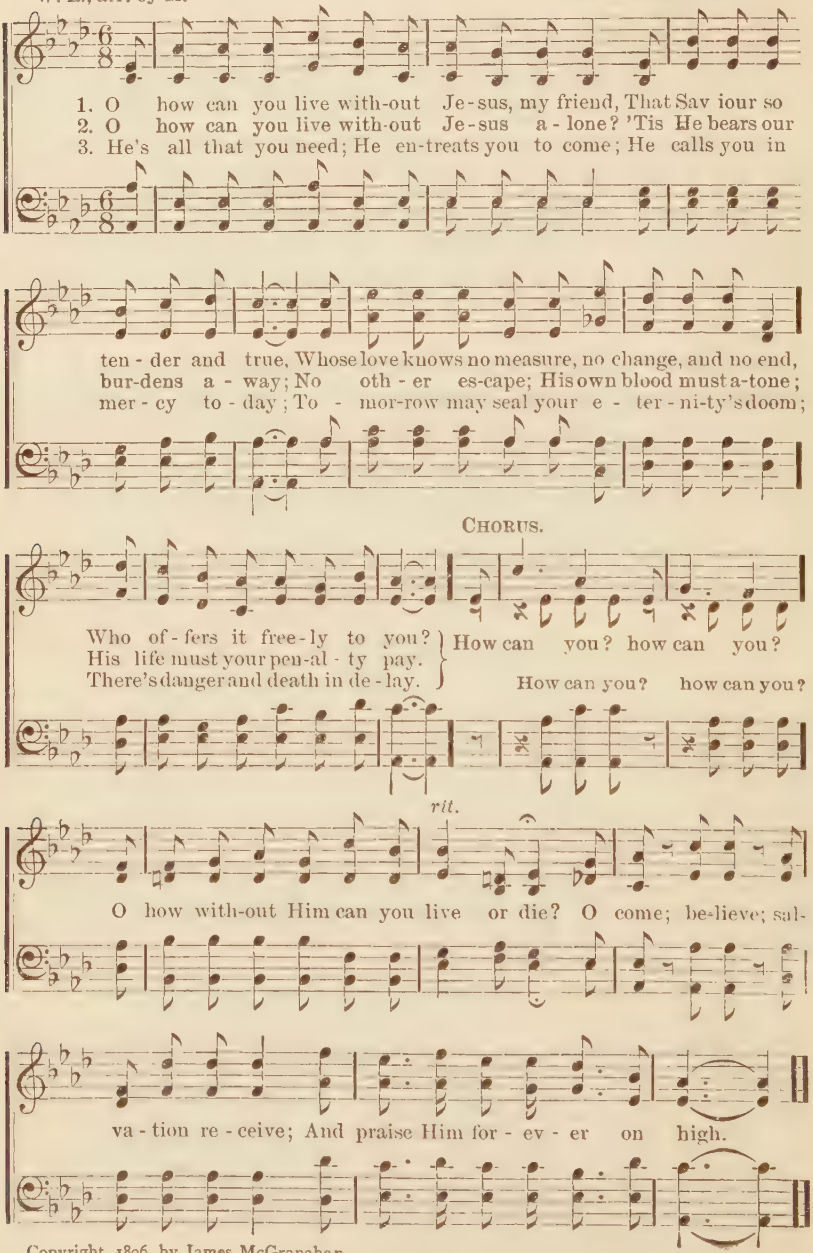
No. 89. How can you Live without Jesus?

"He that believeth not the Son shall not see life."—JOHN 3 : 36.

W. L., arr. by M. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. O how can you live with-out Je-sus, my friend, That Sav iour so
2. O how can you live with-out Je-sus a-lone? 'Tis He bears our
3. He's all that you need; He en-treats you to come; He calls you in
ten-der and true, Whose love knows no measure, no change, and no end,
bur-dens a-way; No oth-er es-cape; His own blood must a-tone;
mer-cy to-day; To-mor-row may seal your e-ter-ni-ty's doom;
CHORUS.
Who of-fers it free-ly to you?
His life must your pen-al-ty pay.
There's danger and death in de-lay.
How can you? how can you?
How can you? how can you?
rit.
O how with-out Him can you live or die? O come; be-lieve; sal-
va-tion re-ceive; And praise Him for-ev-er on high.

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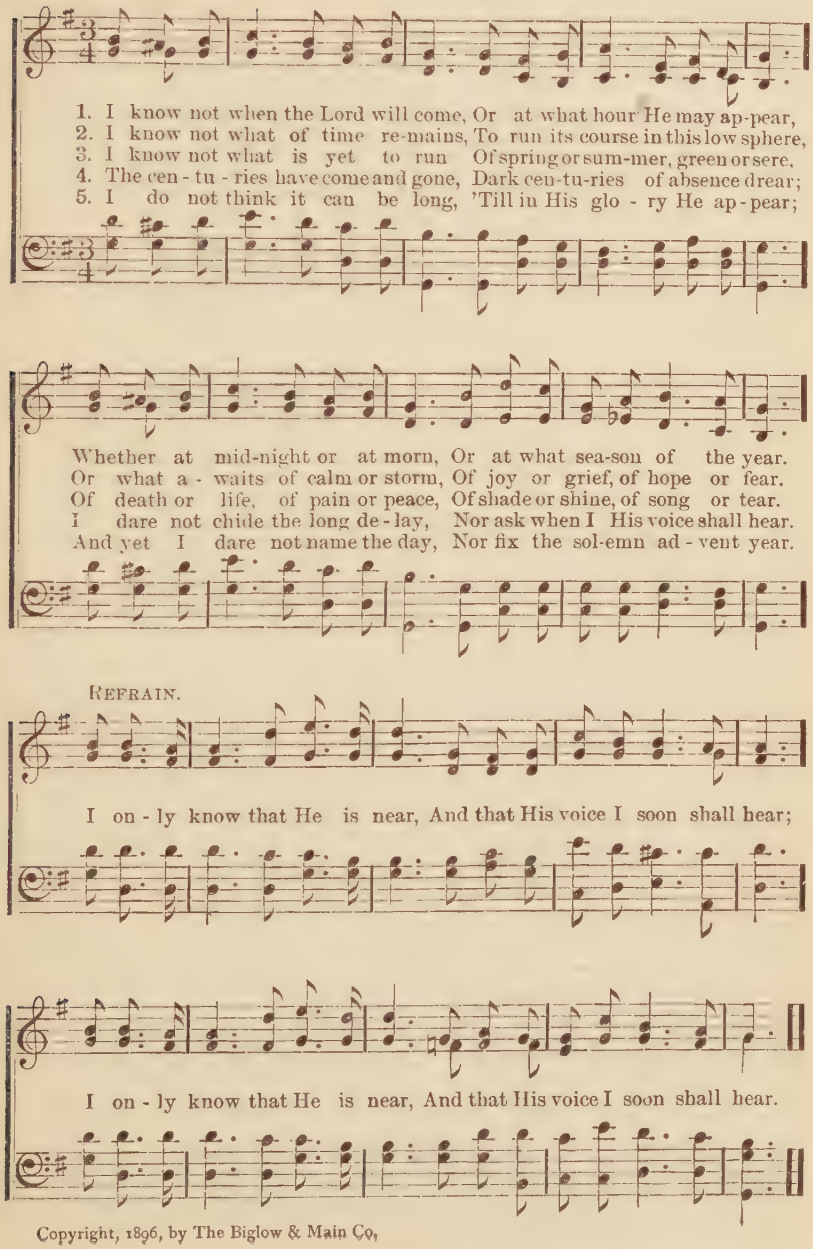
No. 90. He is Near.

"Your redemption draweth nigh."—Luke 21 : 28.

Horatius Bonar. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. I know not when the Lord will come, Or at what hour He may ap-pear,
2. I know not what of time re-mains, To run its course in this low sphere,
3. I know not what is yet to run Of spring or sum-mer, green or sere,
4. The cen - tu - ries have come and gone, Dark cen-tu-ries of absence drear;
5. I do not think it can be long, 'Till in His glo - ry He ap-pear;
Whether at mid-night or at morn, Or at what sea-son of the year.
Or what a - waits of calm or storm, Of joy or grief, of hope or fear.
Of death or life, of pain or peace, Of shade or shine, of song or tear.
I dare not chide the long de - lay, Nor ask when I His voice shall hear.
And yet I dare not name the day, Nor fix the sol-emn ad - vent year.
Refrain.
I on - ly know that He is near, And that His voice I soon shall hear;
I on - ly know that He is near, And that His voice I soon shall hear.

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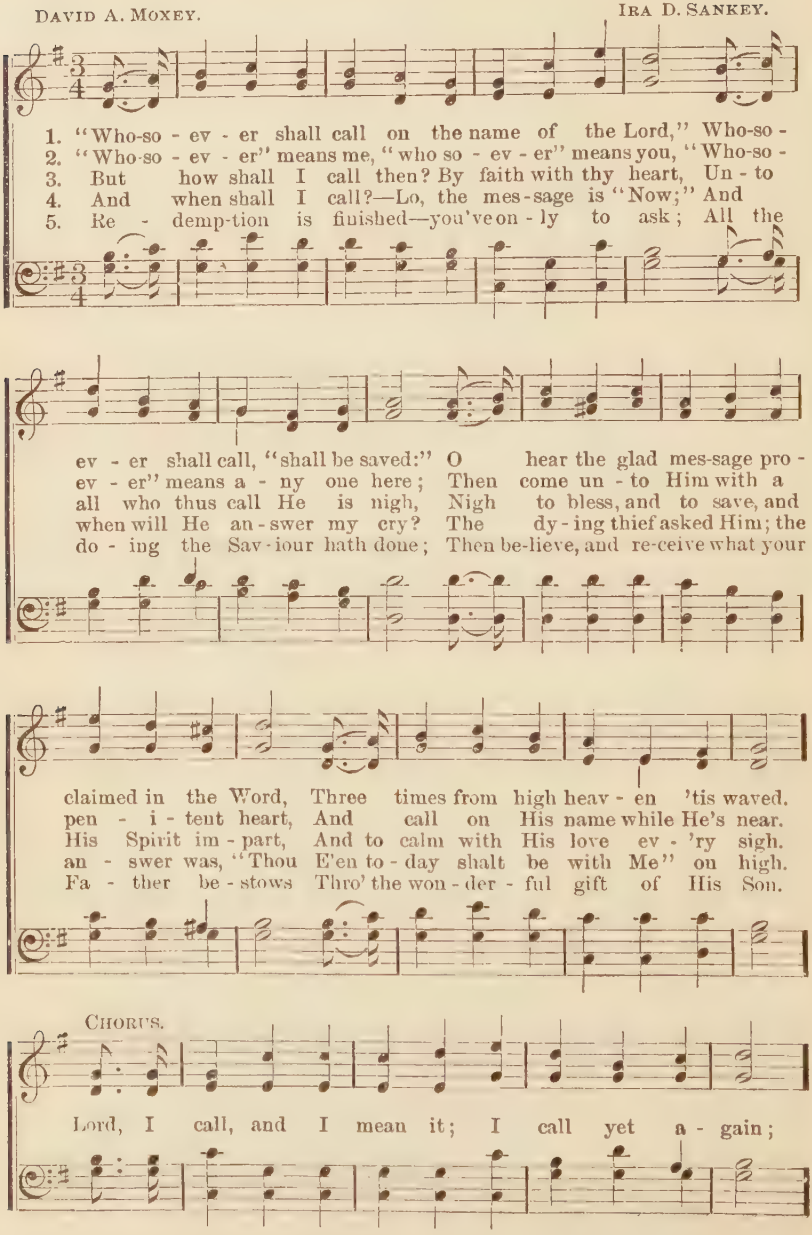
No. 91. Whosoever Shall Call.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."
Acts 2: 21. Joel 2: 32. Rom. 10: 13.

David A. Moxey. Ira D. Sankey.

1. "Who-so - ev - er shall call on the name of the Lord," Who-so -
2. "Who-so - ev - er" means me, "who so - ev - er" means you, "Who-so -
3. But how shall I call then? By faith with thy heart, Un - to
4. And when shall I call?—Lo, the mes-sage is "Now;" And
5. Re - demp-tion is finished—you've on - ly to ask; All the
ev - er shall call, "shall be saved:" O hear the glad mes-sage pro -
ev - er" means a - ny one here; Then come un - to Him with a
all who thus call He is nigh, Nigh to bless, and to save, and
when will He an-swer my cry? The dy - ing thief asked Him; the
do - ing the Sav-iour hath done; Then be-lieve, and re-ceive what your
claimed in the Word, Three times from high heav - en 'tis waved.
pen - i - tent heart, And call on His name while He's near.
His Spirit im - part, And to calm with His love ev - 'ry sigh.
an - swer was, "Thou E'en to - day shalt be with Me" on high.
Fa - ther be - stows Thro' the won - der - ful gift of His Son.
Chorus.
Lord, I call, and I mean it; I call yet a - gain;

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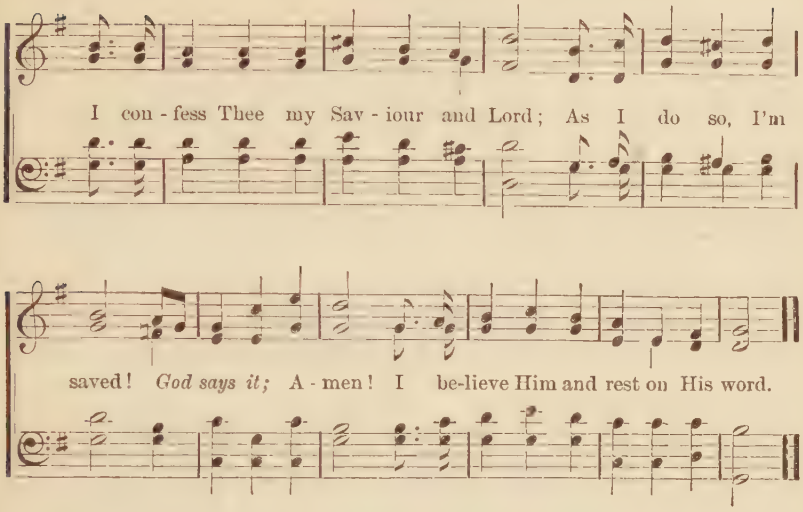
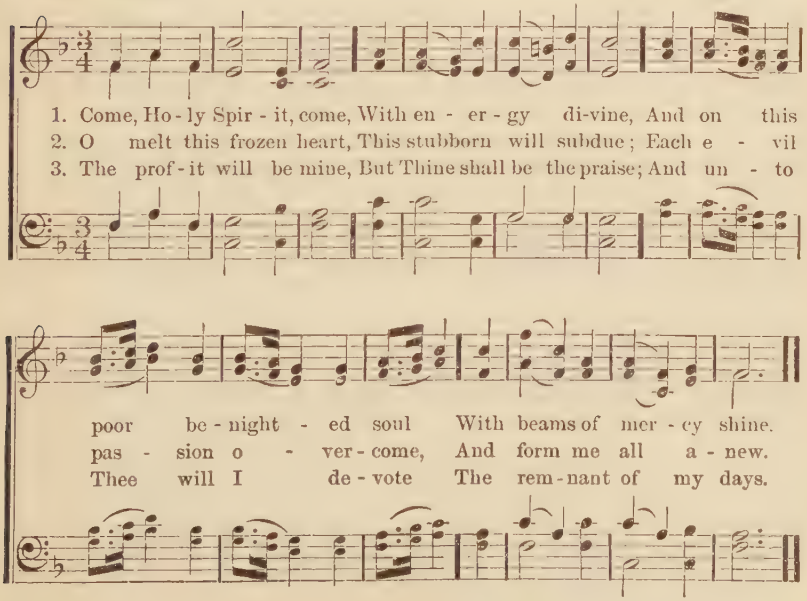

No. 92. Come, Holy Spirit, Come.

"Take not thy Holy Spirit from me."—Ps. 51 : 11.

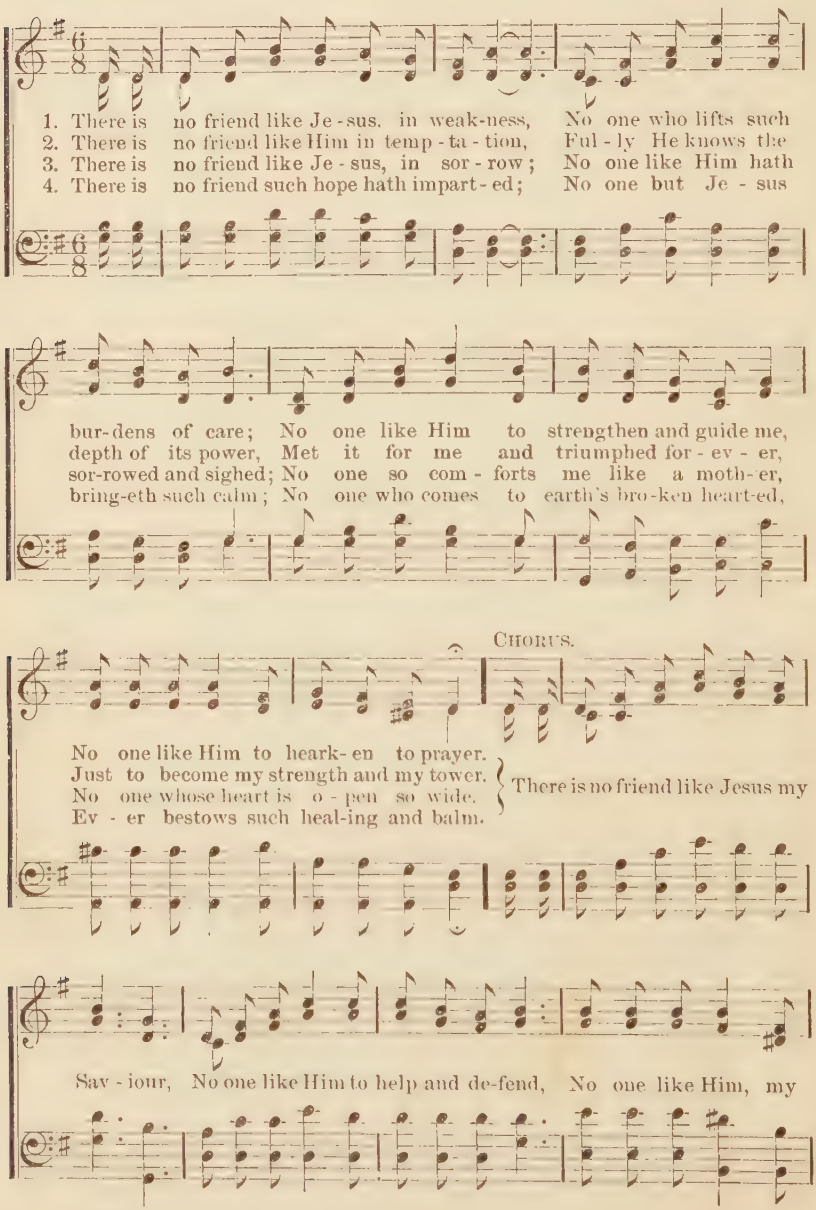
BENJ. BEDDOME. LOWELL MASON.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy di-vine, And on this
2. O melt this frozen heart, This stubborn will subdue; Each e - vil
3. The prof - it will be mine, But Thine shall be the praise; And un - to
poor be - night - ed soul With beams of mer - cy shine.
pas - sion o - ver - come, And form me all a - new.
Thee will I de - vote The rem - nant of my days.

No. 93.

No Friend Like Jesus.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18 : 24.

Mrs. C. E. Breck. D. B. Towner.


1. There is no friend like Je - sus. in weak-ness, No one who lifts such bur-dens of care; No one like Him to strengthen and guide me,
2. There is no friend like Him in temp - ta - tion, Ful - ly He knows the depth of its power, Met it for me and triumphed for - ev - er,
3. There is no friend like Je - sus, in sor - row; No one like Him hath sor-rowed and sighed; No one so com - forts me like a moth-er,
4. There is no friend such hope hath impart - ed; No one but Je - sus bring-eth such calm; No one who comes to earth's bro-ken heart-ed,
Chorus.
No one like Him to heark-en to prayer.
Just to become my strength and my tower.
No one whose heart is o - pen so wide.
Ev - er bestows such heal-ing and balm.
There is no friend like Jesus my
Sav - iour, No one like Him to help and de-fend, No one like Him, my

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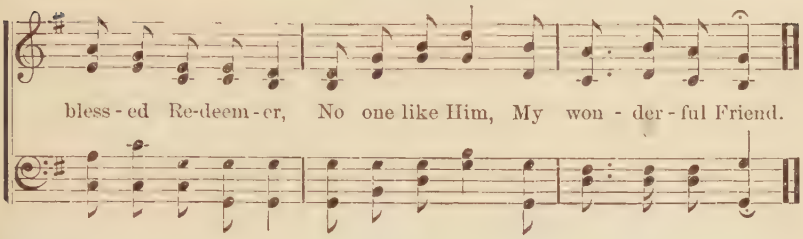
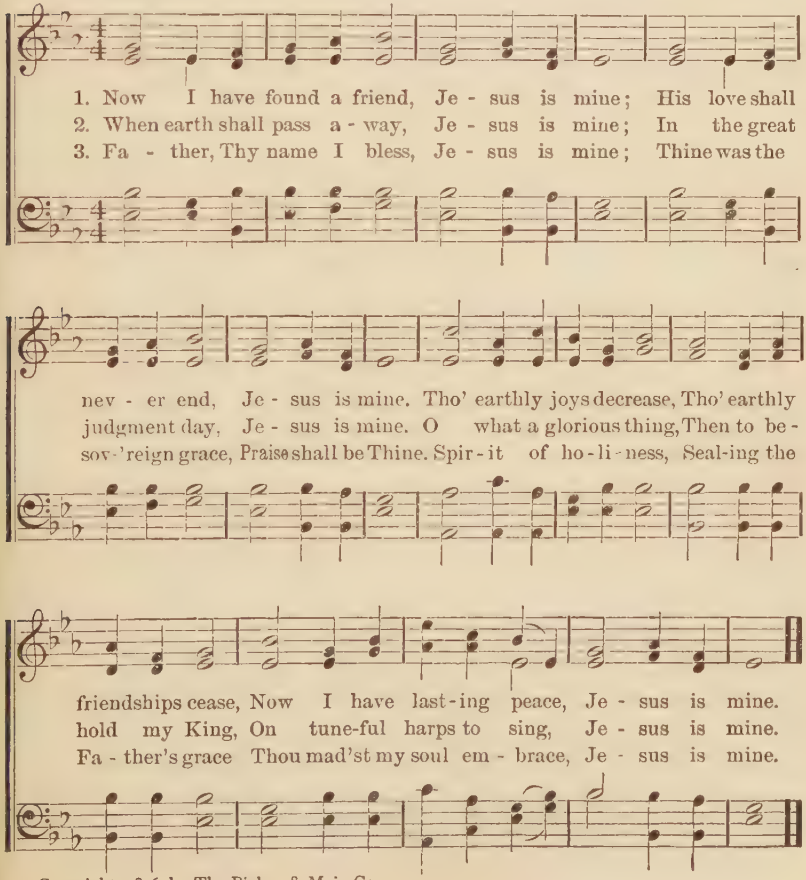


No. 94. Jesus is Mine.

"My beloved is mine."—Songs of Solomon 2 : 16.

H. J. M. Hope. J. H. Burke.


1. Now I have found a friend, Je - sus is mine; His love shall
2. When earth shall pass a - way, Je - sus is mine; In the great
3. Fa - ther, Thy name I bless, Je - sus is mine; Thine was the
nev - er end, Je - sus is mine. Tho' earthly joys decrease, Tho' earthly
judgment day, Je - sus is mine. O what a glorious thing, Then to be -
sov - 'reign grace, Praise shall be Thine. Spir - it of ho - li - ness, Seal-ing the
friendships cease, Now I have last - ing peace, Je - sus is mine.
hold my King, On tune-ful harps to sing, Je - sus is mine.
Fa - ther's grace Thou mad'st my soul em - brace, Je - sus is mine.

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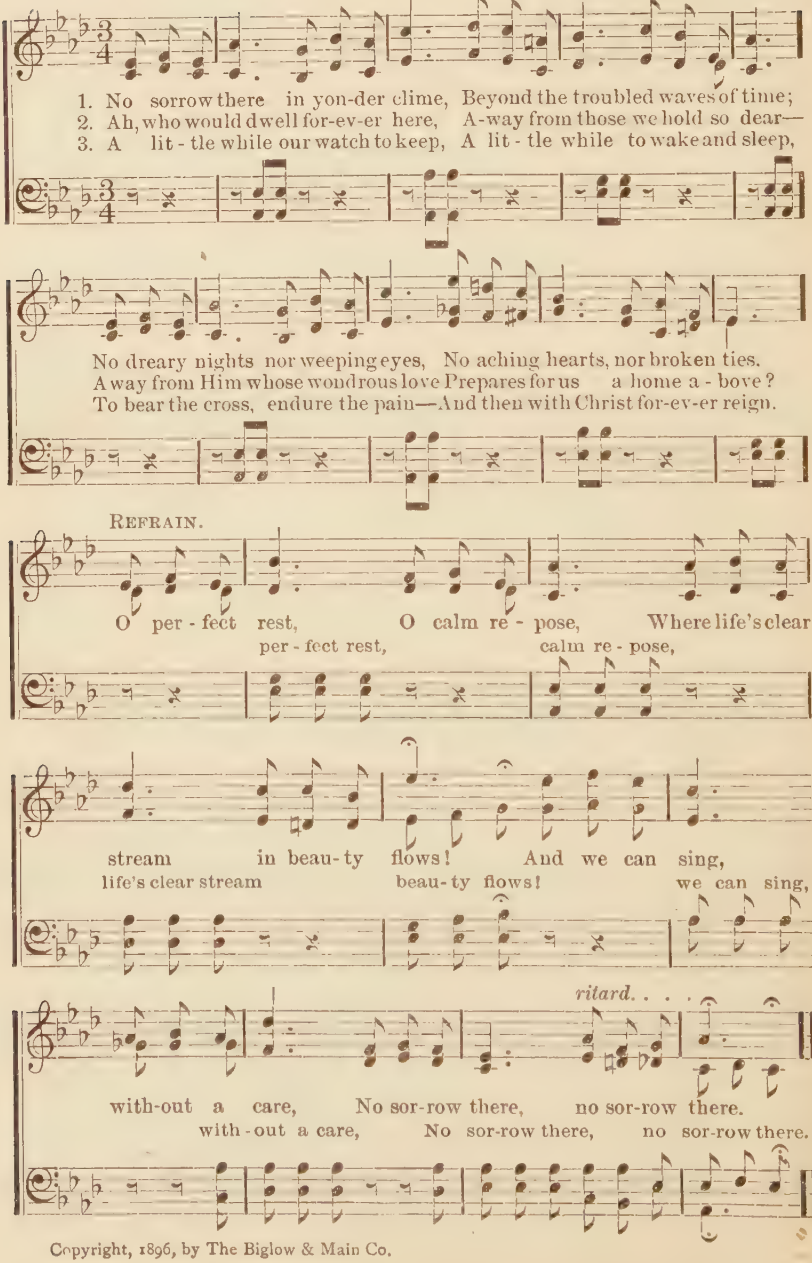
No. 95. No Sorrow There.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa. 35 : 10.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. No sorrow there in yon-der clime, Beyond the troubled waves of time;
2. Ah, who would dwell for-ev-er here, A-way from those we hold so dear—
3. A lit - tle while our watch to keep, A lit - tle while to wake and sleep,
No dreary nights nor weeping eyes, No aching hearts, nor broken ties.
A way from Him whose wondrous love Prepares for us a home a - bove?
To bear the cross, endure the pain—And then with Christ for-ev-er reign.
Refrain.
O per - fect rest, O calm re - pose, Where life's clear
per - fect rest, calm re - pose,
stream in beau - ty flows! And we can sing,
life's clear stream beau - ty flows! we can sing,
ritard. . . .
with-out a care, No sor-row there, no sor-row there.
with - out a care, No sor-row there, no sor-row there.

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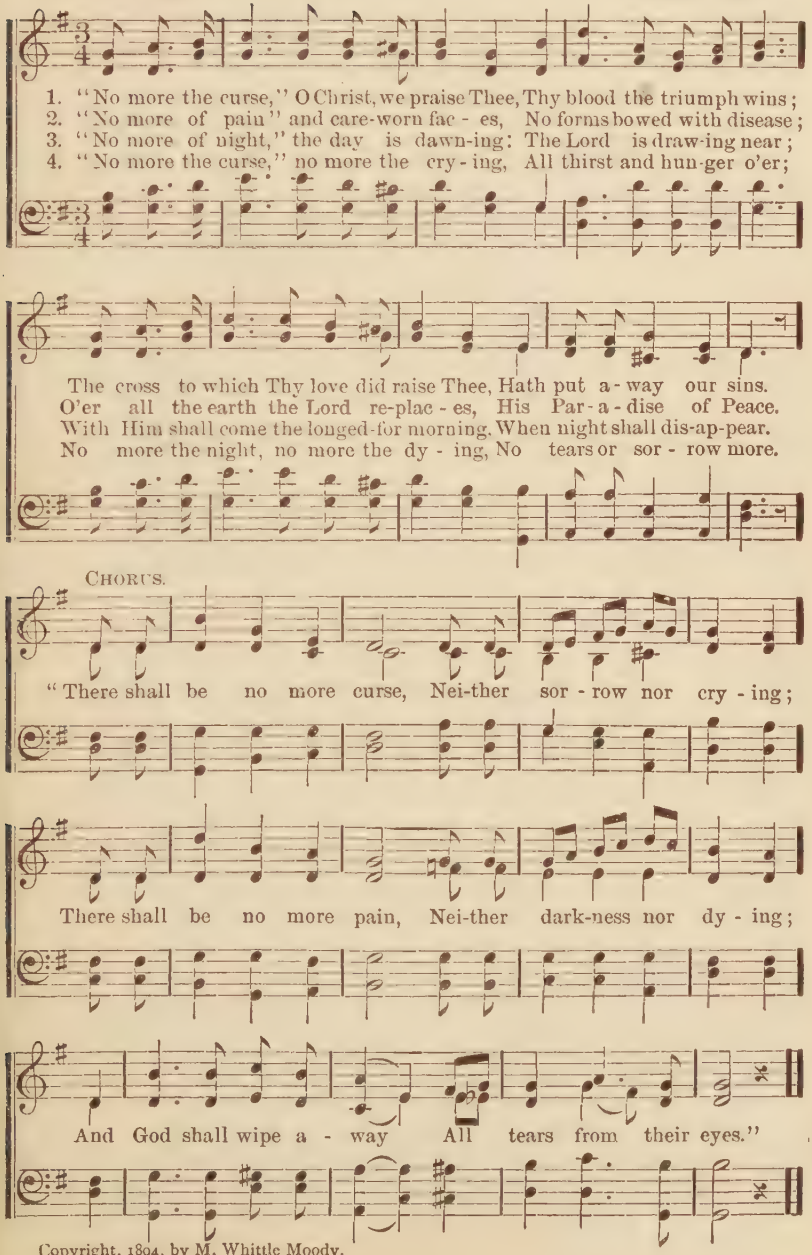
No. 96.

"No More."

Rev. 21 : 4 & 22 : 3.

EL NATHAN. M. WHITTLE MOODY.

1. "No more the curse," O Christ, we praise Thee, Thy blood the triumph wins;
2. "No more of pain" and care-worn fac - es, No forms bowed with disease;
3. "No more of night," the day is dawn-ing: The Lord is draw-ing near;
4. "No more the curse," no more the cry - ing, All thirst and hun-ger o'er;
The cross to which Thy love did raise Thee, Hath put a - way our sins.
O'er all the earth the Lord re-plac - es, His Par-a - dise of Peace.
With Him shall come the longed-for morning, When night shall dis-ap-pear.
No more the night, no more the dy - ing, No tears or sor - row more.
CHORUS.
"There shall be no more curse, Nei-ther sor - row nor cry - ing;
There shall be no more pain, Nei-ther dark-ness nor dy - ing;
And God shall wipe a - way All tears from their eyes."

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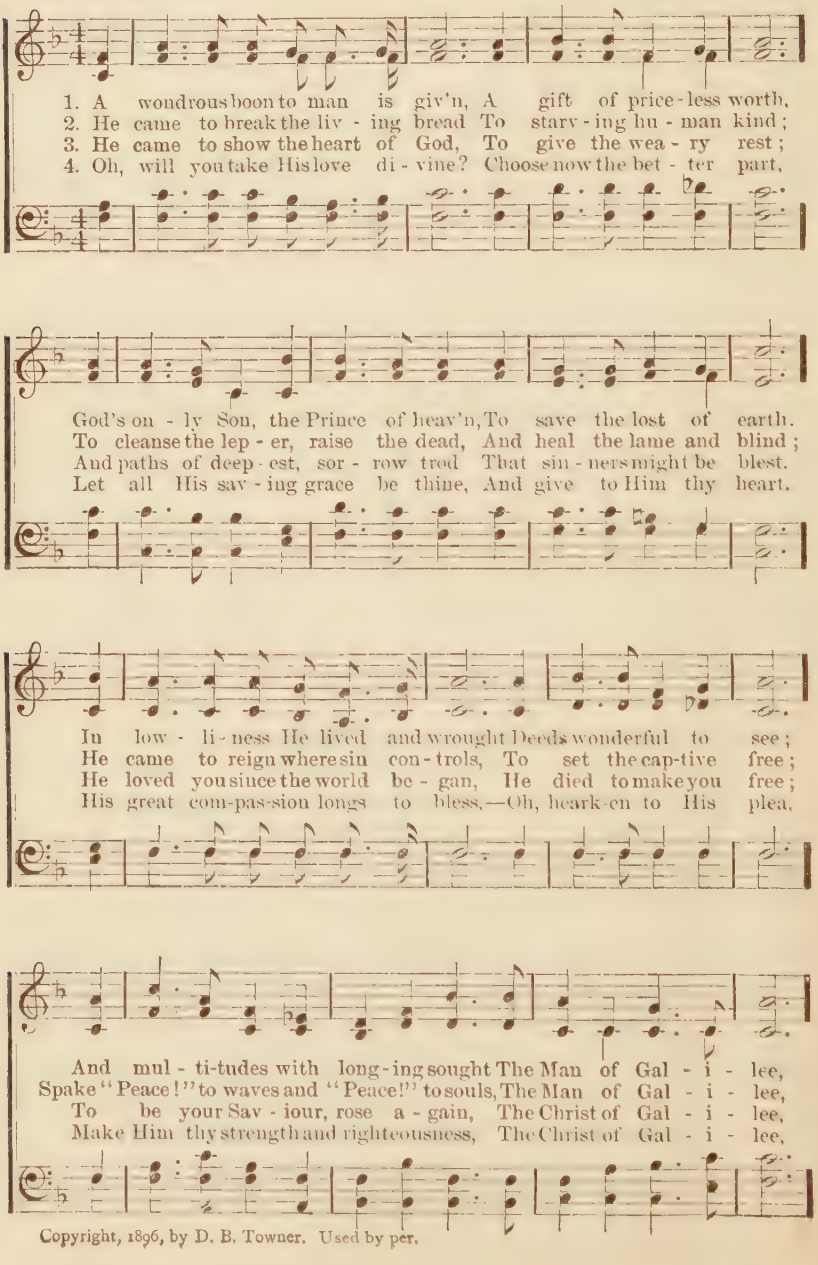
No. 97.

The Man of Galilee.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost." LUKE 19 : 10.

C. E. BRECK. D. B. TOWNER.

1. A wondrous boon to man is giv'n, A gift of price-less worth,
2. He came to break the liv - ing bread To starv - ing hu - man kind;
3. He came to show the heart of God, To give the wea - ry rest;
4. Oh, will you take His love di - vine? Choose now the bet - ter part,
God's on - ly Son, the Prince of heav'n, To save the lost of earth.
To cleanse the lep - er, raise the dead, And heal the lame and blind;
And paths of deep - est, sor - row trod That sin - ners might be blest.
Let all His sav - ing grace be thine, And give to Him thy heart.
In low - li - ness He lived and wrought Deeds wonderful to see;
He came to reign where sin con - trols, To set the cap-tive free;
He loved you since the world be - gan, He died to make you free;
His great com-pas-sion longs to bless,—Oh, heark-en to His plea.
And mul - ti-tudes with long-ing sought The Man of Gal - i - lee,
Spake "Peace!" to waves and "Peace!" to souls, The Man of Gal - i - lee,
To be your Sav - iour, rose a - gain, The Christ of Gal - i - lee,
Make Him thy strength and righteousness, The Christ of Gal - i - lee,

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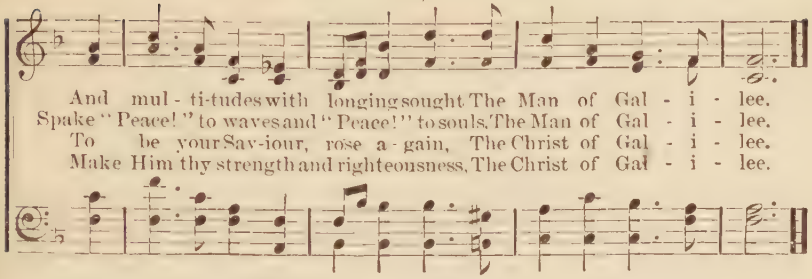
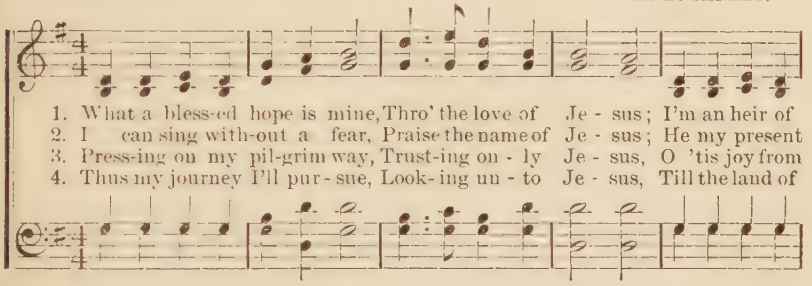

And mul - ti-tudes with longing sought The Man of Gal - i - lee.
Spake "Peace!" to waves and "Peace!" to souls, The Man of Gal - i - lee.
To be your Sav-iour, rose a - gain, The Christ of Gal - i - lee.
Make Him thy strength and righteousness, The Christ of Gal - i - lee.

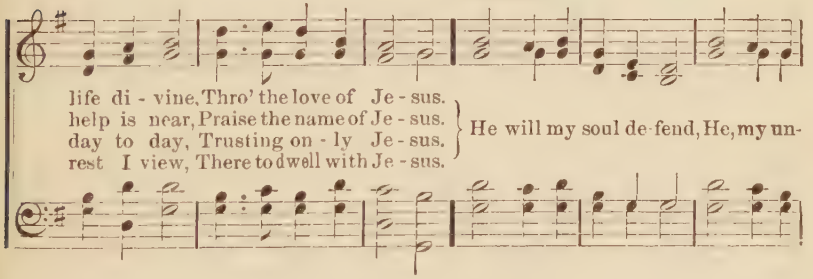
No. 98. The Love of Jesus.

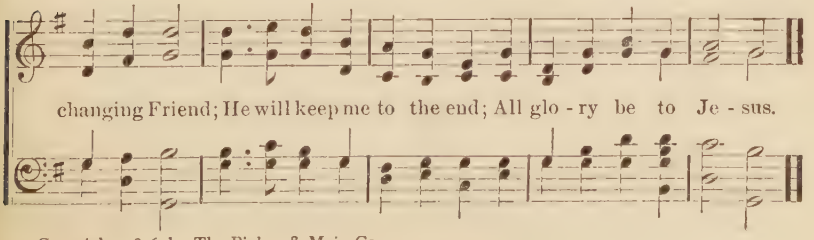
"The love of Christ constraineth us."—2 Cor. 5 : 14.

Robert Bruce. Ira D. Sankey.


1. What a bless-ed hope is mine, Thro' the love of Je - sus; I'm an heir of
2. I can sing with-out a fear, Praise the name of Je - sus; He my present
3. Press-ing on my pil-grim way, Trust-ing on - ly Je - sus, O 'tis joy from
4. Thus my journey I'll pur - sue, Look - ing un - to Je - sus, Till the land of

Chorus.


life di - vine, Thro' the love of Je - sus.
help is near, Praise the name of Je - sus.
day to day, Trusting on - ly Je - sus.
rest I view, There to dwell with Je - sus.
He will my soul de-fend, He, my un-



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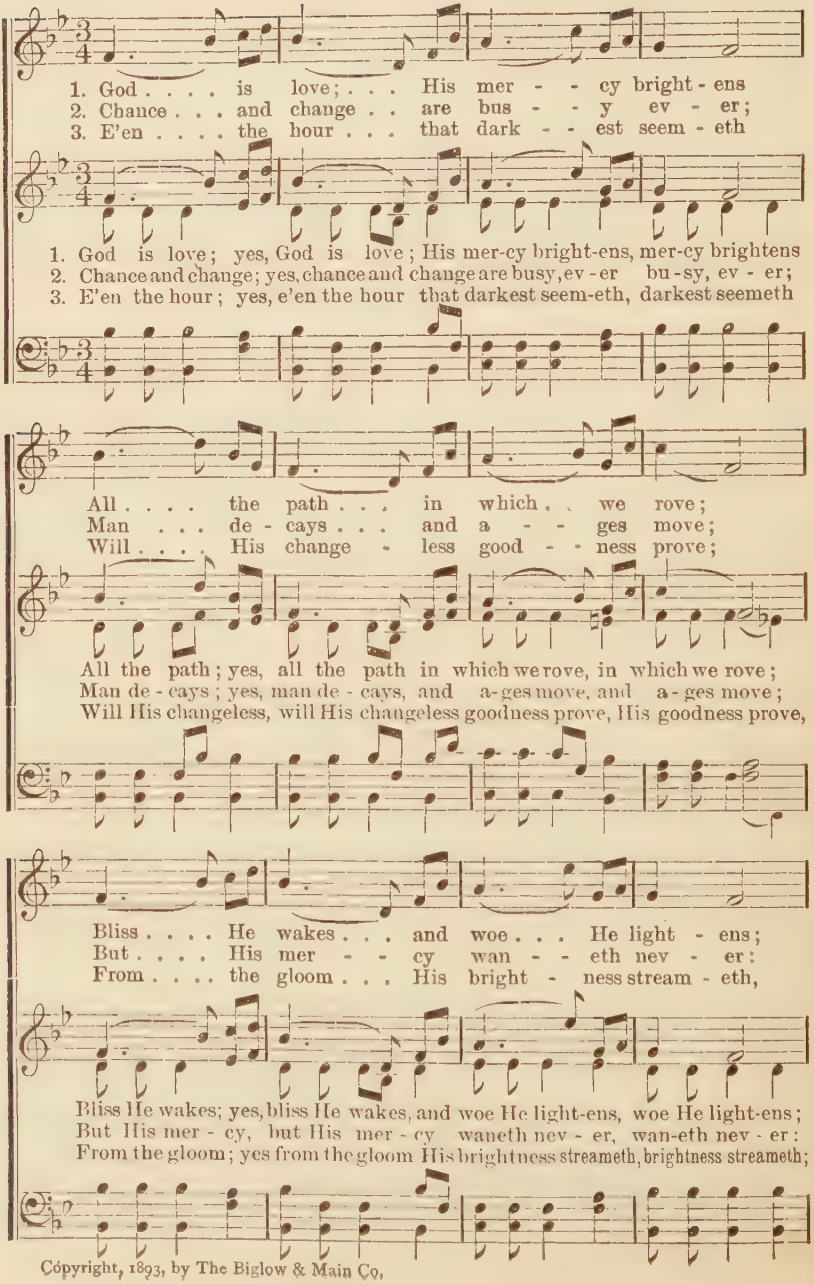
No. 99.

God is Love.

JOHN BOWRING. JOHN 14: 16. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. God . . . . is love; . . . His mer - - cy bright - ens
2. Chance . . . and change . . are bus - - y ev - er;
3. E'en . . . . the hour . . . that dark - - est seem - eth
1. God is love; yes, God is love; His mer-cy bright-ens, mer-cy brightens
2. Chance and change; yes, chance and change are busy, ev-er bu-sy, ev - er;
3. E'en the hour; yes, e'en the hour that darkest seem-eth, darkest seemeth
All . . . . the path . . . in which . . we rove;
Man . . . de - cays . . . and a - - ges move;
Will . . . . His change - less good - - ness prove;
All the path; yes, all the path in which we rove, in which we rove;
Man de - cays; yes, man de - cays, and a-ges move, and a - ges move;
Will His changeless, will His changeless goodness prove, His goodness prove,
Bliss . . . . He wakes . . . and woe . . . He light - ens;
But . . . . His mer - - cy wan - - eth nev - er:
From . . . . the gloom . . . His bright - ness stream - eth,
Bliss He wakes; yes, bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens, woe He light-ens;
But His mer - cy, but His mer - cy waneth nev - er, wan-eth nev - er:
From the gloom; yes from the gloom His brightness streameth, brightness streameth;

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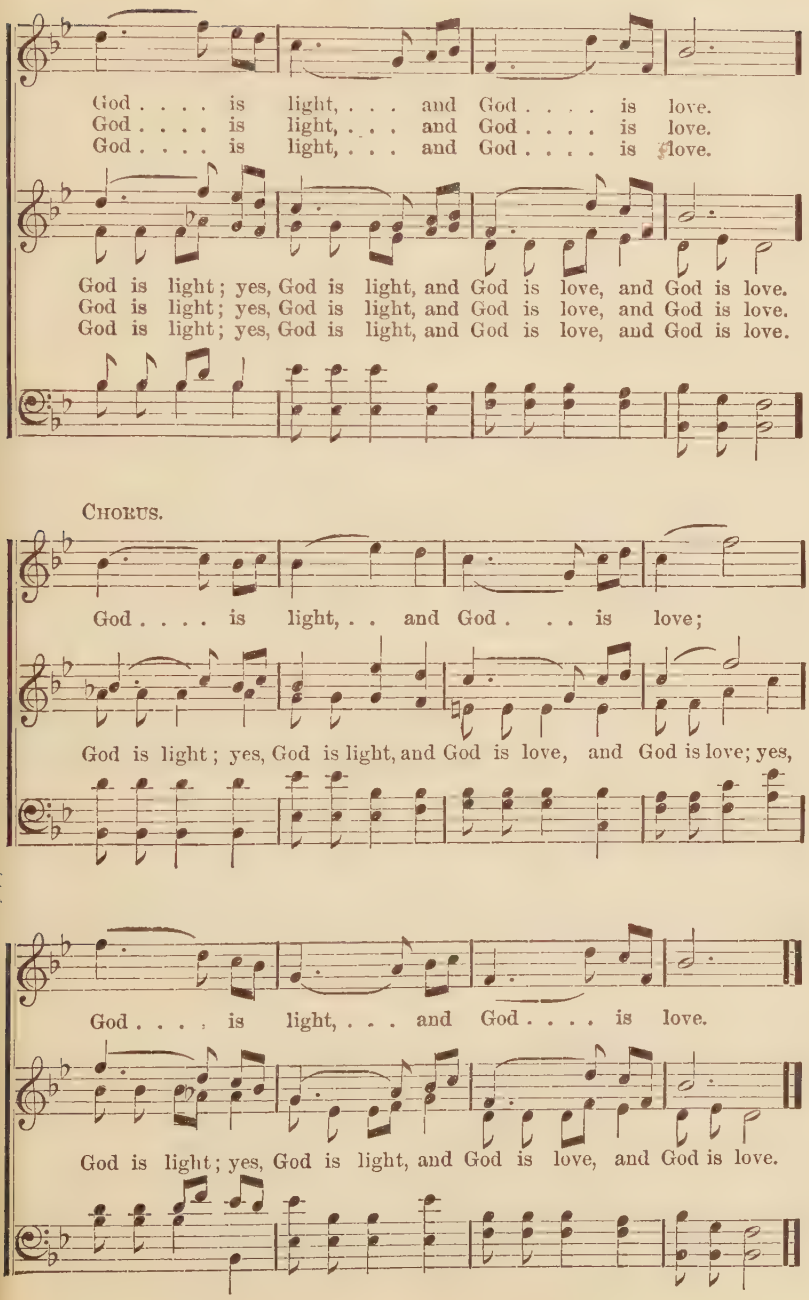
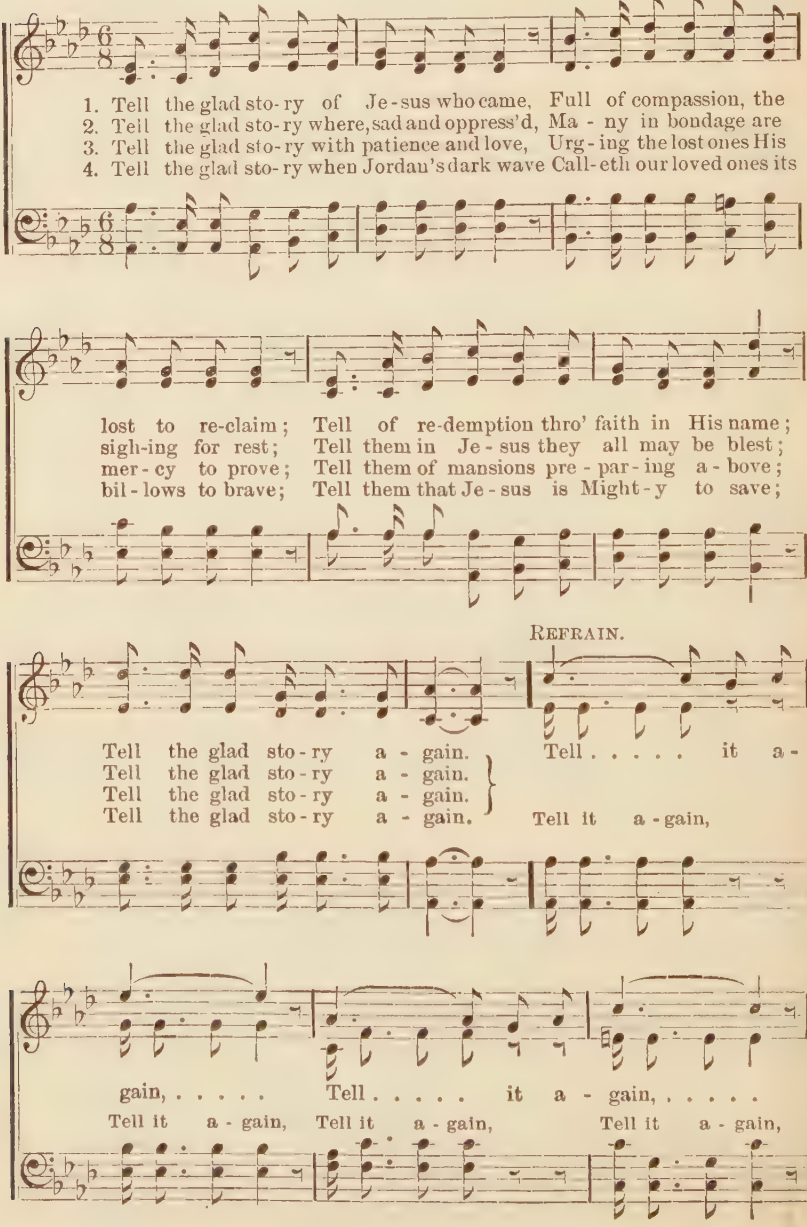
God is Love.—Concluded.

No. 100. Tell it Again.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." MARK 5 : 19.

JULIA STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Tell the glad sto-ry of Je-sus who came, Full of compassion, the
2. Tell the glad sto-ry where, sad and oppress'd, Ma - ny in bondage are
3. Tell the glad sto-ry with patience and love, Urg-ing the lost ones His
4. Tell the glad sto-ry when Jordan's dark wave Call-eth our loved ones its
lost to re-claim; Tell of re-demption thro' faith in His name;
sigh-ing for rest; Tell them in Je-sus they all may be blest;
mer-cy to prove; Tell them of mansions pre-par-ing a-bove;
bil-lows to brave; Tell them that Je-sus is Might-y to save;
REFRAIN.
Tell the glad sto-ry a - gain.
Tell the glad sto-ry a - gain.
Tell the glad sto-ry a - gain.
Tell the glad sto-ry a - gain.
Tell . . . . . it a -
Tell it a - gain,
gain, ... Tell . . . . . it a - gain, ...
Tell it a - gain, Tell it a - gain, Tell it a - gain,

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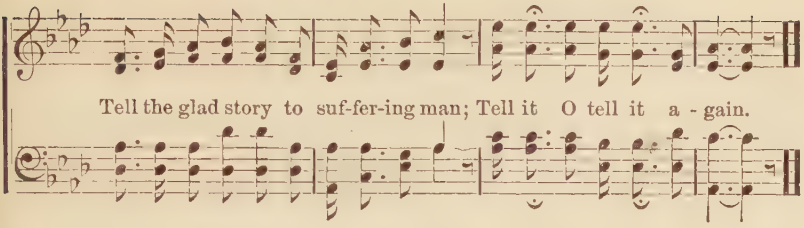
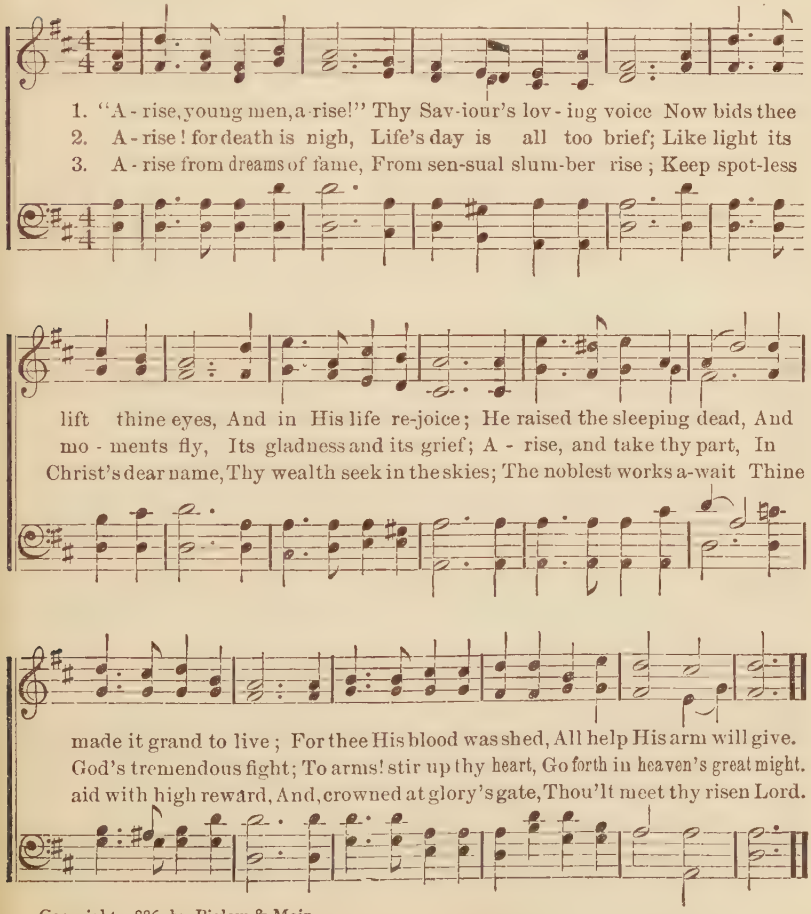
Tell it Again.—Concluded.



No. 101. Arise, Young Men, Arise.

"Put on the whole armor of God."—Eph. 6: 11.

Rev. J. H. Edwards. Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. "A - rise, young men, a-rise!" Thy Sav-iour's lov - ing voice Now bids thee
2. A - rise! for death is nigh, Life's day is all too brief; Like light its
3. A - rise from dreams of fame, From sen-sual slum-ber rise; Keep spot-less
lift thine eyes, And in His life re-joice; He raised the sleeping dead, And
mo - ments fly, Its gladness and its grief; A - rise, and take thy part, In
Christ's dear name, Thy wealth seek in the skies; The noblest works a-wait Thine
made it grand to live; For thee His blood was shed, All help His arm will give.
God's tremendous fight; To arms! stir up thy heart, Go forth in heaven's great might.
aid with high reward, And, crowned at glory's gate, Thou'lt meet thy risen Lord.

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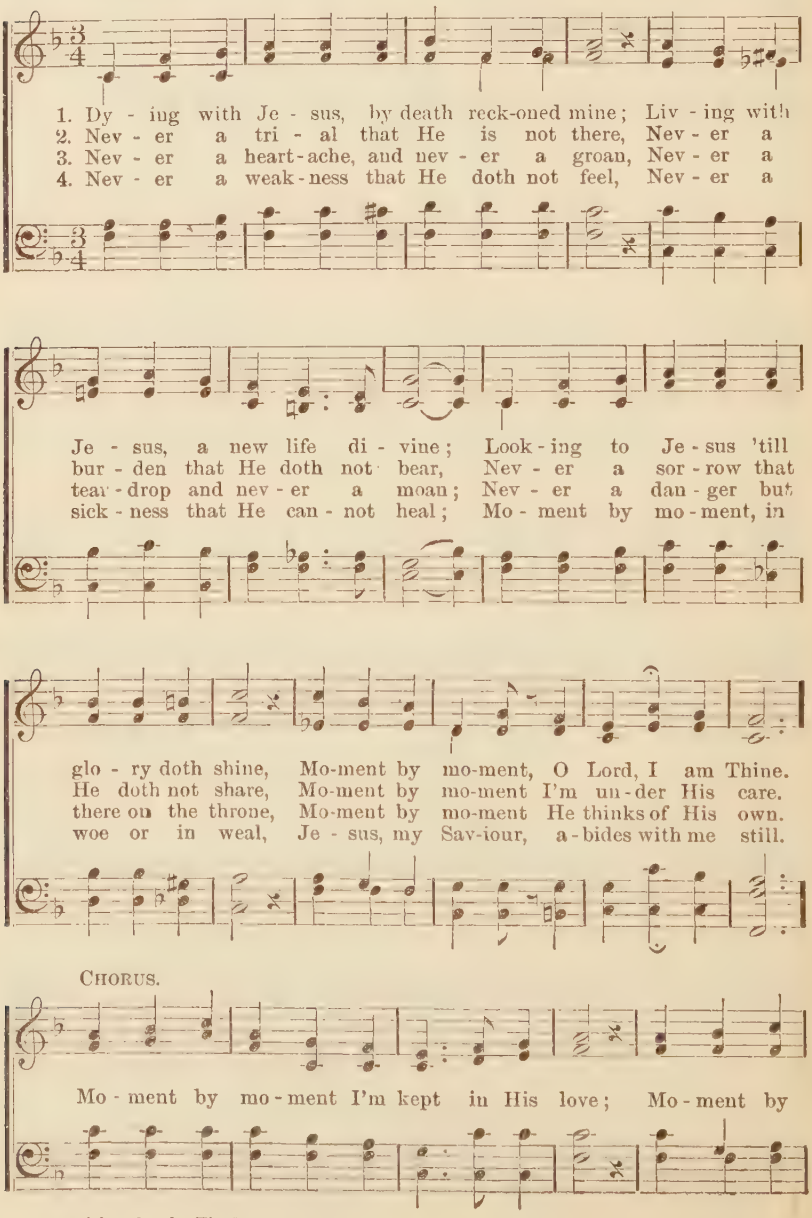
No. 102. Moment by Moment.

"I the Lord do keep it: I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."—Isa. 27: 3.

D. W. Whittle. Mary Whittle.

1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reck-oned mine; Liv - ing with
2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a
3. Nev - er a heart-ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a
4. Nev - er a weak-ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a
Je - sus, a new life di - vine; Look - ing to Je - sus 'till
bur - den that He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that
tear - drop and nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger but
sick - ness that He can - not heal; Mo - ment by mo - ment, in
glo - ry doth shine, Mo-ment by mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
He doth not share, Mo-ment by mo-ment I'm un - der His care.
there on the throne, Mo-ment by mo-ment He thinks of His own.
woe or in weal, Je - sus, my Sav-iour, a - bides with me still.
Chorus.
Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm kept in His love; Mo - ment by

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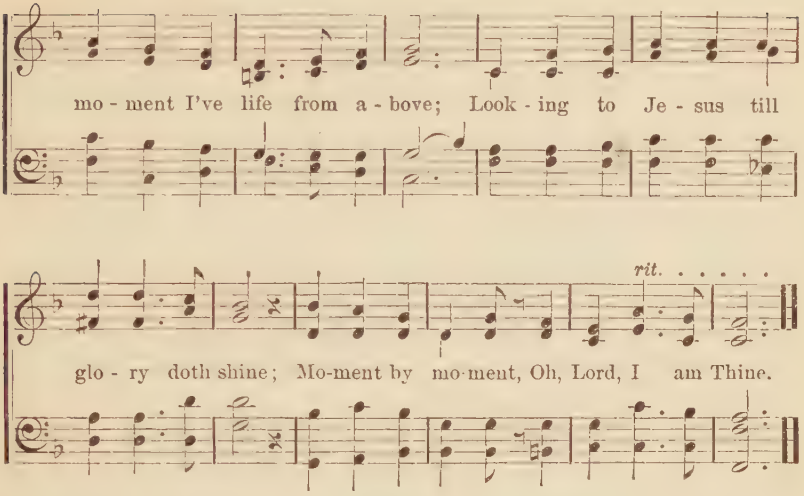
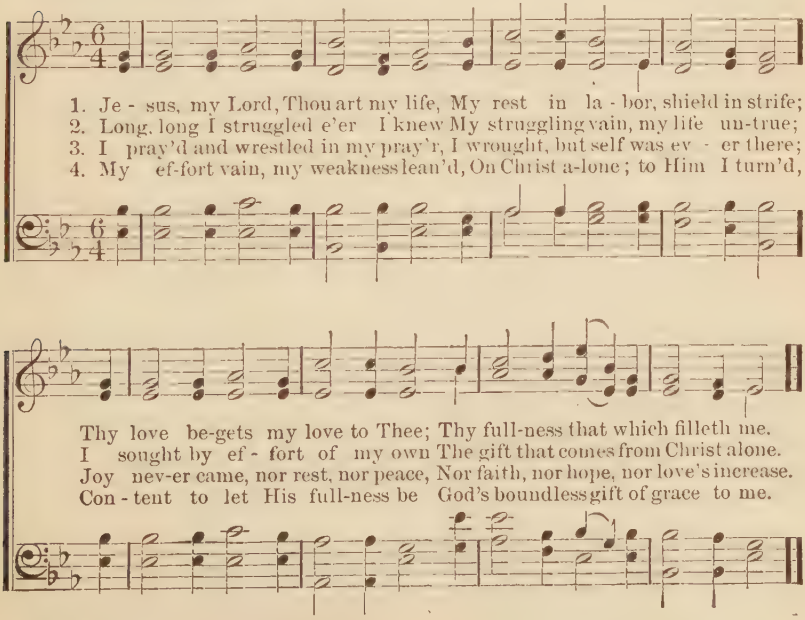


No. 103. Thou Art My Life.

"He that hath the Son hath life."—1 John 5 : 12.

Rev. Dwight M. Pratt. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Je - sus, my Lord, Thou art my life, My rest in la - bor, shield in strife;
2. Long, long I struggled e'er I knew My struggling vain, my life un-true;
3. I pray'd and wrestled in my pray'r, I wrought, but self was ev - er there;
4. My ef-fort vain, my weakness lean'd, On Christ a-lone; to Him I turn'd,
Thy love be-gets my love to Thee; Thy full-ness that which filleth me.
I sought by ef - fort of my own The gift that comes from Christ alone.
Joy nev-er came, nor rest, nor peace, Nor faith, nor hope, nor love's increase.
Con - tent to let His full-ness be God's boundless gift of grace to me.

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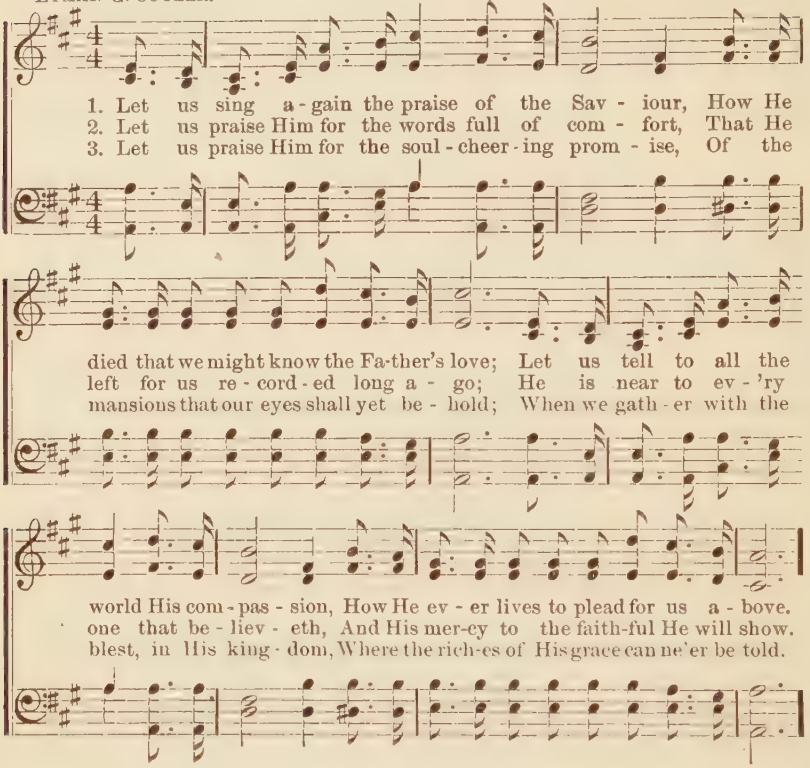
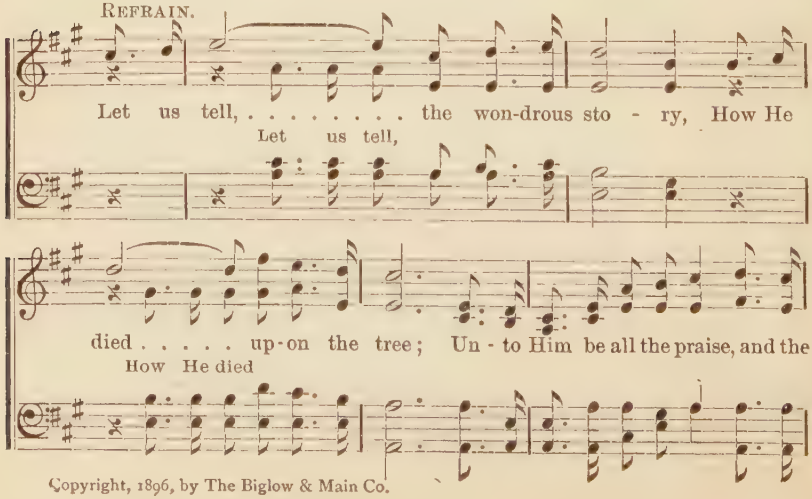
No. 104.

Let Us Sing Again.

"O come, let us sing unto the LORD."—Ps. 95 : 1.

LYMAN G. CUYLER. RIAN A. DYKES.

1. Let us sing a - gain the praise of the Sav - iour, How He
2. Let us praise Him for the words full of com - fort, That He
3. Let us praise Him for the soul - cheer - ing prom - ise, Of the
died that we might know the Fa-ther's love; Let us tell to all the
left for us re - cord - ed long a - go; He is near to ev - 'ry
mansions that our eyes shall yet be - hold; When we gath - er with the
world His com - pas - sion, How He ev - er lives to plead for us a - bove.
one that be - liev - eth, And His mer-cy to the faith-ful He will show.
blest, in His king - dom, Where the rich-es of His grace can ne'er be told.

REFRAIN.



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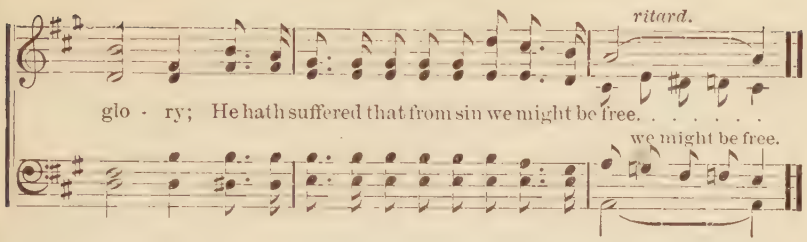
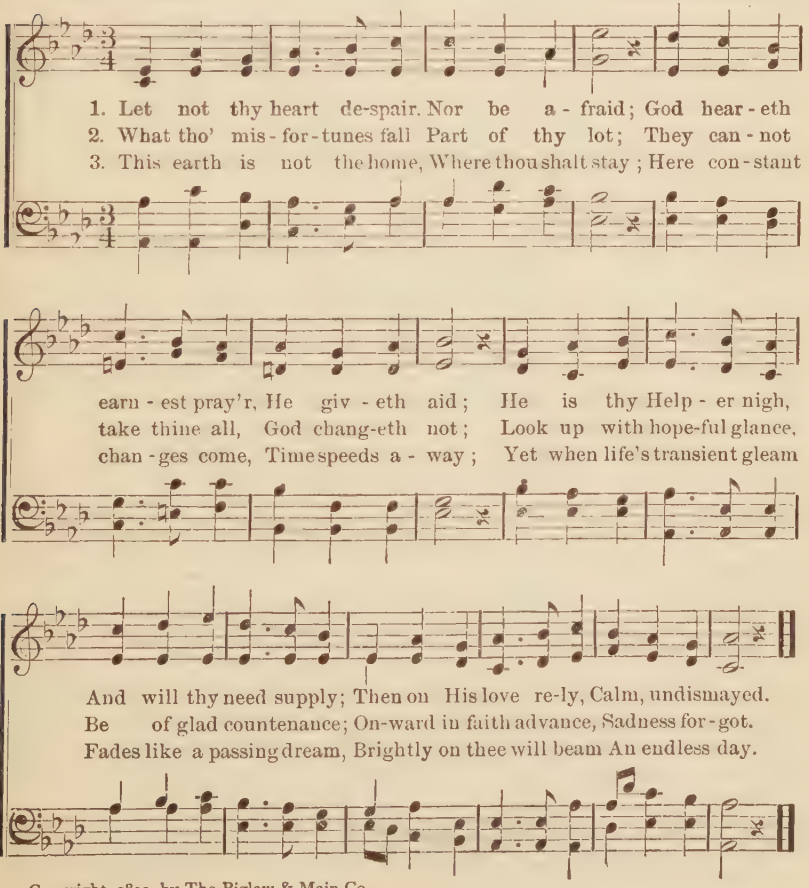


No. 105. God Heareth Prayer.

"Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer."—Ps. 61 : 1.

Rev. R. F. Gordon. Hubert P. Main.

1. Let not thy heart de-spair. Nor be a - fraid; God hear - eth
2. What tho' mis - for - tunes fall Part of thy lot; They can - not
3. This earth is not the home, Where thou shalt stay; Here con - stant
earn - est pray'r, He giv - eth aid; He is thy Help - er nigh,
take thine all, God chang-eth not; Look up with hope-ful glance,
chan - ges come, Time speeds a - way; Yet when life's transient gleam
And will thy need supply; Then on His love re-ly, Calm, undismayed.
Be of glad countenance; On-ward in faith advance, Sadness for - got.
Fades like a passing dream, Brightly on thee will beam An endless day.

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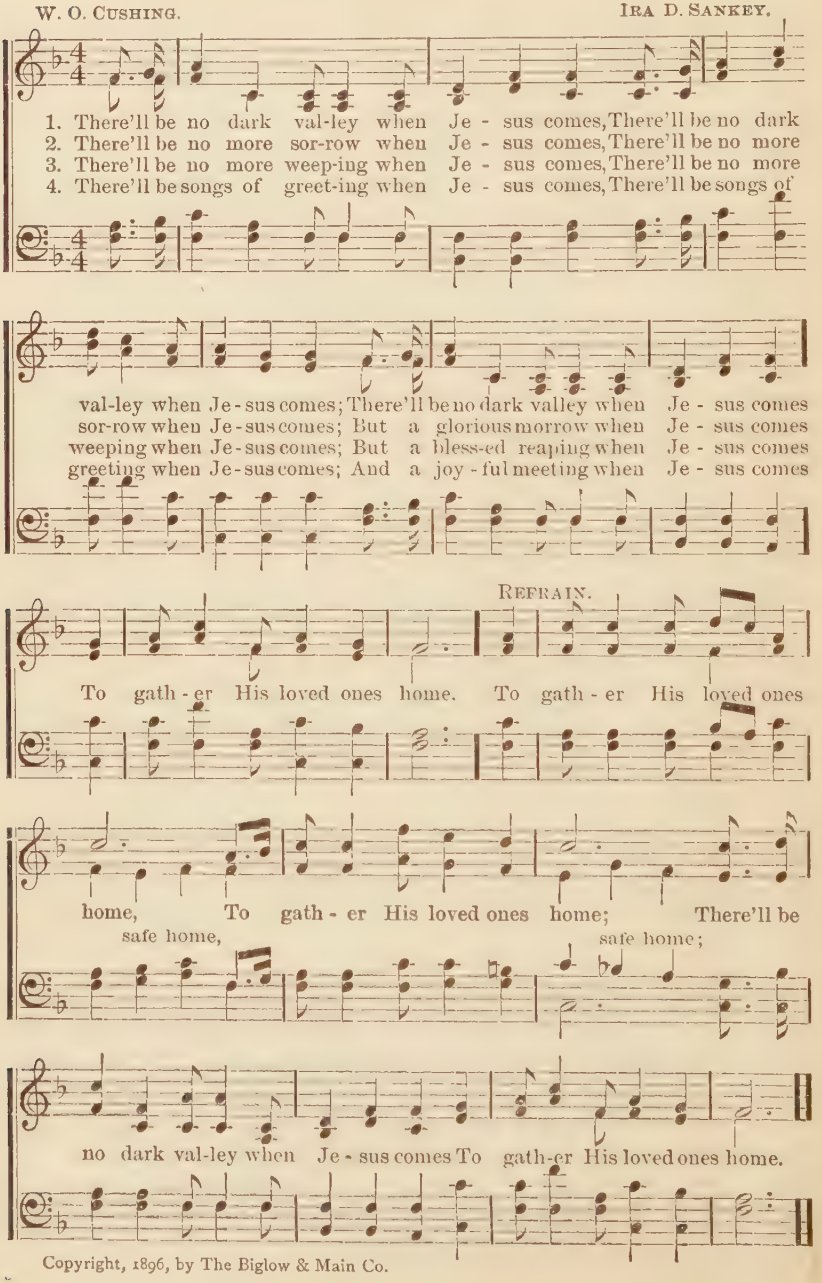
No. 106. There'll Be No Dark Valley.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley."—Ps. 23 : 4.

W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There'll be no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
2. There'll be no more sor-row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
3. There'll be no more weep-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
4. There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of
val-ley when Je-sus comes; There'll be no dark valley when Je - sus comes
sor-row when Je-sus comes; But a glorious morrow when Je - sus comes
weeping when Je-sus comes; But a bless-ed reaping when Je - sus comes
greeting when Je-sus comes; And a joy - ful meeting when Je - sus comes
REFRAIN.
To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath - er His loved ones
home, To gath - er His loved ones home; There'll be
safe home,
safe home;
no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes To gath-er His loved ones home.

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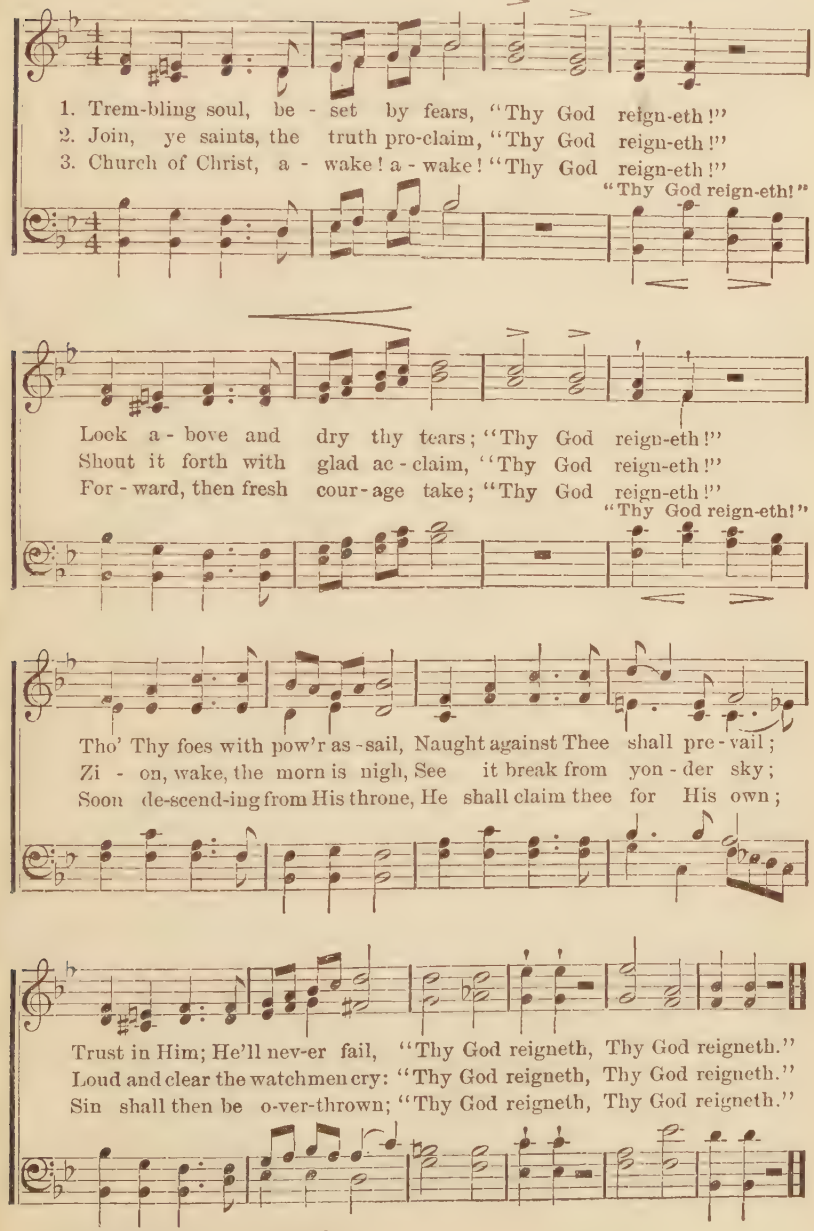
No. 107. Thy God Reigneth.

"That saith unto Zion."—Isa. 52 : 7.

F. S. Shepherd, arr. James McGranahan.


1. Trem-bling soul, be - set by fears, "Thy God reign-eth!"
2. Join, ye saints, the truth pro-claim, "Thy God reign-eth!"
3. Church of Christ, a - wake! a - wake! "Thy God reign-eth!"
"Thy God reign-eth!"
Look a - bove and dry thy tears; "Thy God reign-eth!"
Shout it forth with glad ac - claim, "Thy God reign-eth!"
For - ward, then fresh cour - age take; "Thy God reign-eth!"
"Thy God reign-eth!"
Tho' Thy foes with pow'r as - sail, Naught against Thee shall pre - vail;
Zi - on, wake, the morn is nigh, See it break from yon - der sky;
Soon de-scend-ing from His throne, He shall claim thee for His own;
Trust in Him; He'll nev-er fail, "Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth."
Loud and clear the watchmen cry: "Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth."
Sin shall then be o-ver-thrown; "Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth."

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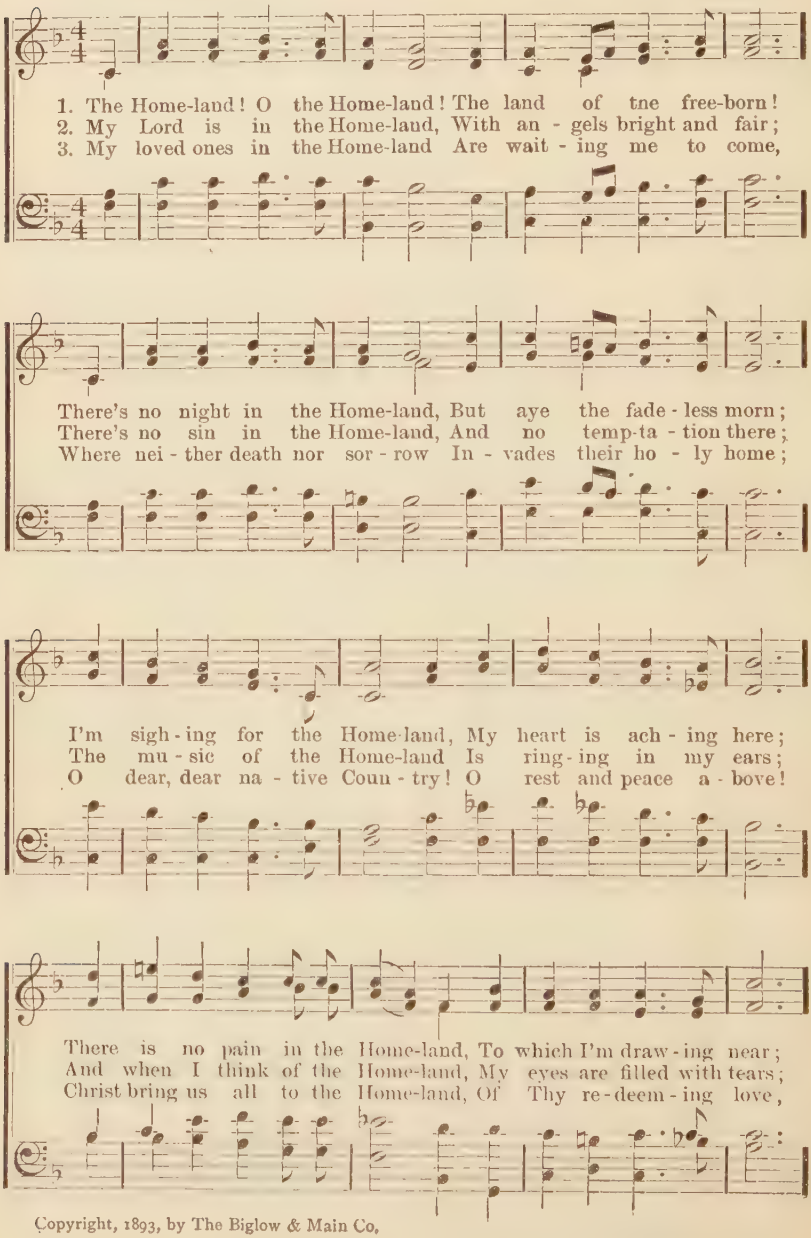
No. 108.

The Homeland!

"Neither shall there be any more pain."—Rev. 21 : 4.

Rev. H. R. Haweis. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of tne free-born!
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an - gels bright and fair;
3. My loved ones in the Home-land Are wait - ing me to come,
There's no night in the Home-land, But aye the fade - less morn;
There's no sin in the Home-land, And no temp-ta - tion there;
Where nei - ther death nor sor - row In - vades their ho - ly home;
I'm sigh - ing for the Home-land, My heart is ach - ing here;
The mu - sic of the Home-land Is ring - ing in my ears;
O dear, dear na - tive Coun - try! O rest and peace a - bove!
There is no pain in the Home-land, To which I'm draw - ing near;
And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are filled with tears;
Christ bring us all to the Home-land, Of Thy re - deem - ing love,

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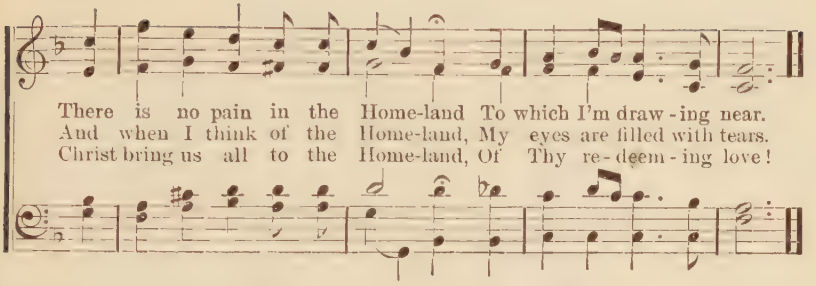
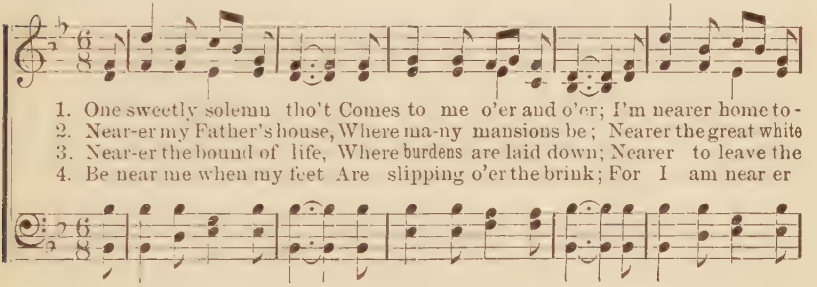
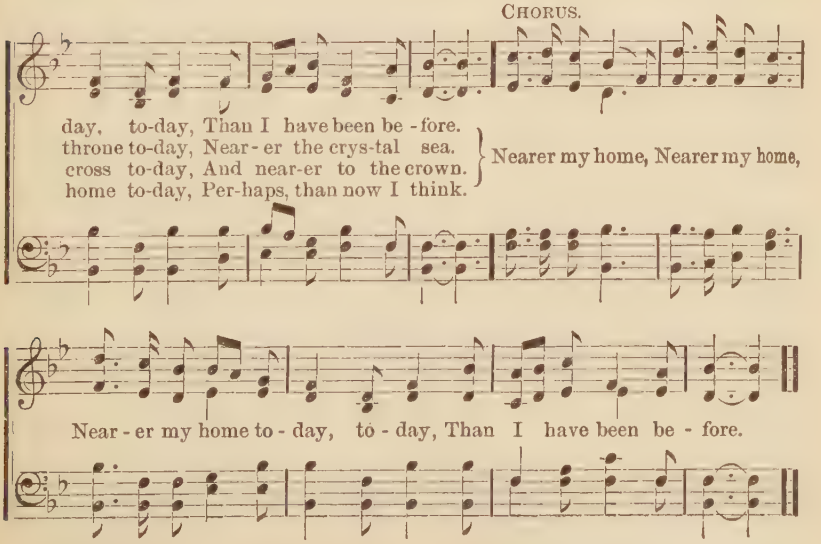
Homeland!—Concluded.

There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near.
And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are filled with tears.
Christ bring us all to the Home-land, Of Thy re-deem-ing love!

No. 109. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

"Now they desire a better country that is, an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

Miss Phoebe Cary. Philip Phillips.


1. One sweetly solemn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer home to-
2. Near-er my Father's house, Where ma-ny mansions be; Nearer the great white
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down; Nearer to leave the
4. Be near me when my feet Are slipping o'er the brink; For I am near er


Chorus.
day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.
throne to-day, Near-er the crys-tal sea.
cross to-day, And near-er to the crown.
home to-day, Per-haps, than now I think.
Nearer my home, Nearer my home,
Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.

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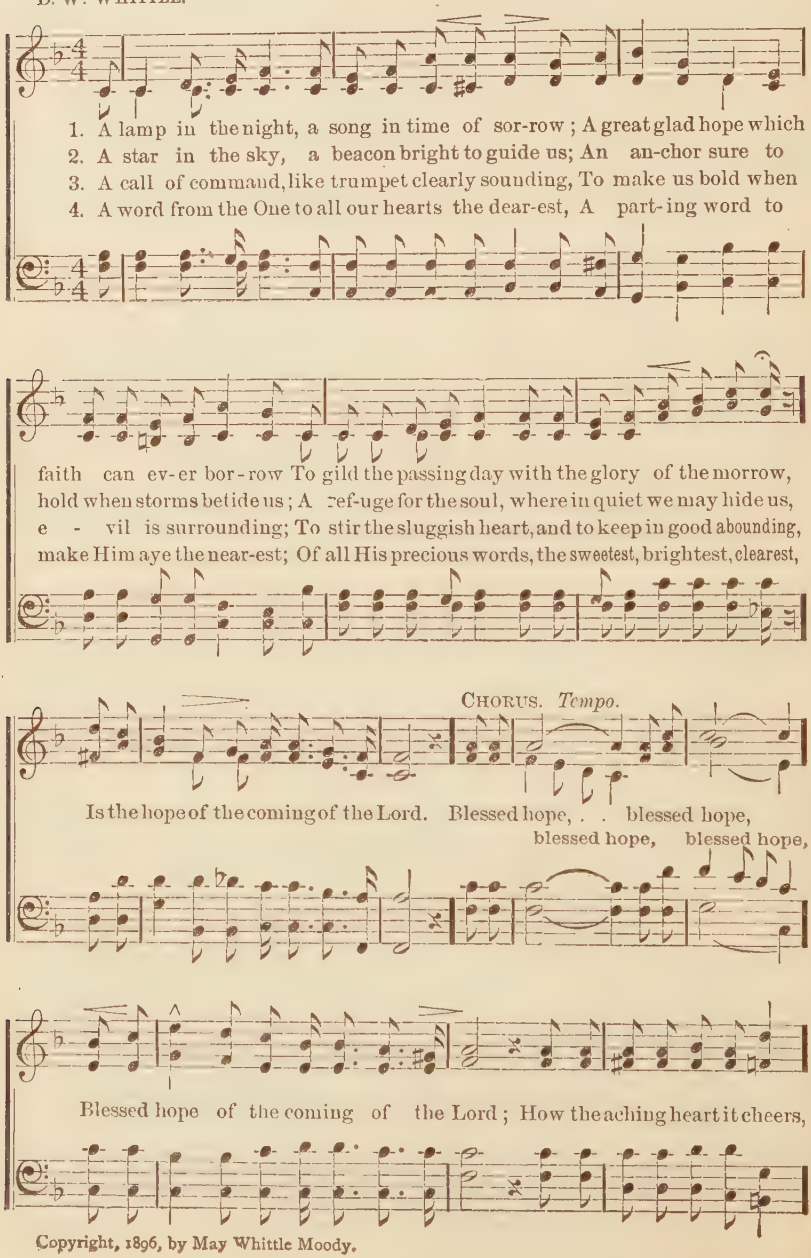
No. 110. The Hope of the Coming of the Lord.

"Looking for that blessed hope."—Titus 2: 13.

D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.


1. A lamp in the night, a song in time of sor-row; A great glad hope which
2. A star in the sky, a beacon bright to guide us; An an-chor sure to
3. A call of command, like trumpet clearly sounding, To make us bold when
4. A word from the One to all our hearts the dear-est, A part-ing word to
faith can ev-er bor-row To gild the passing day with the glory of the morrow,
hold when storms be tide us; A ref-uge for the soul, where in quiet we may hide us,
e - vil is surrounding; To stir the sluggish heart, and to keep in good abounding,
make Him aye the near-est; Of all His precious words, the sweetest, brightest, clearest,
Chorus. Tempo.
Is the hope of the coming of the Lord. Blessed hope, . . blessed hope,
blessed hope, blessed hope,
Blessed hope of the coming of the Lord; How the aching heart it cheers,

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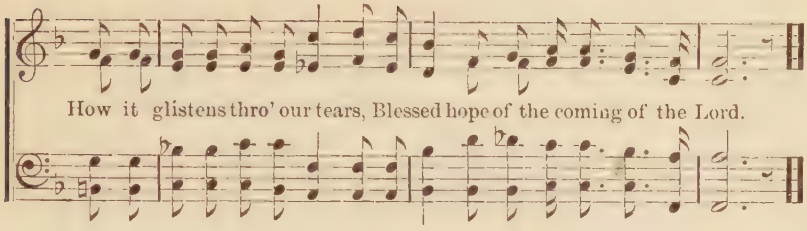
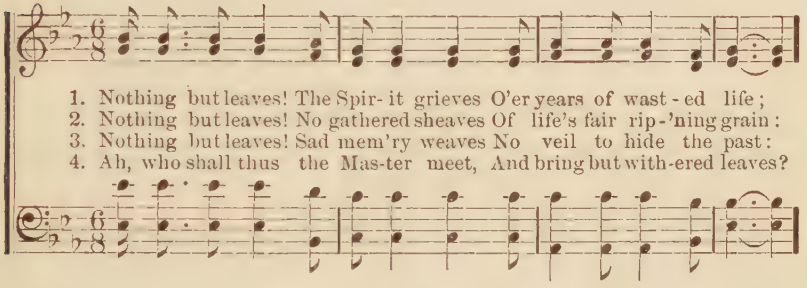
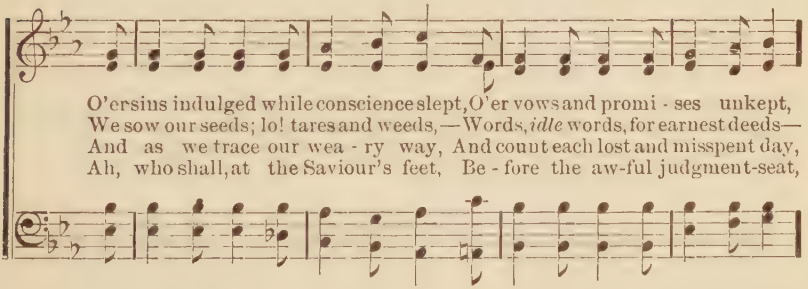
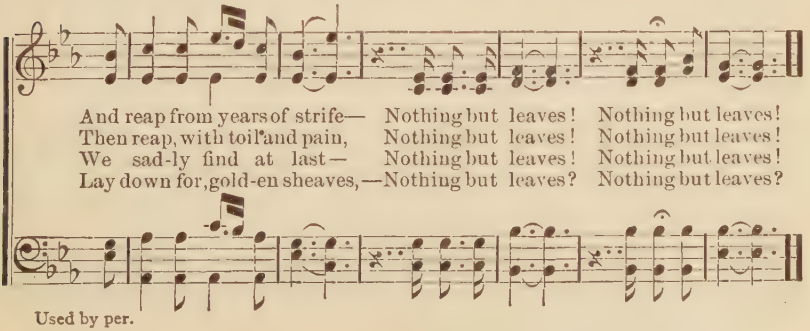


No. 111. Nothing But Leaves.

"He found nothing but leaves."—Mark 11 : 13.

L. E. Akerman, alt. Silas J. Vail.


1. Nothing but leaves! The Spir- it grieves O'er years of wast - ed life;
2. Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves Of life's fair rip-'ning grain:
3. Nothing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves No veil to hide the past:
4. Ah, who shall thus the Mas-ter meet, And bring but with-ered leaves?

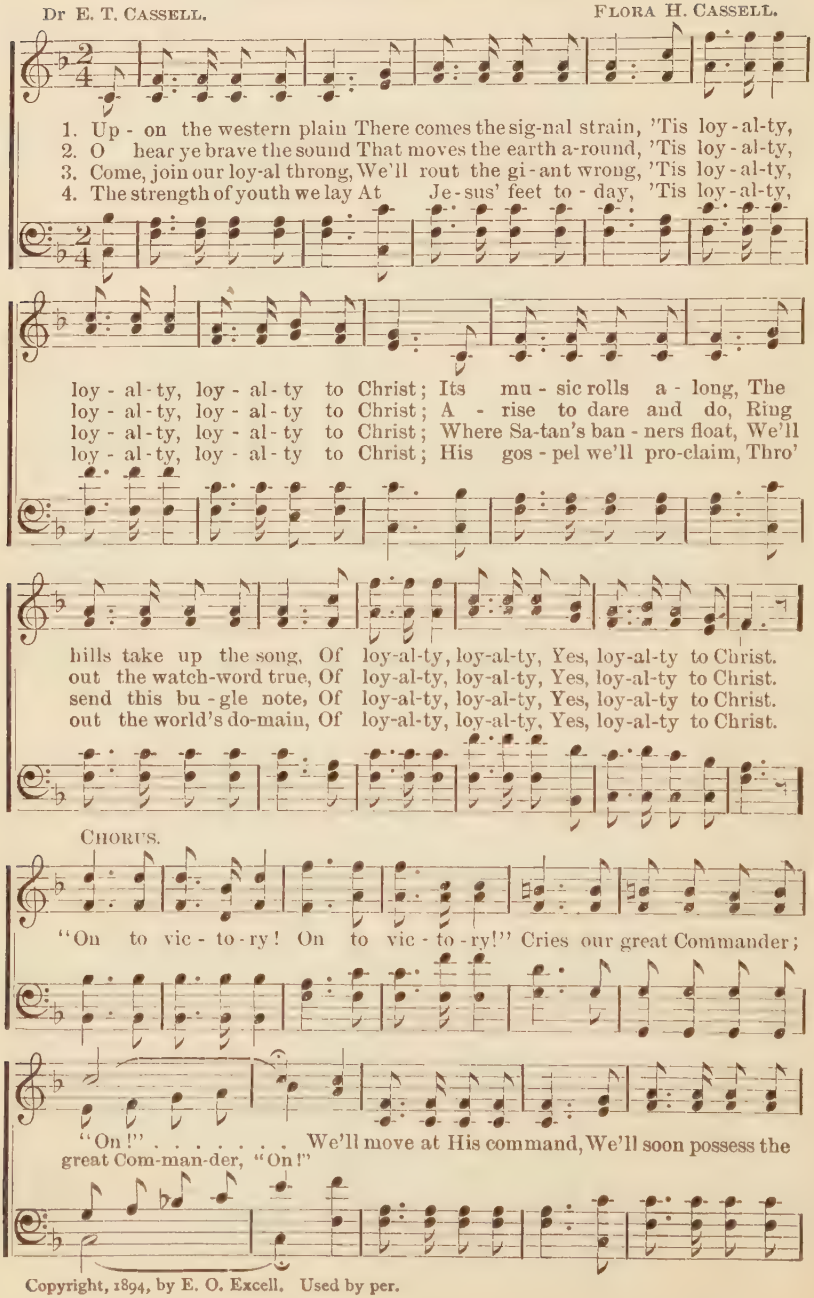

O'ersins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and promi - ses unkept,
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds—
And as we trace our wea - ry way, And count each lost and misspent day,
Ah, who shall, at the Saviour's feet, Be - fore the aw-ful judgment-seat,

And reap from years of strife— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
Then reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
We sad-ly find at last— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
Lay down for, gold-en sheaves,—Nothing but leaves? Nothing but leaves?

Used by per.

No. 112.

Loyalty to Christ.

"Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."—JOHN 2: 5.

Dr E. T. CASSELL. FLORA H. CASSELL.

1. Up - on the western plain There comes the sig-nal strain, 'Tis loy - al-ty,
2. O hear ye brave the sound That moves the earth a-round, 'Tis loy - al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the gi - ant wrong, 'Tis loy - al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to - day, 'Tis loy - al-ty,
loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The
loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring
loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's ban - ners float, We'll
loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll pro-claim, Thro'
hills take up the song, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.
out the watch-word true, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.
send this bu - gle note, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.
out the world's do-main, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.
CHORUS.
"On to vic - to - ry! On to vic - to - ry!" Cries our great Commander;
"On!" . . . . . We'll move at His command, We'll soon possess the
great Com-man-der, "On!"

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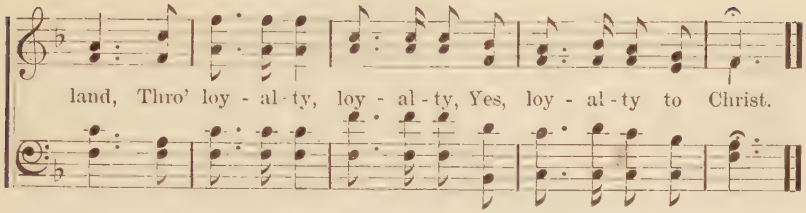
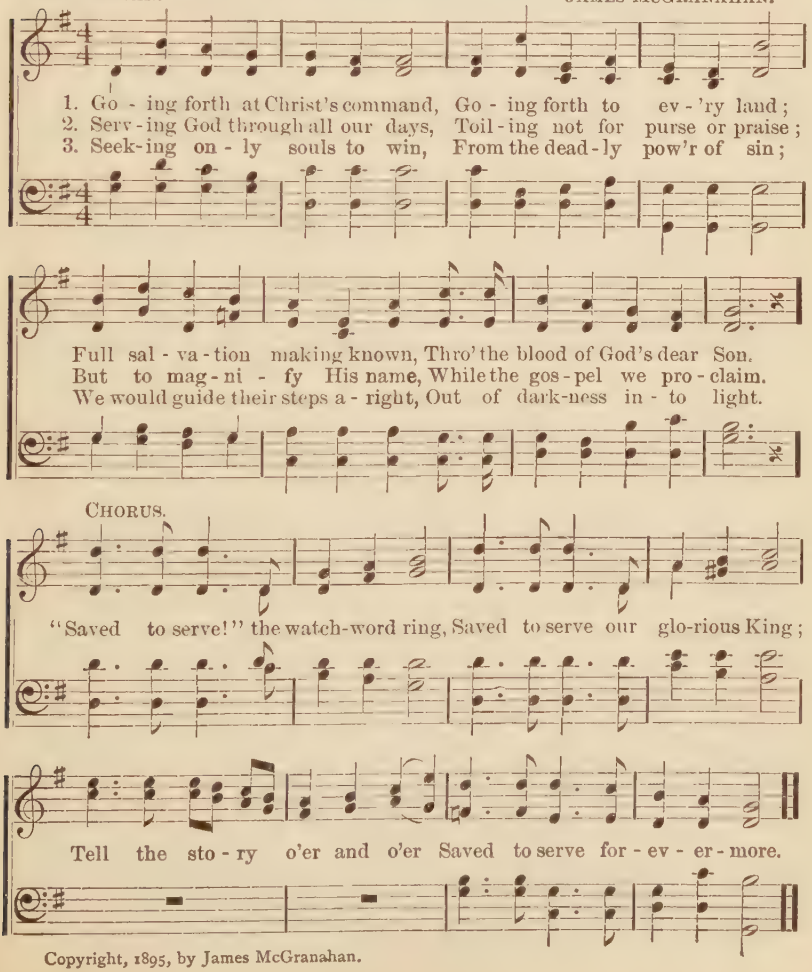


No. 113. Saved to Serve.

"Serve the Lord with gladness."—Psa. 100: 2.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.


1. Go - ing forth at Christ's command, Go - ing forth to ev - 'ry land;
2. Serv - ing God through all our days, Toil - ing not for purse or praise;
3. Seek - ing on - ly souls to win, From the dead - ly pow'r of sin;
Full sal - va - tion making known, Thro' the blood of God's dear Son.
But to mag - ni - fy His name, While the gos - pel we pro - claim.
We would guide their steps a - right, Out of dark - ness in - to light.
Chorus.
"Saved to serve!" the watch-word ring, Saved to serve our glo-rious King;
Tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er Saved to serve for - ev - er - more.

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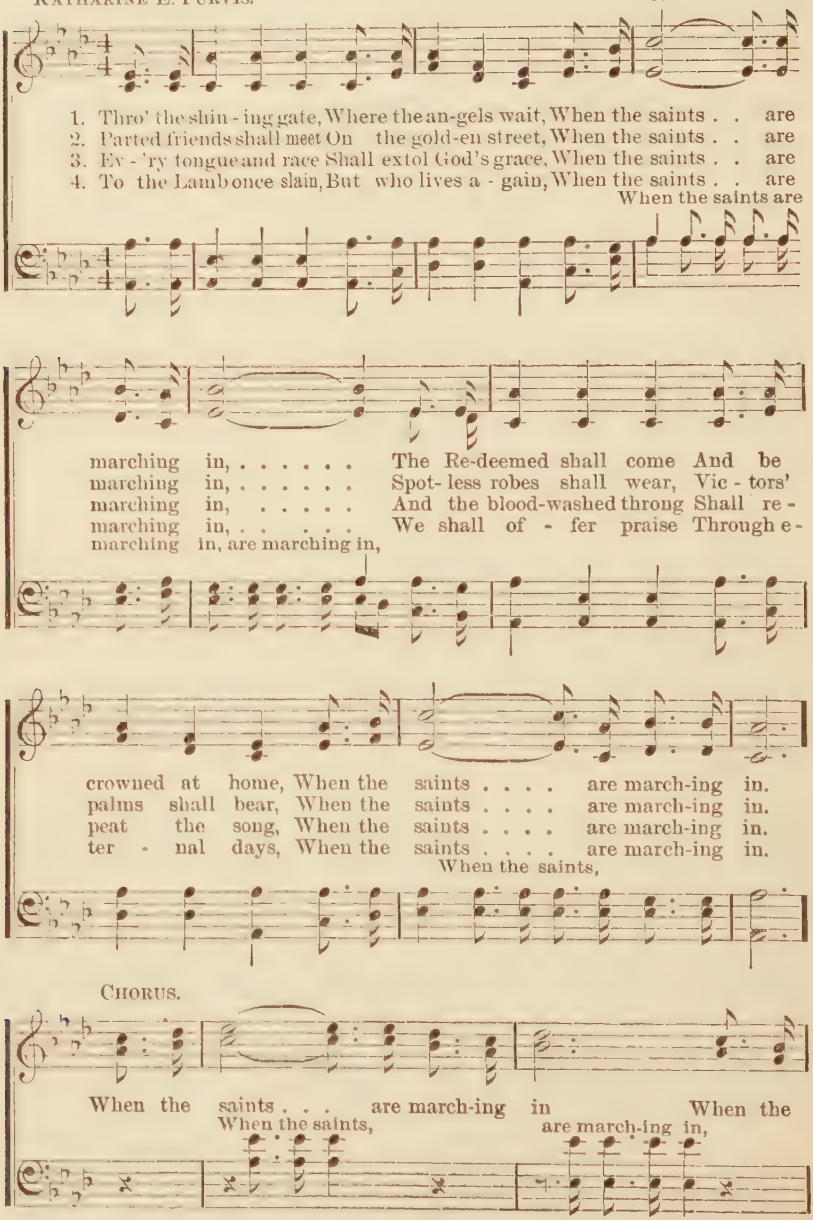
No. 114. When the Saints are Marching in.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs."—Isa. 35 : 10.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.

1. Thro' the shin - ing gate, Where the an-gels wait, When the saints . . are
2. Parted friends shall meet On the gold-en street, When the saints . . are
3. Ev - 'ry tongue and race Shall extol God's grace, When the saints . . are
4. To the Lamb once slain, But who lives a - gain, When the saints . . are
When the saints are
marching in, ... The Re-deemed shall come And be
marching in, ... Spot- less robes shall wear, Vic - tors'
marching in, ... And the blood-washed throng Shall re -
marching in, ... We shall of - fer praise Through e -
marching in, are marching in,
crowned at home, When the saints . . . . are march-ing in.
palms shall bear, When the saints . . . . are march-ing in.
peat the song, When the saints . . . . are march-ing in.
ter - nal days, When the saints . . . . are march-ing in.
When the saints,
CHORUS.
When the saints . . . are march-ing in When the
When the saints, are march-ing in,

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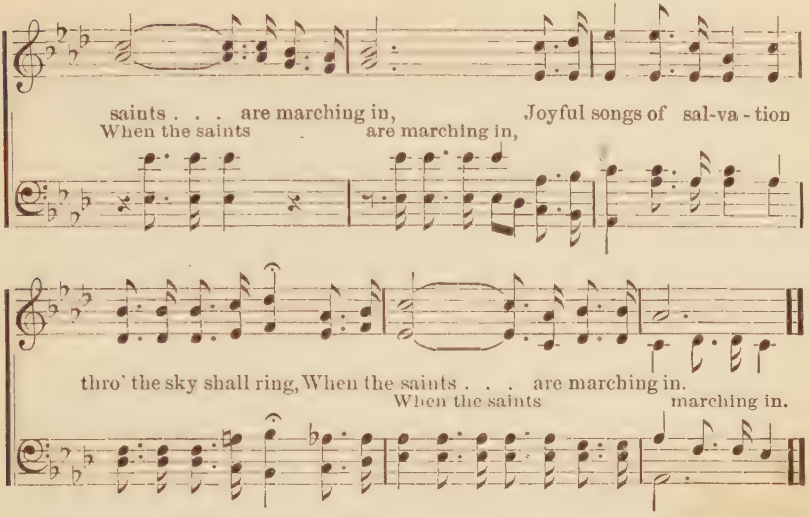
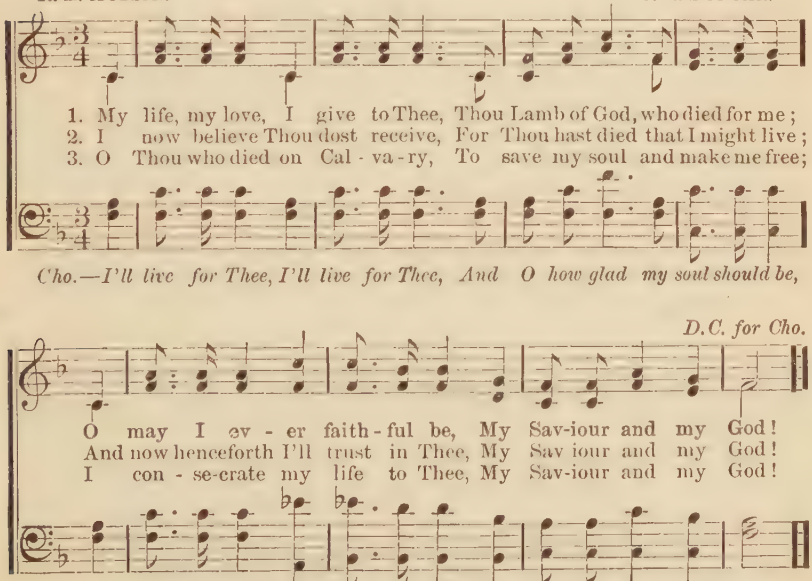

saints . . . are marching in, Joyful songs of sal-va-tion
When the saints are marching in,
thro' the sky shall ring, When the saints . . . are marching in.
When the saints marching in.

No. 115. I'll Live for Thee.

"Whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."—Rom. 14: 8.

R. E. Hudson. C. R. Dunbar.


1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free;
Cho.—I'll live for Thee, I'll live for Thee, And O how glad my soul should be,
D.C. for Cho.
O may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I con-se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
That Thou didst give Thy-self for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

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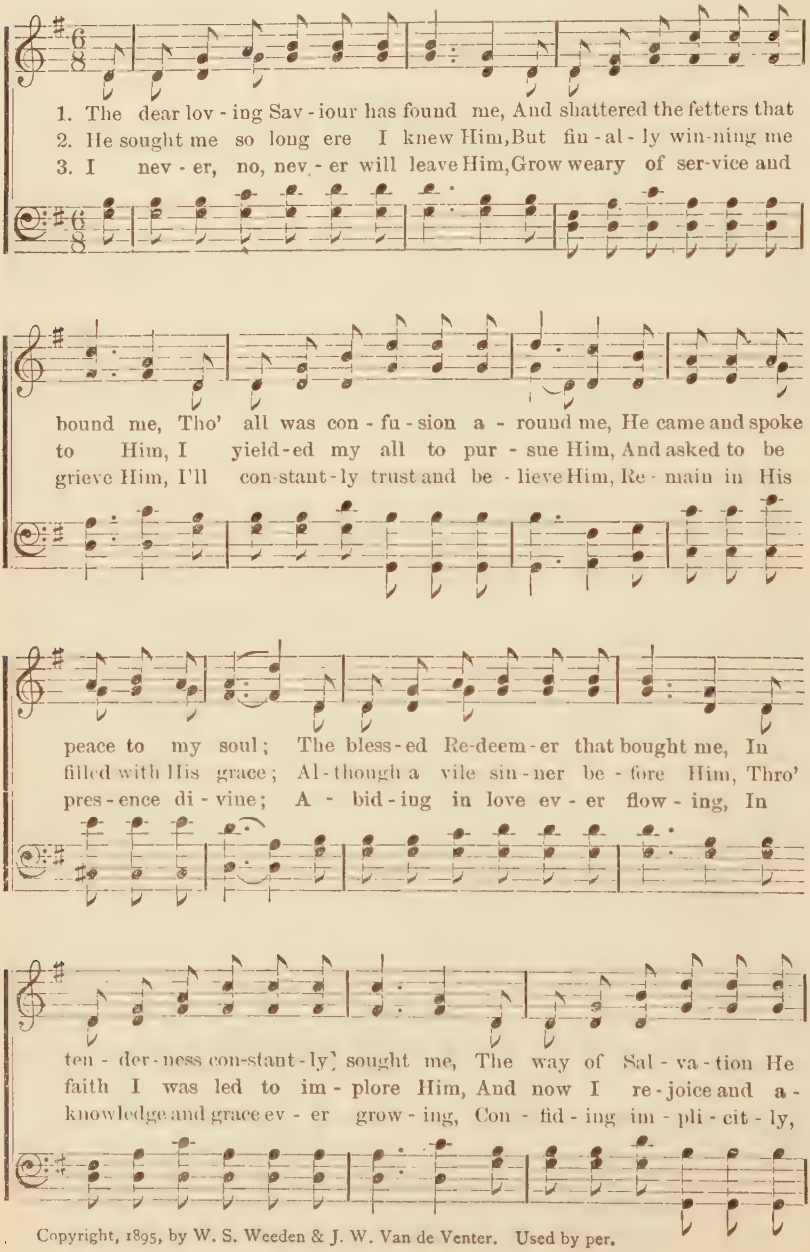
No. 116.

He Saves Me.

"By grace are ye saved through faith."—Eph. 2 : 8.

J. W. Van de Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. The dear lov - ing Sav - iour has found me, And shattered the fetters that
bound me, Tho' all was con - fu - sion a - round me, He came and spoke
peace to my soul; The bless - ed Re-deem - er that bought me, In
ten - der - ness con-stant - ly sought me, The way of Sal - va - tion He
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fin - al - ly win-ning me
to Him, I yield-ed my all to pur - sue Him, And asked to be
filled with His grace; Al - though a vile sin - ner be - fore Him, Thro'
faith I was led to im - plore Him, And now I re - joice and a -
3. I nev - er, no, nev - er will leave Him, Grow weary of ser-vice and
grieve Him, I'll con-stant - ly trust and be - lieve Him, Re - main in His
pres - ence di - vine; A - bid - ing in love ev - er flow - ing, In
knowledge and grace ev - er grow - ing, Con - fid - ing im - pli - cit - ly,

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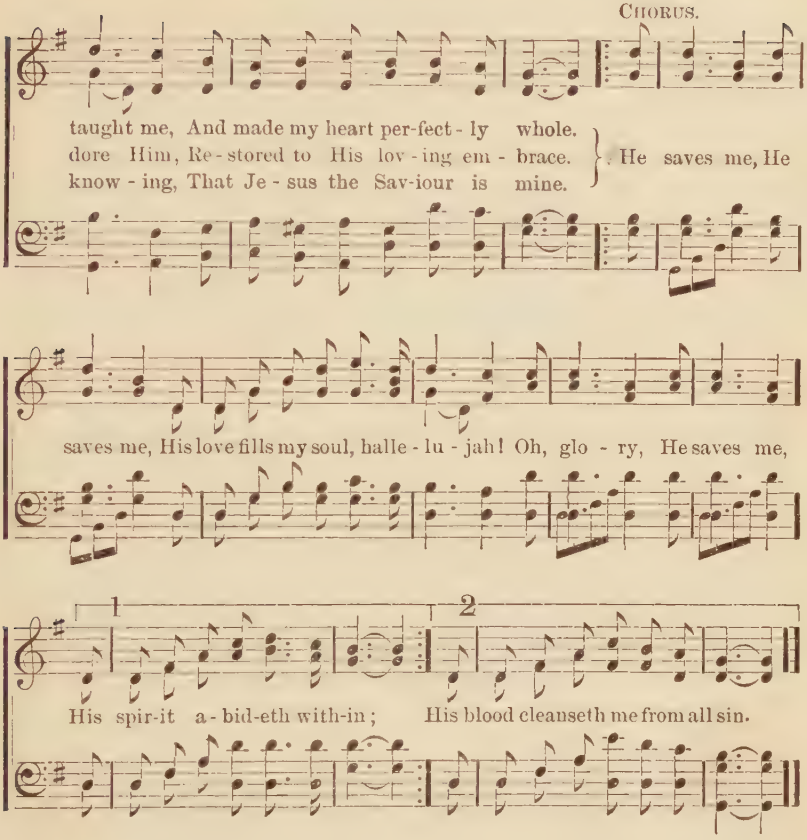
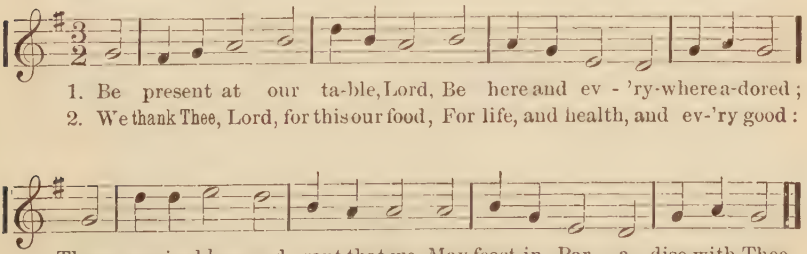
He Saves Me.—Concluded.

CHORUS.
taught me, And made my heart per-fect - ly whole.
dore Him, Re - stored to His lov - ing em - brace.
know - ing, That Je - sus the Sav-iour is mine.
He saves me, He
saves me, His love fills my soul, halle - lu - jah! Oh, glo - ry, He saves me,
1
2
His spir-it a - bid-eth with-in; His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

No. 117. Grace, before and after Meat.

(Rockingham. L. M.)

JOHN CENNICK. LOWELL MASON.

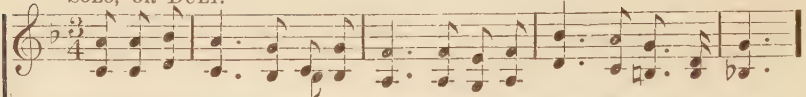

1. Be present at our ta-ble, Lord, Be here and ev - 'ry-where a-dored;
2. We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food, For life, and health, and ev-'ry good:
These mercies bless, and grant that we May feast in Par - a - dise with Thee.
Let man-na to our souls be given,-The Bread of Life sent down from heav'n.

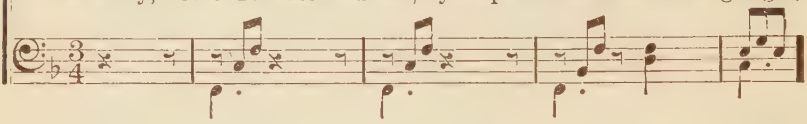
No. 118.

Saved by Grace.

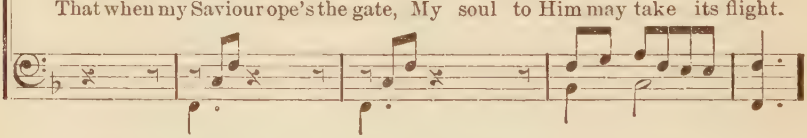
"By grace ye are saved."—Eph. 2: 5.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Solo, or Duet.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the golden sun Beneath the ro - sy-tint - ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,



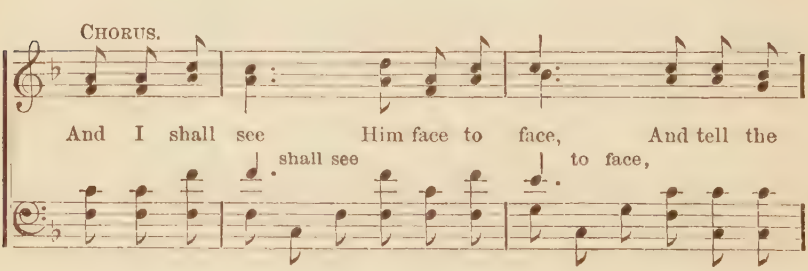
But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My blessèd Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en-ter in - to rest.
That when my Saviour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



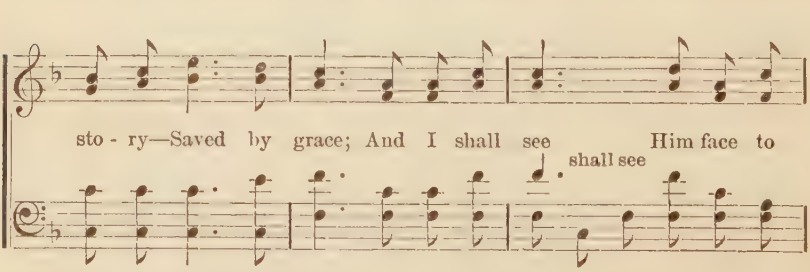
Chorus.

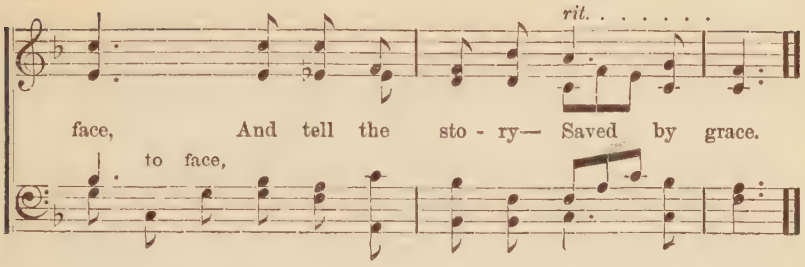
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the

shall see to face,



sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to

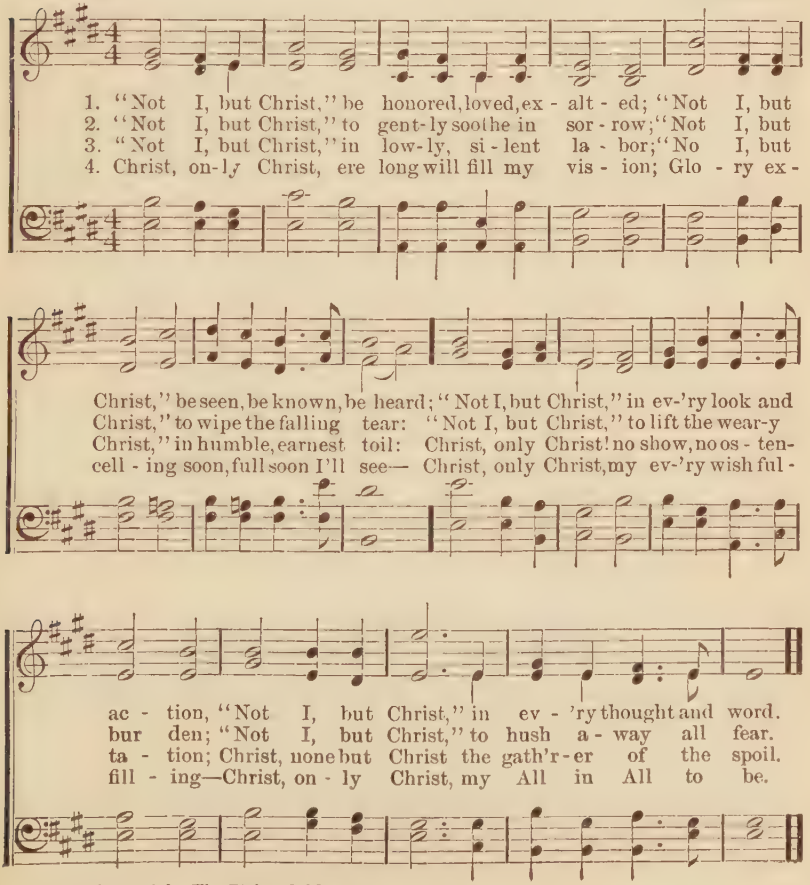
shall see

Copyright, 1894, by The Biglow & Main Co.



No. 119. "Not I, but Christ."

"Not I, but Christ liveth in me." GAL. 2: 20.

A. A. F. J. H. BURKE.


1. "Not I, but Christ," be honored, loved, ex - alt - ed; "Not I, but
2. "Not I, but Christ," to gent-ly soothe in sor - row; "Not I, but
3. "Not I, but Christ," in low-ly, si - lent la - bor; "No I, but
4. Christ, on-ly Christ, ere long will fill my vis - ion; Glo - ry ex -
Christ," be seen, be known, be heard; "Not I, but Christ," in ev-'ry look and
Christ," to wipe the falling tear: "Not I, but Christ," to lift the wear-y
Christ," in humble, earnest toil: Christ, only Christ! no show, no os - ten-
cell - ing soon, full soon I'll see— Christ, only Christ, my ev-'ry wish ful -
ac - tion, "Not I, but Christ," in ev - 'ry thought and word.
bur den; "Not I, but Christ," to hush a - way all fear.
ta - tion; Christ, none but Christ the gath'r-er of the spoil.
fill - ing—Christ, on - ly Christ, my All in All to be.

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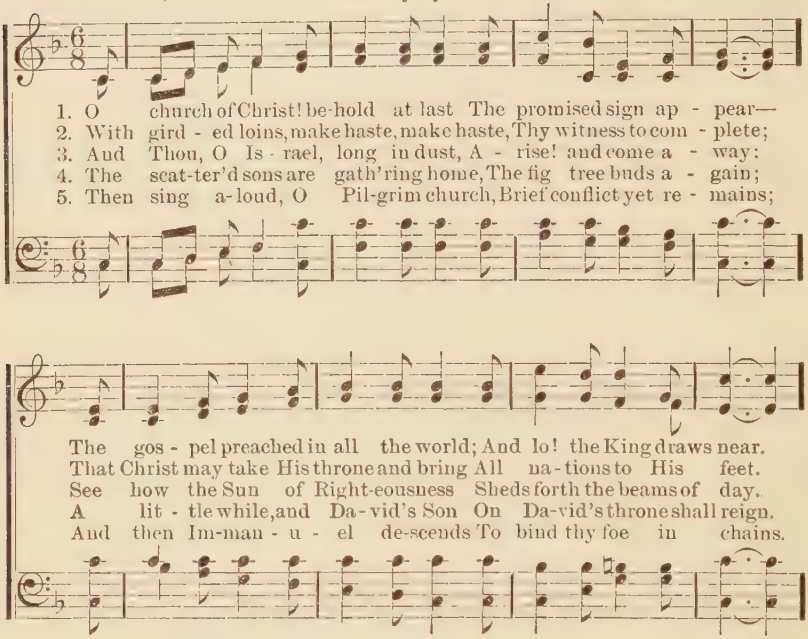
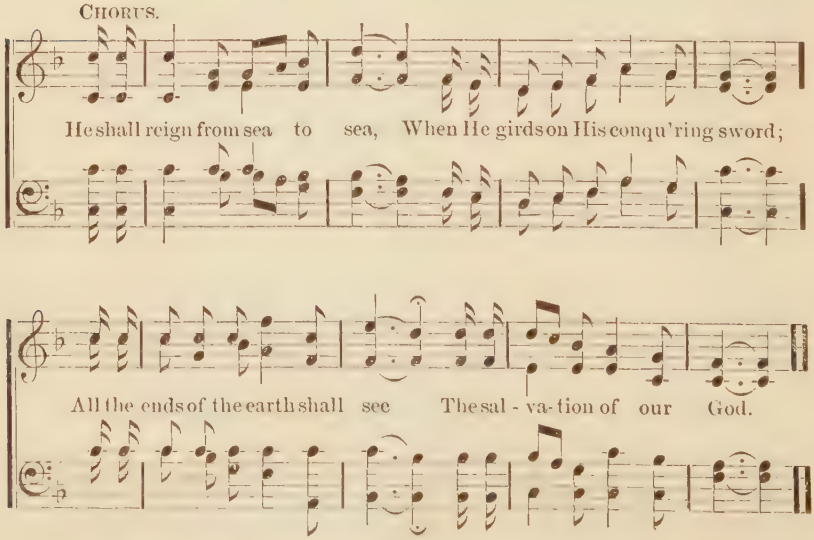
No. 120. He Shall Reign From Sea to Sea.

(Ps. 72: 8.)

A. J. GORDON, D.D. (Missionary Hymn.) JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. O church of Christ! be-hold at last The promised sign ap - pear—
2. With gird - ed loins, make haste, make haste, Thy witness to com - plete;
3. And Thou, O Is - rael, long in dust, A - rise! and come a - way:
4. The scat-ter'd sons are gath'ring home, The fig tree buds a - gain;
5. Then sing a-loud, O Pil-grim church, Brief conflict yet re - mains;
The gos - pel preached in all the world; And lo! the King draws near.
That Christ may take His throne and bring All na - tions to His feet.
See how the Sun of Right-eousness Sheds forth the beams of day.
A lit - tle while, and Da-vid's Son On Da-vid's throne shall reign.
And then Im-man - u - el de-scends To bind thy foe in chains.


CHORUS.
He shall reign from sea to sea, When He girds on His conqu'ring sword;
All the ends of the earth shall see The sal - va-tion of our God.

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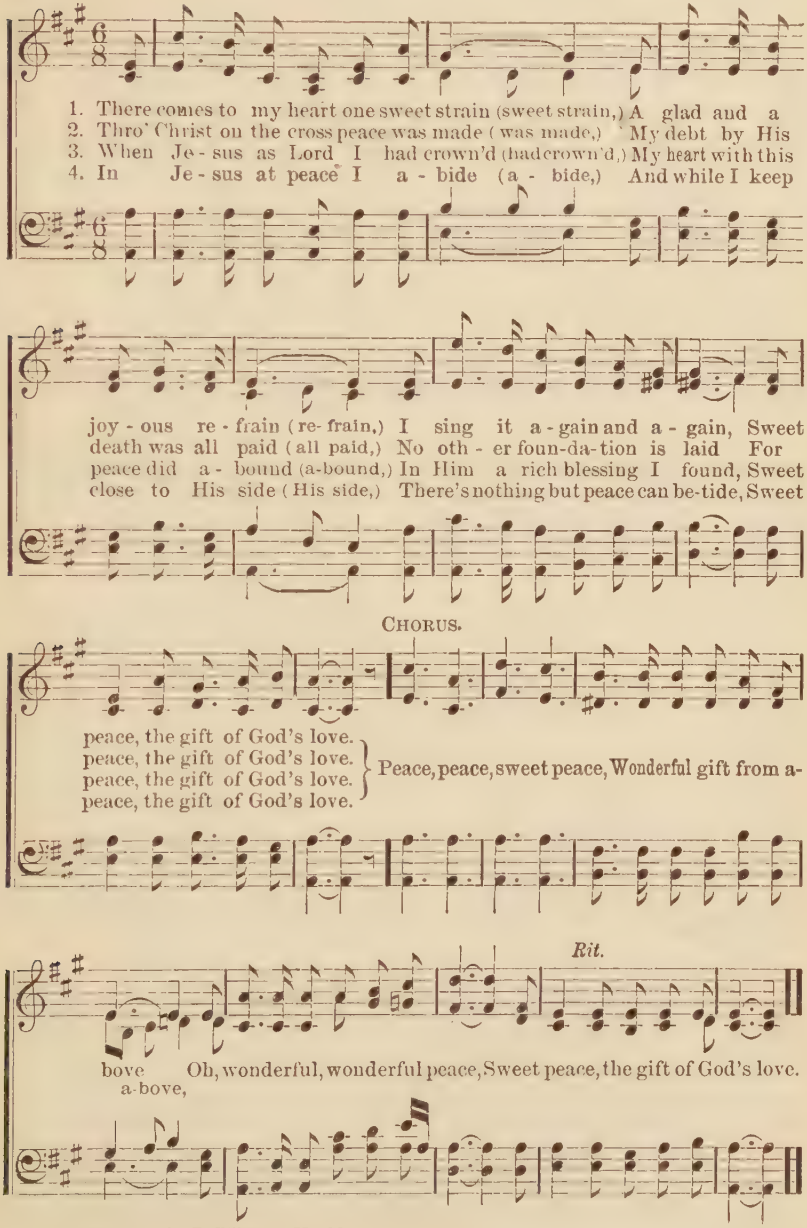
No. 121. Sweet Peace the Gift of God's Love.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace."—Gal. 5: 22.

P. B. PETER BILHORN.


1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain,) A glad and a
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made (was made,) My debt by His
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crown'd (had crown'd,) My heart with this
4. In Je - sus at peace I a - bide (a - bide,) And while I keep
joy - ous re - frain (re- frain,) I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet
death was all paid (all paid,) No oth - er foun-da-tion is laid For
peace did a - bound (a-bound,) In Him a rich blessing I found, Sweet
close to His side (His side,) There's nothing but peace can be-tide, Sweet
CHORUS.
peace, the gift of God's love.
peace, the gift of God's love.
peace, the gift of God's love.
peace, the gift of God's love.
Peace, peace, sweet peace, Wonderful gift from a-
Rit.
bove
a-bove,
Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

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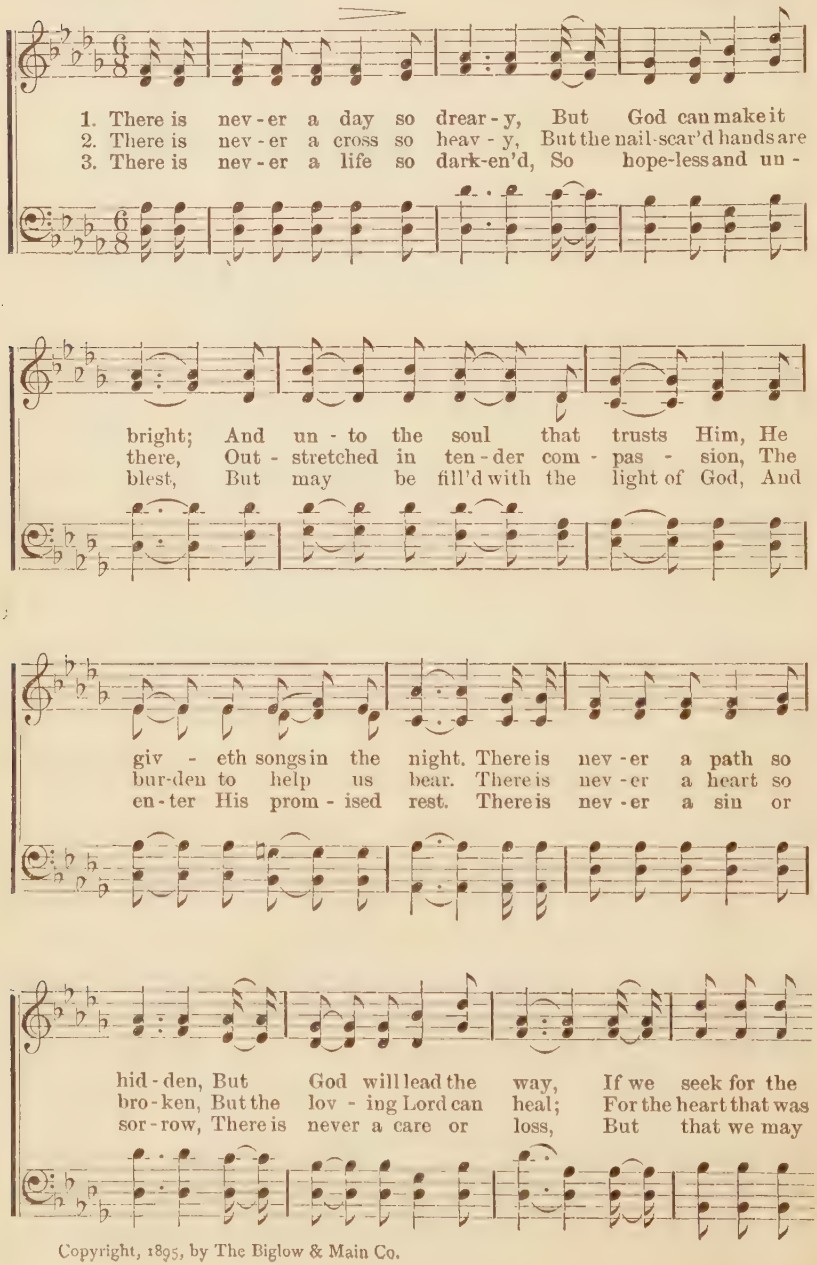
No. 122. There is Never a Day so Dreary.

"Who giveth songs in the night."—Job 35 : 10.

LILLA M. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. There is nev-er a day so drear-y, But God can make it bright; And un-to the soul that trusts Him, He giv-eth songs in the night. There is nev-er a path so hid-den, But God will lead the way, If we seek for the
2. There is nev-er a cross so heav-y, But the nail-scar'd hands are there, Out-stretched in ten-der com-pas-sion, The bur-den to help us bear. There is nev-er a heart so bro-ken, But the lov-ing Lord can heal; For the heart that was
3. There is nev-er a life so dark-en'd, So hope-less and un-blest, But may be fill'd with the light of God, And en-ter His prom-ised rest. There is nev-er a sin or sor-row, There is never a care or loss, But that we may

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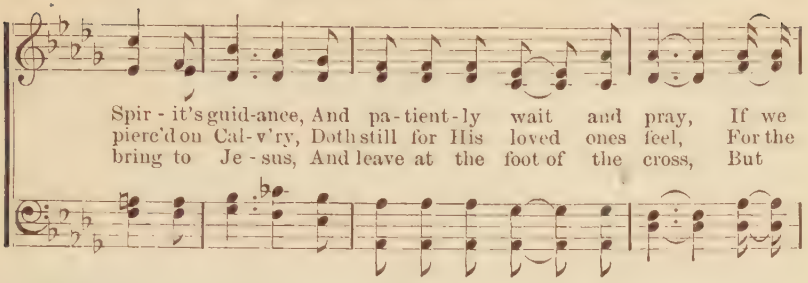
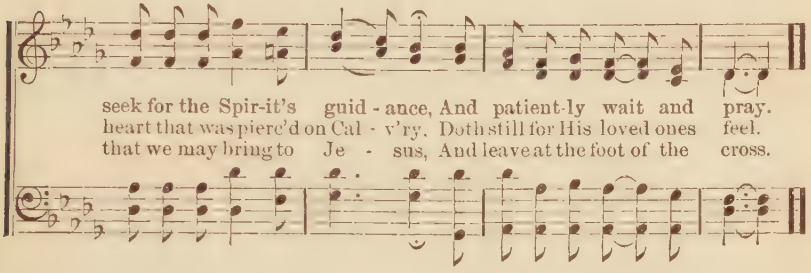
There is Never a Day.—Concluded.

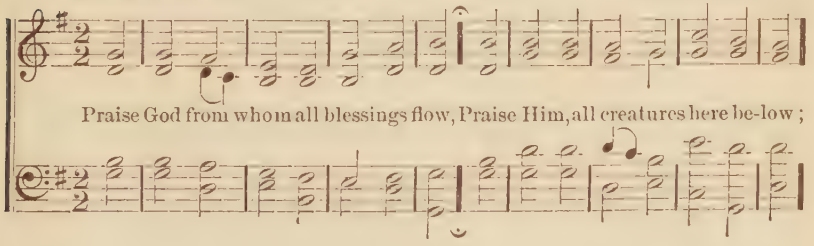
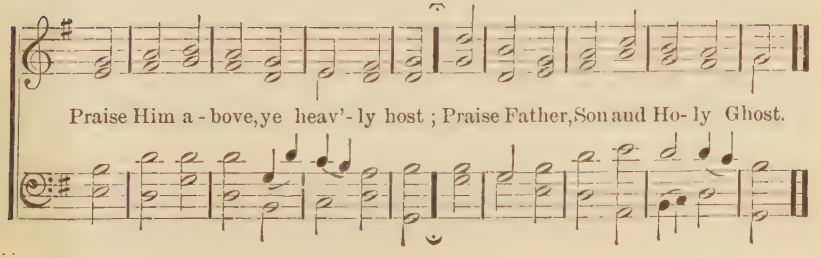

Spir - it's guid-ance, And pa-tient-ly wait and pray, If we
piere'd on Cal-v'ry, Doth still for His loved ones feel, For the
bring to Je - sus, And leave at the foot of the cross, But


seek for the Spir-it's guid - ance, And patient-ly wait and pray.
heart that was piere'd on Cal - v'ry, Doth still for His loved ones feel.
that we may bring to Je - sus, And leave at the foot of the cross.

No. 123. Praise God from Whom.

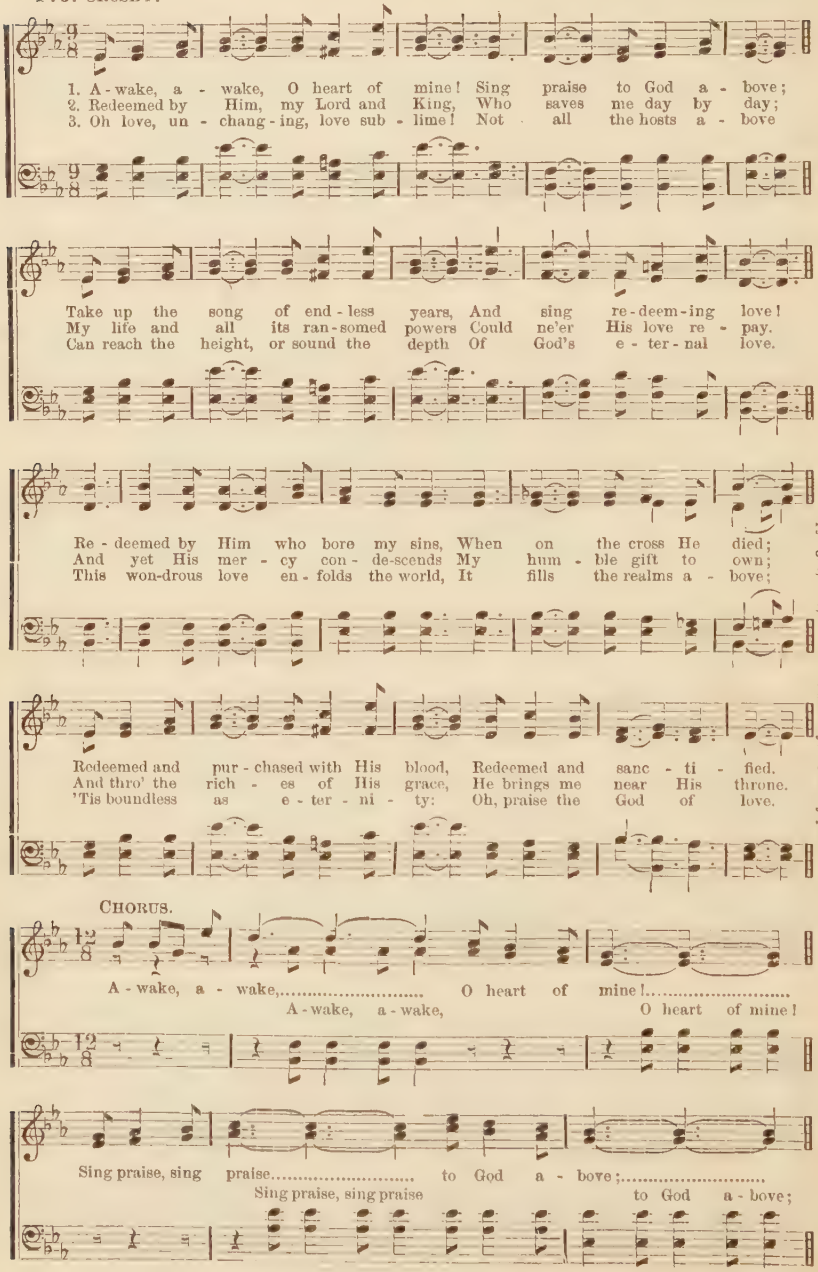
(Old Hundred. L. M.)

Rev. Thomas Ken. L. Bourgeois.



No. 124. Awake, Awake, O Heart of Mine!

F. J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. A - wake, a - wake, O heart of mine! Sing praise to God a - bove;
2. Redeemed by Him, my Lord and King, Who saves me day by day;
3. Oh love, un - chang - ing, love sub - lime! Not all the hosts a - bove
Take up the song of end - less years, And sing re - deem - ing love!
My life and all its ran - somed powers Could ne'er His love re - pay.
Can reach the height, or sound the depth Of God's e - ter - nal love.
Re - deemed by Him who bore my sins, When on the cross He died;
And yet His mer - cy con - de-scends My hum - ble gift to own;
This won-drous love en - folds the world, It fills the realms a - bove;
Redeemed and pur - chased with His blood, Redeemed and sanc - ti - fied.
And thro' the rich - es of His grace, He brings me near His throne.
'Tis boundless as e - ter - ni - ty: Oh, praise the God of love.
CHORUS.
A - wake, a - wake,..... O heart of mine!.....
A - wake, a - wake, O heart of mine!
Sing praise, sing praise..... to God a - bove;.....
Sing praise, sing praise to God a - bove;

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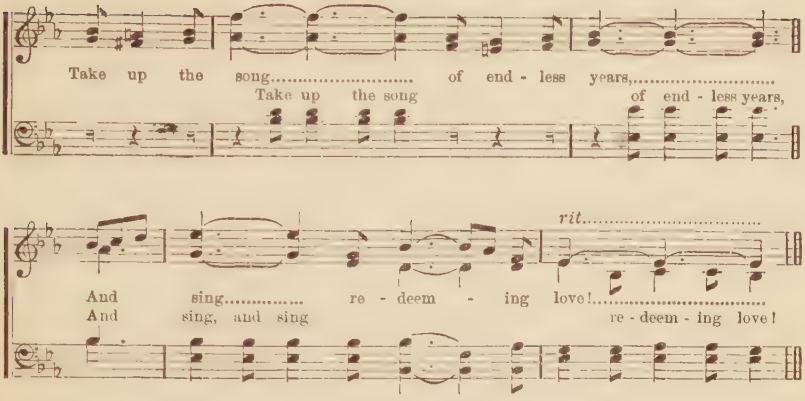
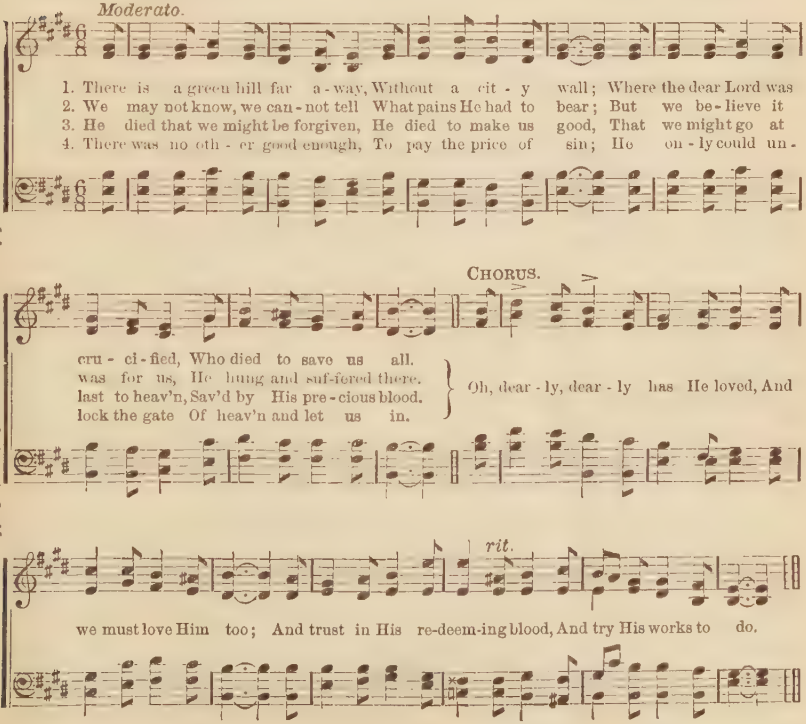

Take up the song..... of end - less years,.....
Take up the song of end - less years,
rit.....
And sing..... re - deem - ing love!.....
And sing, and sing re - deem - ing love!

No. 125. There is a Green Hill far away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


Moderato.
1. There is a green hill far a - way, Without a cit - y wall; Where the dear Lord was
2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear; But we be - lieve it
3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good, That we might go at
4. There was no oth - er good enough, To pay the price of sin; He on - ly could un -
CHORUS.
cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
was for us, He hung and suf-fered there.
last to heav'n, Sav'd by His pre - cious blood.
lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.
Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And
rit.
we must love Him too; And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

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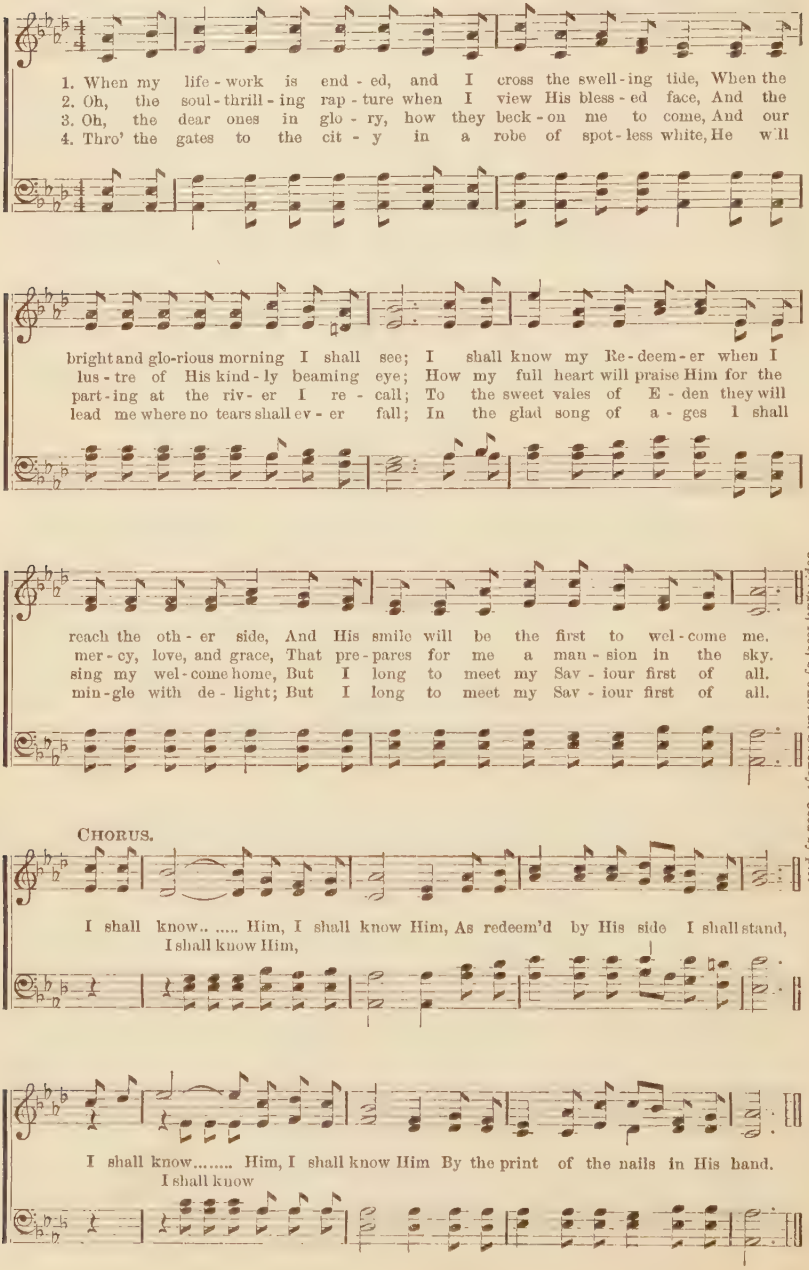
No. 126. My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white, He will
bright and glo-rious morning I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
lus-tre of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears shall ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall
reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer-cy, love, and grace, That pre-pares for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home, But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
CHORUS.
I shall know.. ..... Him, I shall know Him, As redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him,
I shall know..... Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know

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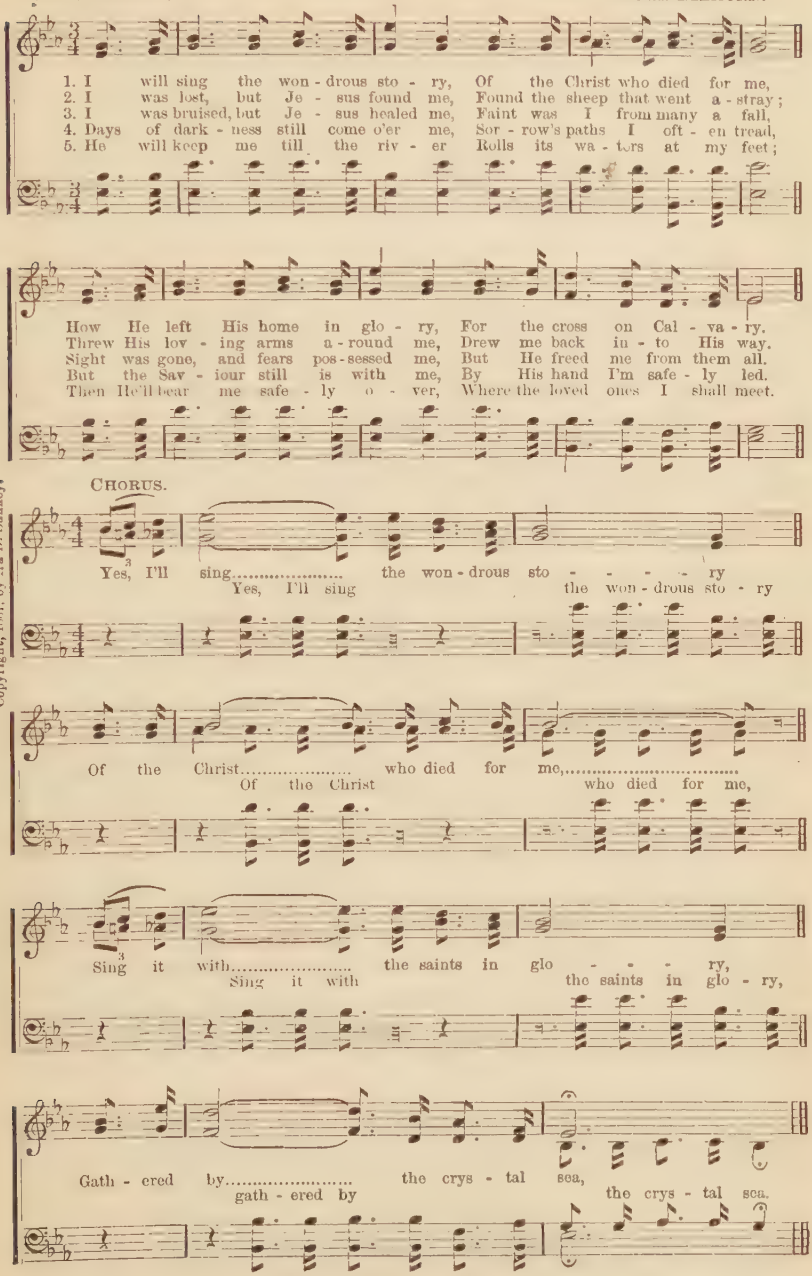
No. 127. I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

F. H. ROWLEY. PETER BILHORN.

1. I will sing the won - drous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray;
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;
How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears pos - sessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.
CHORUS.
Yes, I'll sing..... the won - drous sto - - - - ry
Yes, I'll sing the won - drous sto - ry
Of the Christ..... who died for me,.....
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with..... the saints in glo - - - ry,
Sing it with the saints in glo - ry,
Gath - ered by..... the crys - tal sea,
gath - ered by the crys - tal sea.

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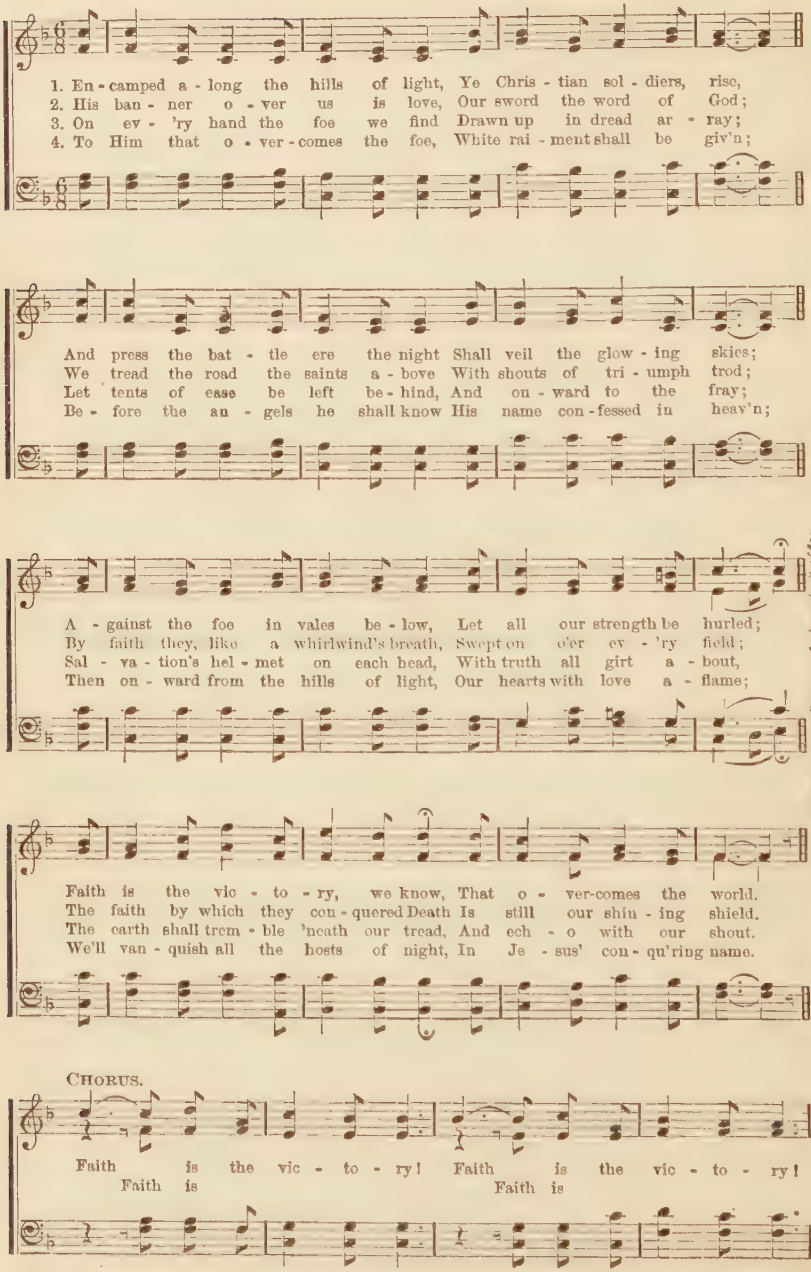
No. 128. Faith is the Victory.

JOHN H. YATES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. En - camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris - tian sol - diers, rise,
2. His ban - ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the word of God;
3. On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;
4. To Him that o - ver - comes the foe, White rai - ment shall be giv'n;
And press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies;
We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod;
Let tents of ease be left be - hind, And on - ward to the fray;
Be - fore the an - gels he shall know His name con - fessed in heav'n;
A - gainst the foe in vales be - low, Let all our strength be hurled;
By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;
Sal - va - tion's hel - met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
Then on - ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame;
Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - ver-comes the world.
The faith by which they con - quered Death Is still our shin - ing shield.
The earth shall trem - ble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.
We'll van - quish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' con - qu'ring name.
CHORUS.
Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!
Faith is Faith is

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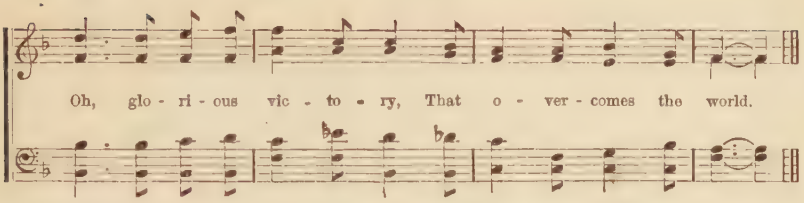
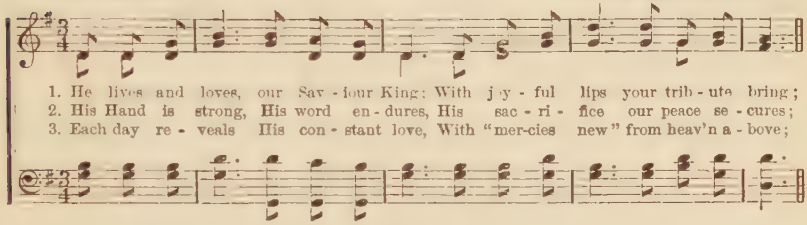
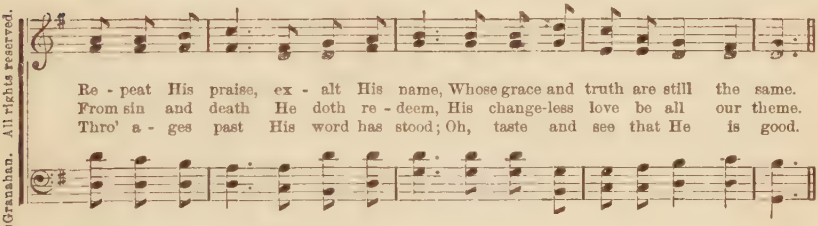
Faith is the Victory.—Concluded.



No. 129. Our Saviour King.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. He lives and loves, our Sav - iour King; With joy - ful lips your trib - ute bring;
2. His Hand is strong, His word en - dures, His sac - ri - fice our peace se - cures;
3. Each day re - veals His con - stant love, With "mer-cies new" from heav'n a - bove;


Re - peat His praise, ex - alt His name, Whose grace and truth are still the same.
From sin and death He doth re - deem, His change-less love be all our theme.
Thro' a - ges past His word has stood; Oh, taste and see that He is good.

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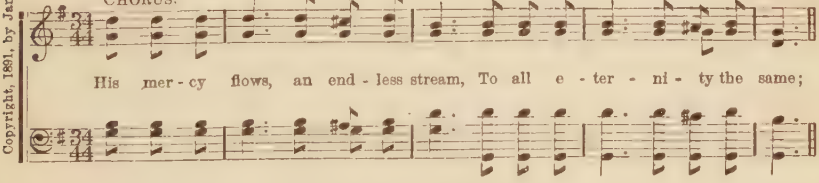
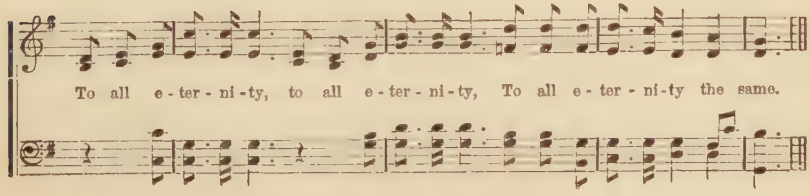
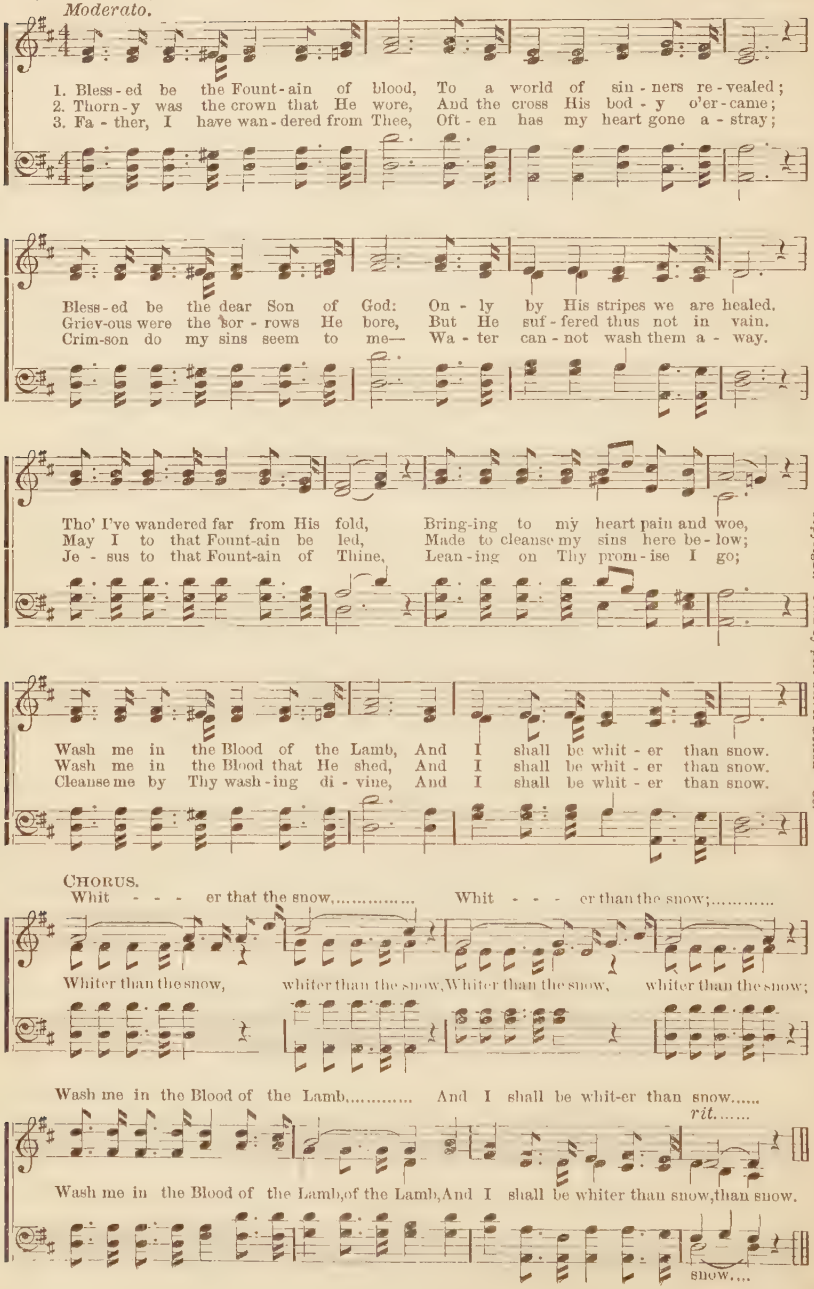




No. 130. Blessed be the Fountain.

E. R. LATTA. *Moderato.* H. S. PERKINS.

1. Bless-ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wan-dered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God: On-ly by His stripes we are healed.
Griev-ous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa-ter can-not wash them a-way.
Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fount-ain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;
Je-sus to that Fount-ain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise I go;
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
CHORUS.
Whit - - - er that the snow,..... Whit - - - er than the snow;.....
Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow;
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb..... And I shall be whit-er than snow.....
rit.....
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow, than snow.
snow....

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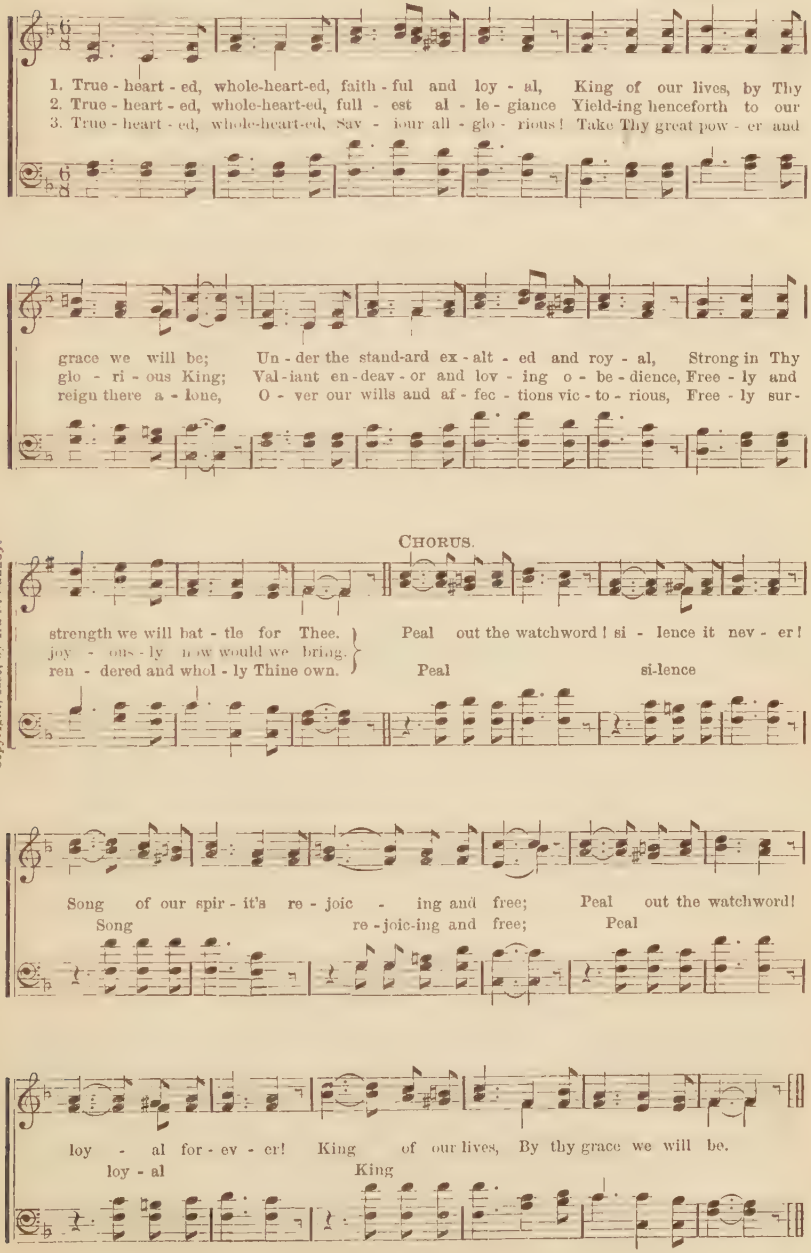
No. 131. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. True - heart - ed, whole-heart-ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True - heart - ed, whole-heart-ed, full - est al - le - giance Yield-ing henceforth to our
3. True - heart - ed, whole-heart-ed, Sav - iour all - glo - rious! Take Thy great pow - er and
grace we will be; Un - der the stand-ard ex - alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy
glo - ri - ous King; Val-iant en-deav - or and lov - ing o - be - dience, Free - ly and
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af - fec - tions vic - to - rious, Free - ly sur -
CHORUS.
strength we will bat - tle for Thee.
joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
ren - dered and whol - ly Thine own.
Peal out the watchword! si - lence it nev - er!
Peal si-lence
Song of our spir - it's re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the watchword!
Song re - joic-ing and free; Peal
loy - al for - ev - er! King of our lives, By thy grace we will be.
loy - al King

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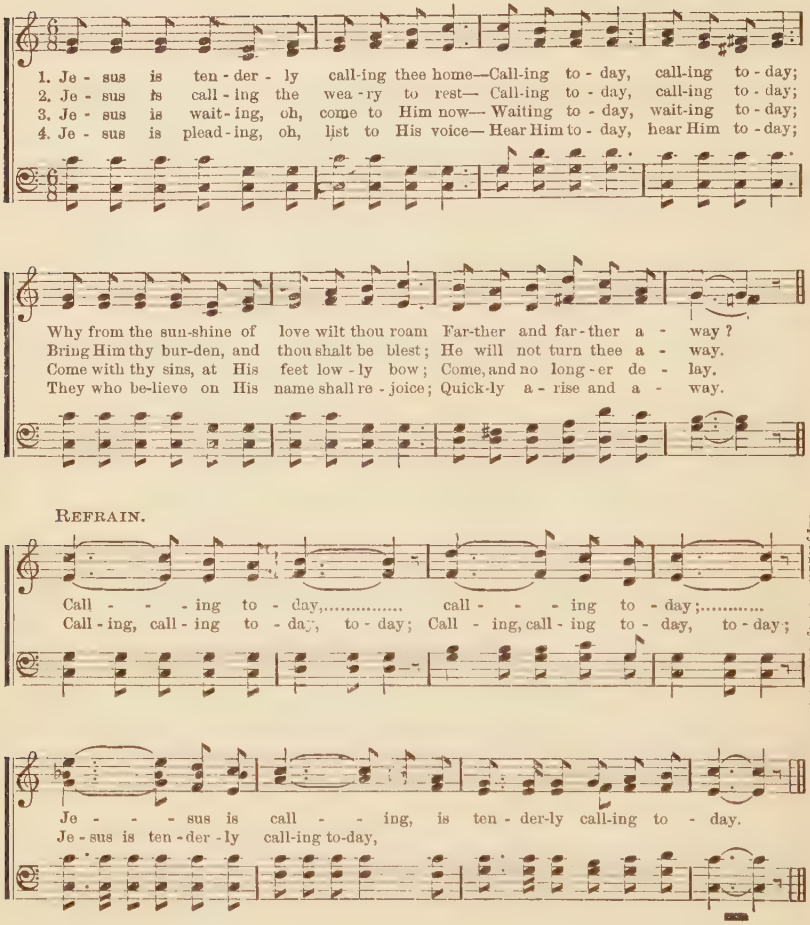
No. 132. Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing thee home—Call-ing to - day, call-ing to - day;
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest— Call-ing to - day, call-ing to - day;
3. Je - sus is wait - ing, oh, come to Him now— Waiting to - day, wait-ing to - day;
4. Je - sus is plead - ing, oh, list to His voice— Hear Him to - day, hear Him to - day;
Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no long - er de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re - joice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.
REFRAIN.
Call - - - ing to - day,..... call - - - ing to - day;.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;
Je - - - sus is call - - - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to-day,

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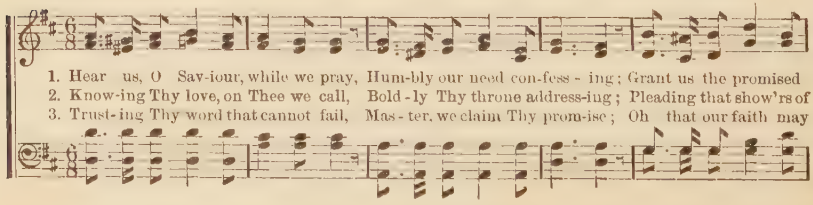
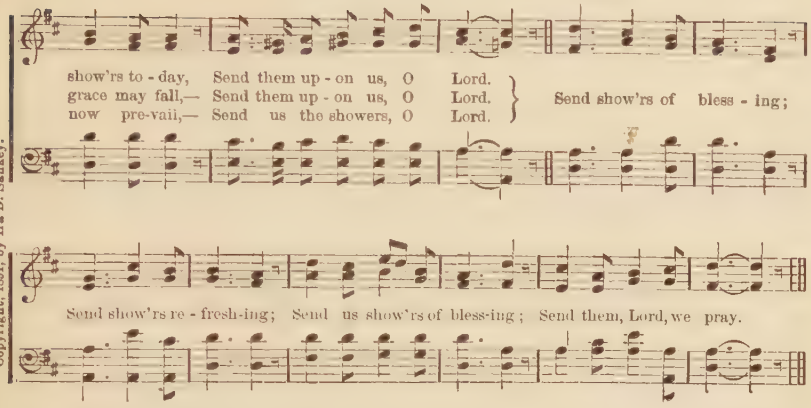
No. 133. Hear us, O Saviour.

CHARLES BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Hear us, O Sav-iour, while we pray, Hum-bly our need con-fess - ing; Grant us the promised
2. Know-ing Thy love, on Thee we call, Bold - ly Thy throne address-ing; Pleading that show'rs of
3. Trust-ing Thy word that cannot fail, Mas - ter, we claim Thy prom-ise; Oh that our faith may

Hear us, O Saviour.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.
show'rs to - day, Send them up - on us, O Lord.
grace may fall,— Send them up - on us, O Lord.
now pre-vail,— Send us the showers, O Lord.
Send show'rs of bless - ing;
Send show'rs re - fresh-ing; Send us show'rs of bless-ing; Send them, Lord, we pray.

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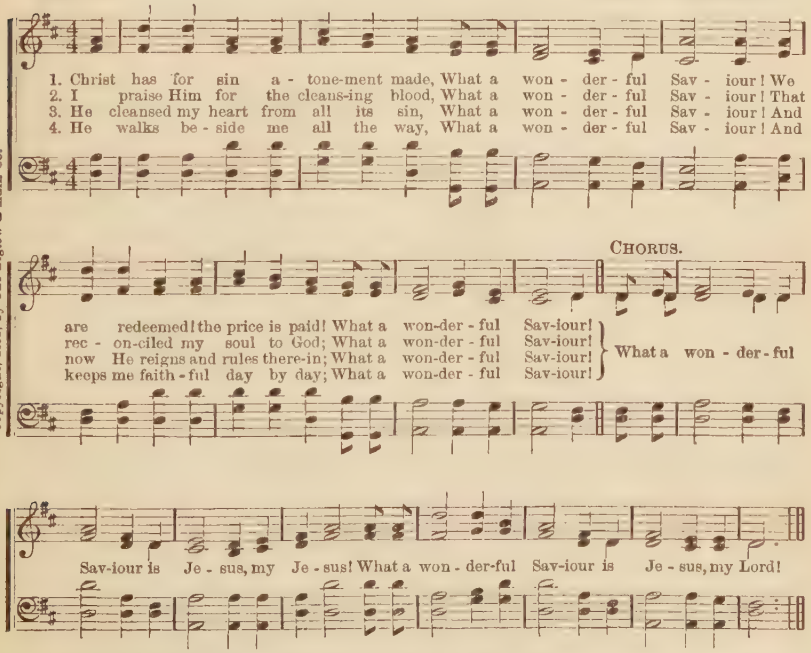
No. 134. What a Wonderful Saviour!

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Christ has for sin a - tone-ment made, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! We
2. I praise Him for the cleans-ing blood, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! That
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! And
4. He walks be - side me all the way, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! And
CHORUS.
are redeemed! the price is paid! What a won-der - ful Sav-iour!
rec - on-ciled my soul to God; What a won-der - ful Sav-iour!
now He reigns and rules there-in; What a won-der - ful Sav-iour!
keeps me faith - ful day by day; What a won-der - ful Sav-iour!
What a won - der - ful
Sav-iour is Je - sus, my Je - sus! What a won - der-ful Sav-iour is Je - sus, my Lord!

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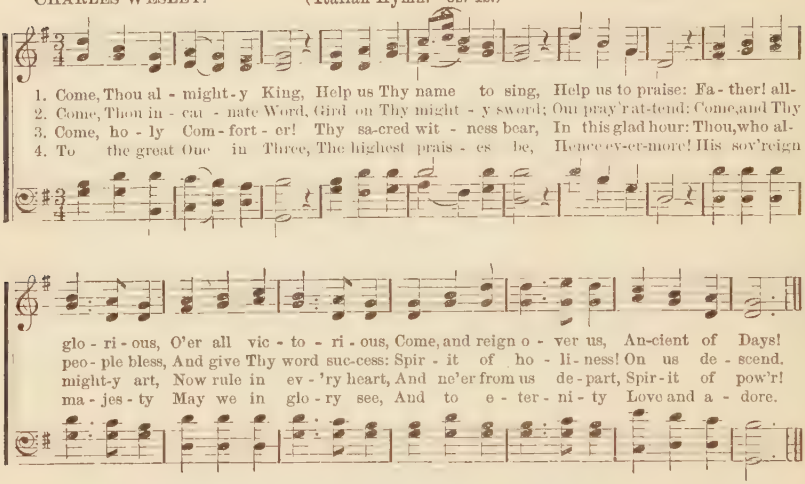
5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Saviour!
And triumph in each trying hour;
What a wonderful Saviour!

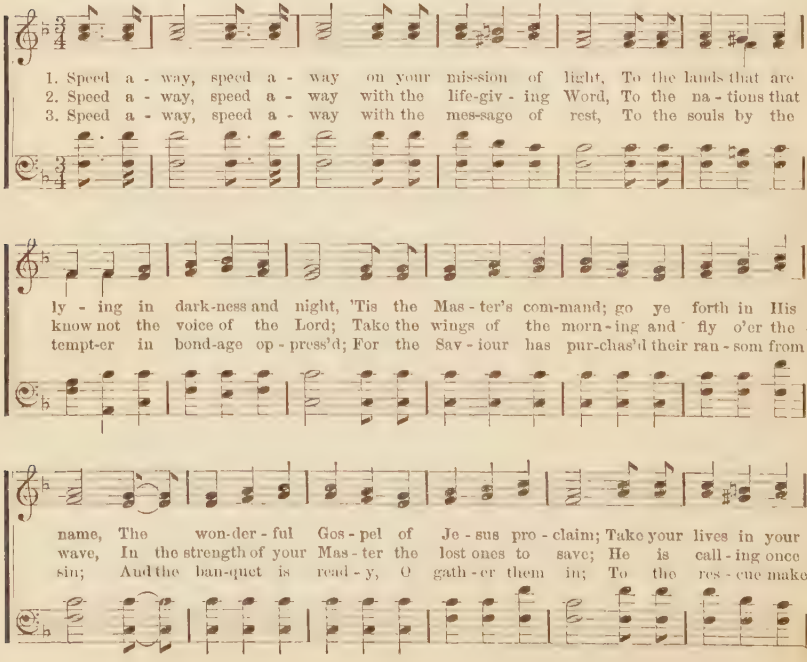
6 To Him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Saviour!
The world shall never share a part;
What a wonderful Saviour!

No. 135. Come, Thou Almighty King.

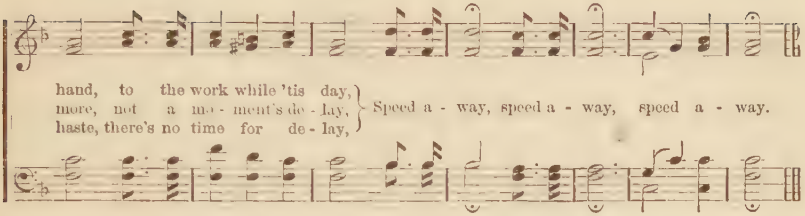
CHARLES WESLEY. (Italian Hymn, 6s, 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.


1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther! all-
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at-tend: Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais - es be, Hence-ev-er-more! His sov'reign
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
might-y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
ma - jes - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

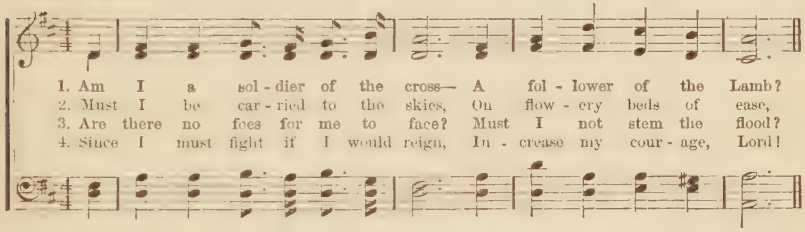
No. 136. Speed Away.

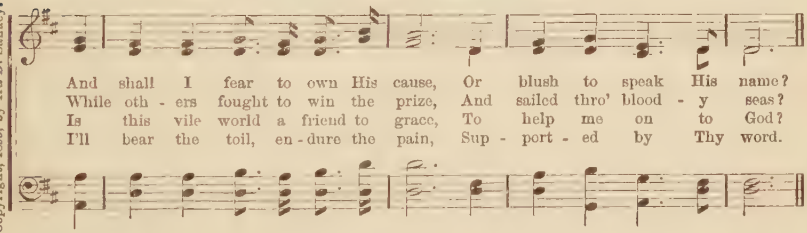
F. J. CROSBY. I. B. WOODBURY, arr.

1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis-sion of light, To the lands that are
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life-giv - ing Word, To the na - tions that
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes-sage of rest, To the souls by the
ly - ing in dark-ness and night, 'Tis the Mas - ter's com-mand; go ye forth in His
know not the voice of the Lord; Take the wings of the morn - ing and fly o'er the
tempt-er in bond-age op - press'd; For the Sav - iour has pur-chas'd their ran - som from
name, The won-der - ful Gos - pel of Je - sus pro - claim; Take your lives in your
wave, In the strength of your Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once
sin; And the ban-quet is read - y, O gath - er them in; To the res - cue make

Words and Har. Copyright, 1890, by Ira D. Sankey.

Speed Away.—Concluded.

No. 137. A Soldier of the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A fol - lower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies, On flow - ery beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord!


And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

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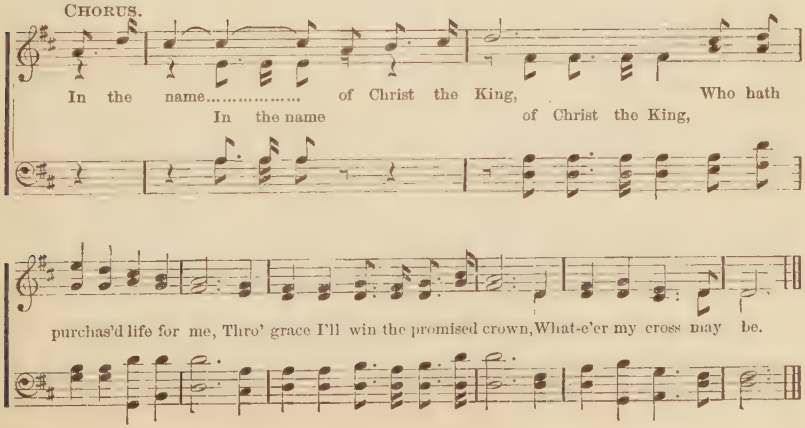
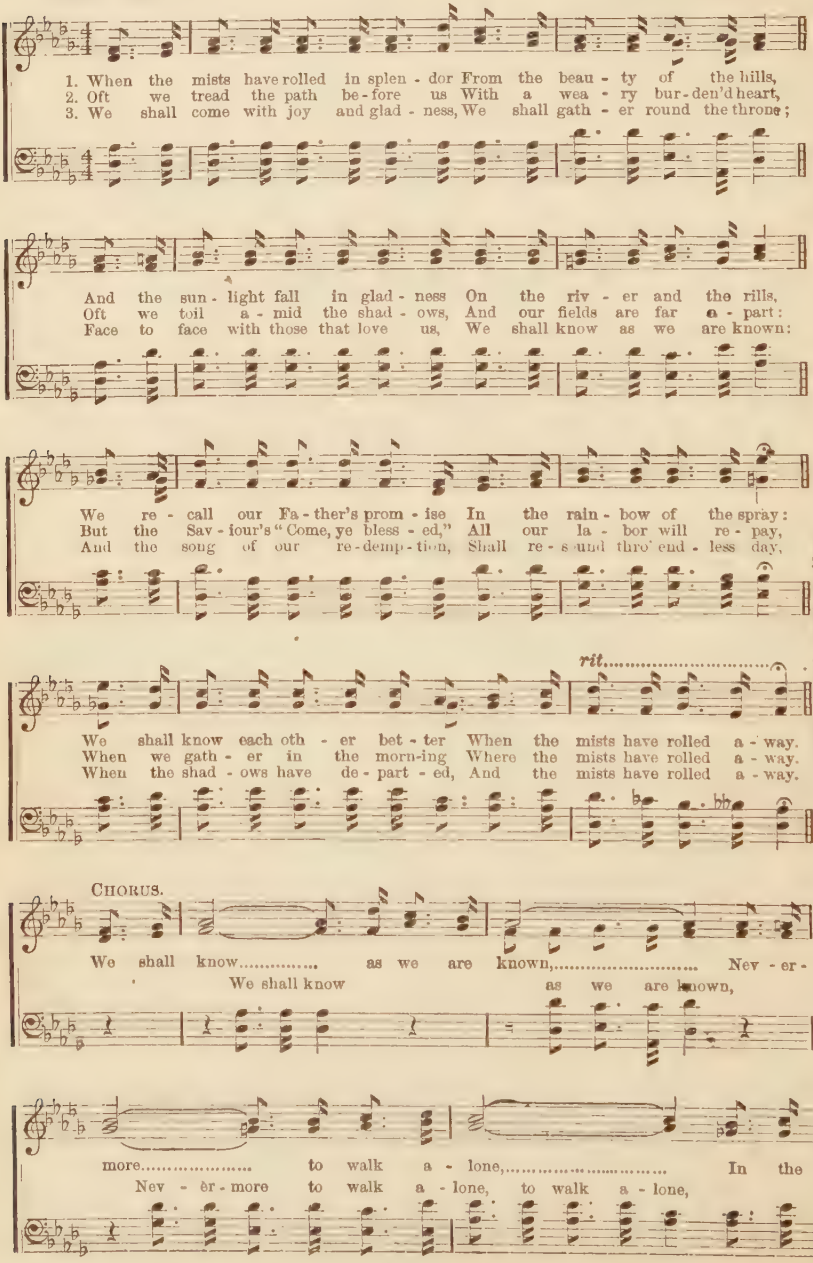
CHORUS.


In the name..... of Christ the King, Who hath
In the name of Christ the King,
purchas'd life for me, Thro' grace I'll win the promised crown, What-e'er my cross may be.

No. 138. When the Mists Have Rolled Away.

ANNIE HERBERT. Arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills,
2. Oft we tread the path be - fore us With a wea - ry bur - den'd heart,
3. We shall come with joy and glad - ness, We shall gath - er round the throne;
And the sun - light fall in glad - ness On the riv - er and the rills,
Oft we toil a - mid the shad - ows, And our fields are far a - part:
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known:
We re - call our Fa - ther's prom - ise In the rain - bow of the spray:
But the Sav - iour's "Come, ye bless - ed," All our la - bor will re - pay,
And the song of our re - demp - tion, Shall re - sound thro' end - less day,
rit.
We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have rolled a - way.
When we gath - er in the morn-ing Where the mists have rolled a - way.
When the shad - ows have de - part - ed, And the mists have rolled a - way.
CHORUS.
We shall know..... as we are known,..... Nev - er -
We shall know as we are known,
more..... to walk a - lone,..... In the
Nev - er - more to walk a - lone, to walk a - lone,

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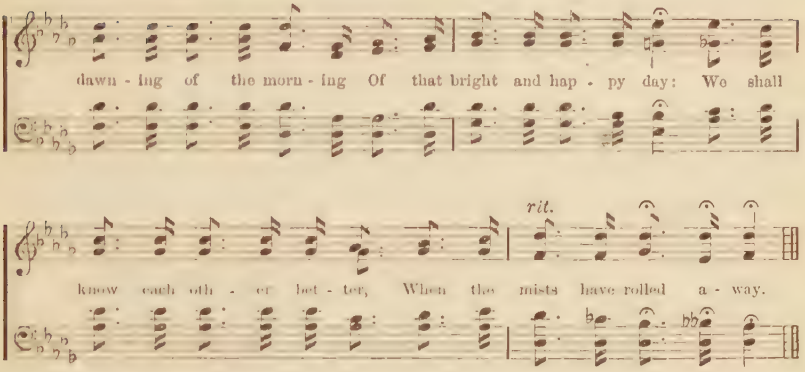
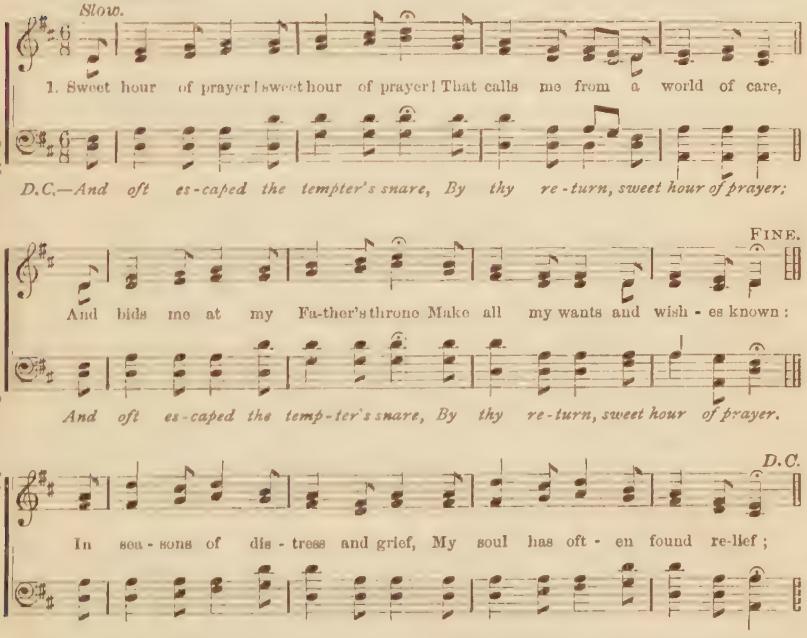


No. 139. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.


Slow.
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer;
FINE.
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known:
And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
D.C.
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re-lief;

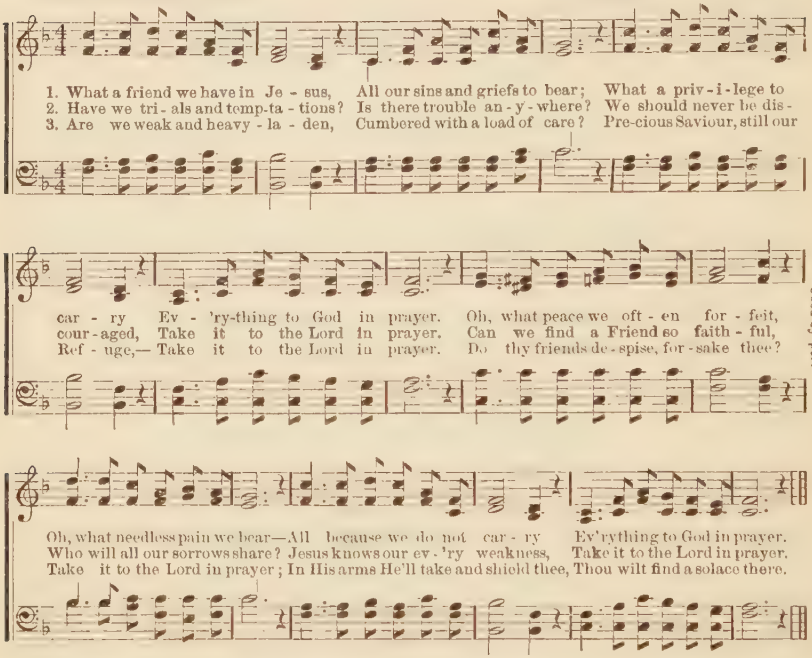
By per. The Biglow & Main Co., owners of the Copyright.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
‖: I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!:‖

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
‖: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!:‖

No. 140. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

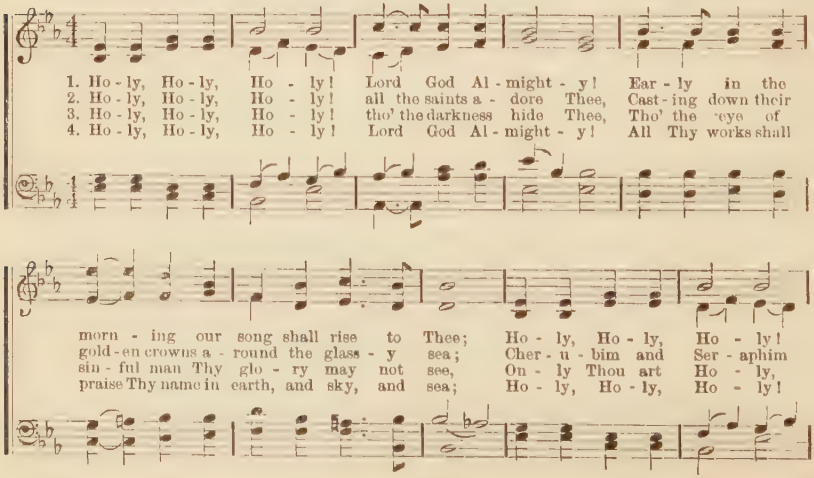
JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

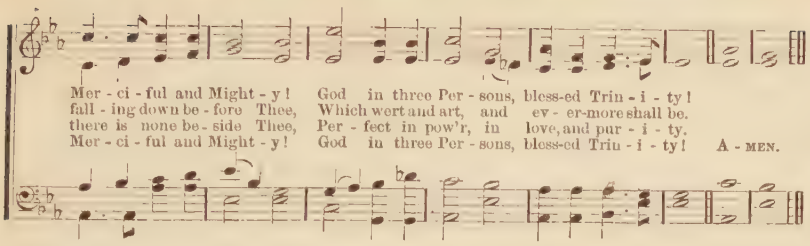

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a priv - i - lege to
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y - where? We should never be dis -
3. Are we weak and heavy - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care? Pre-cious Saviour, still our
car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer. Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit,
cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a Friend so faith - ful,
Ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee?
Oh, what needless pain we bear—All because we do not car - ry Ev'rything to God in prayer.
Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our ev - 'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Take it to the Lord in prayer; In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

Used by per.

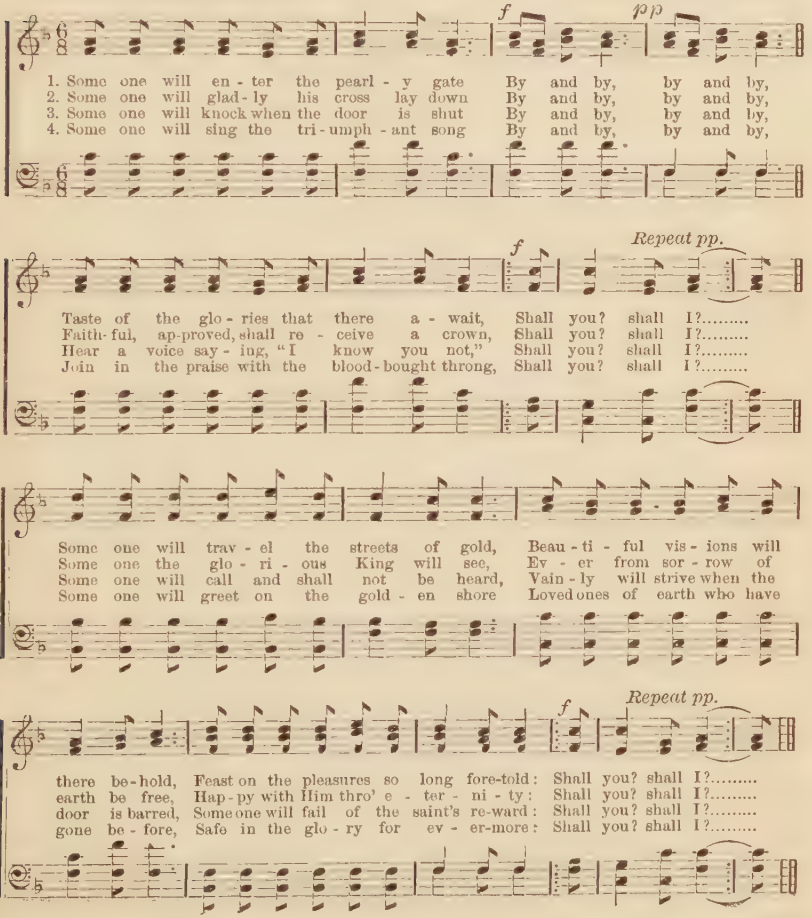
No. 141. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

REGINALD HEBER, D.D. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!


Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er-more shall be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty! A - MEN.

No. 142. Shall you? Shall I?

G. M. J. (Subject from M. E. I.) JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the tri - umph - ant song By and by, by and by,
Repeat pp.
Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?.....
Faith - ful, ap-proved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I?.....
Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?.....
Join in the praise with the blood - bought throng, Shall you? shall I?.....
Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions will
Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of
Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain - ly will strive when the
Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who have
Repeat pp.
there be - hold, Feast on the pleasures so long fore-told: Shall you? shall I?.....
earth be free, Hap - py with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty: Shall you? shall I?.....
door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's re-ward: Shall you? shall I?.....
gone be - fore, Safe in the glo - ry for ev - er-more: Shall you? shall I?.....

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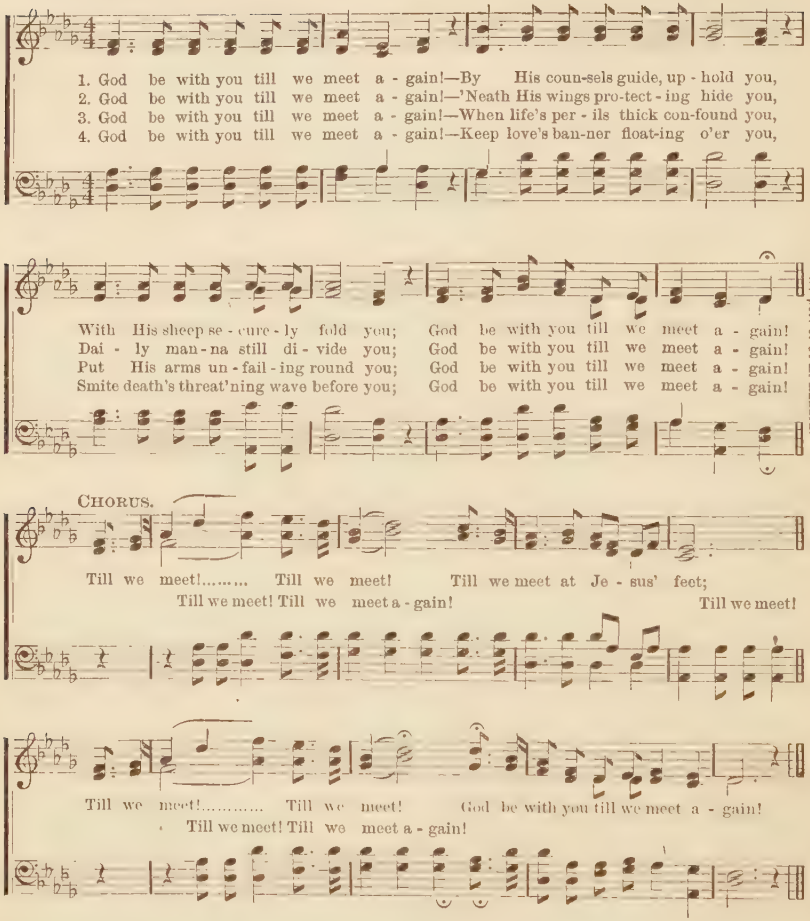
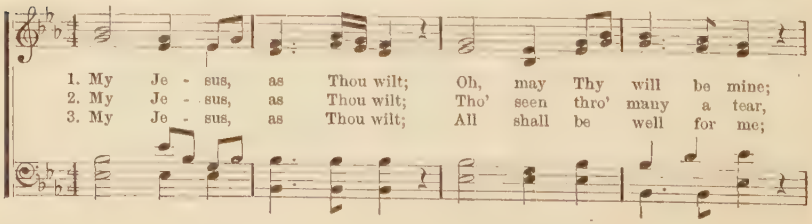
No. 143. God be With You!

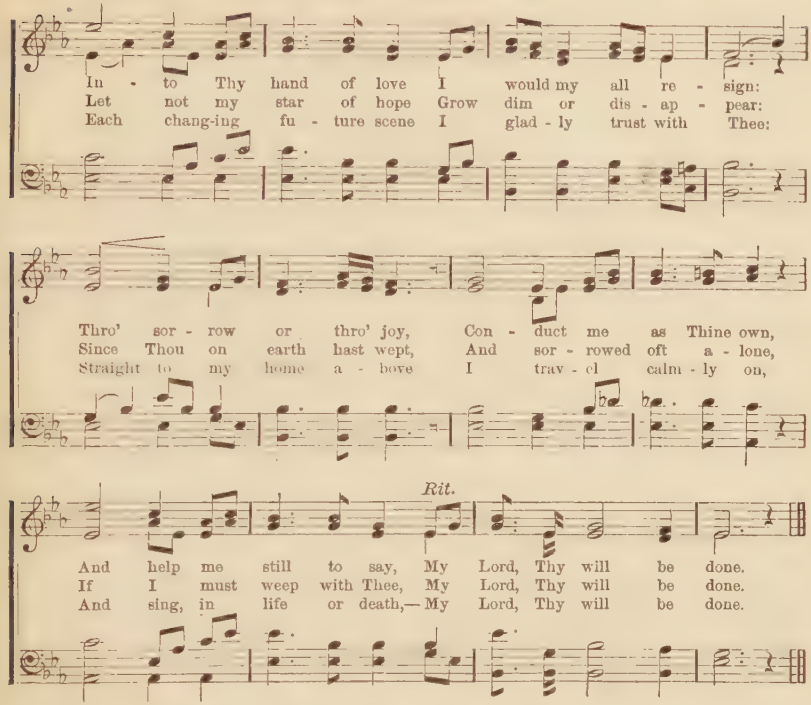
J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—By His coun-sels guide, up - hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings pro-tect - ing hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's per - ils thick con-found you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you,
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Put His arms un - fail - ing round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
By per. of J. E. Rankin.
CHORUS.
Till we meet!..... Till we meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain! Till we meet!
Till we meet!..... Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

No. 144. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

JANE BORTHWICK, tr. (Jewett, 6s. D.) WEBER, arr. by H. P. MAIN.

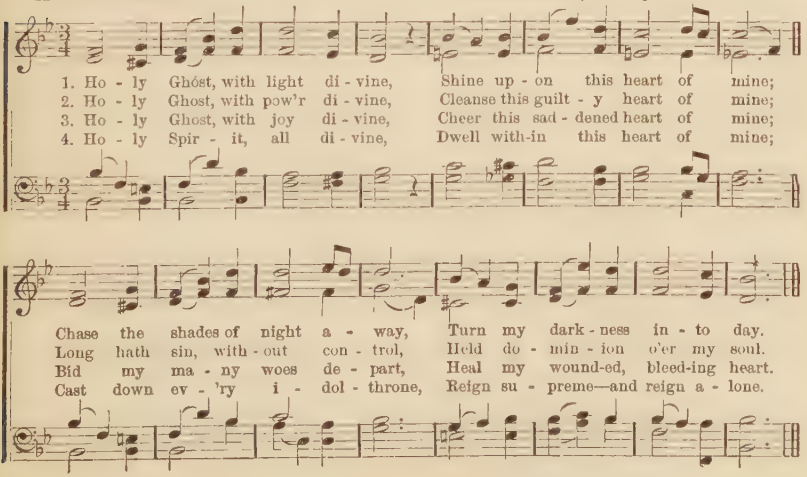

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Oh, may Thy will be mine;
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Tho' seen thro' many a tear,
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; All shall be well for me;

My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.—Concluded.

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign:
Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear:
Each chang-ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee:
Thro' sor - row or thro' joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor - rowed oft a - lone,
Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,
Rit.
And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
And sing, in life or death,— My Lord, Thy will be done.

No. 145. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

(Mercy. 7s.)

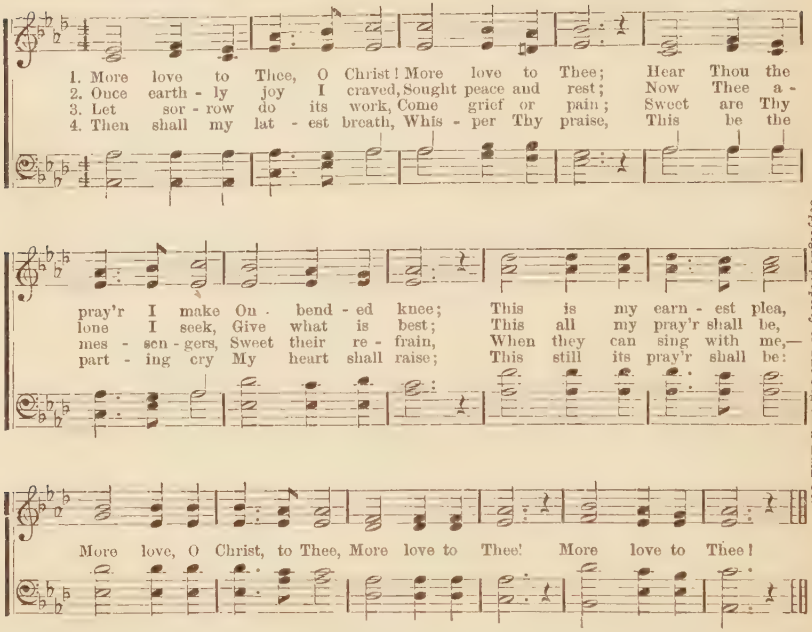
ANDREW REED. GOTTSCHALK, arr. by H. P. MAIN.


1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

By per. O. Ditson Co., owners of copyright.

No. 146. More Love to Thee, O Christ.

MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE.


1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Let sor-row do its work, Come grief or pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat-est breath, Whis-per Thy praise, This be the
pray'r I make On-bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,
mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,—
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

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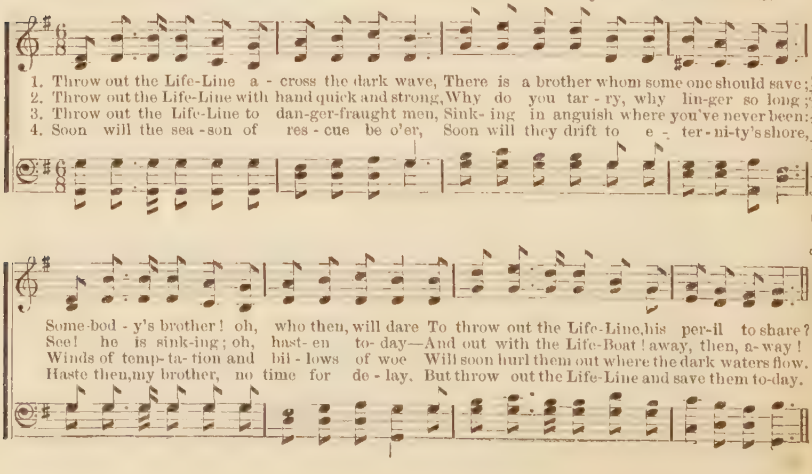
No. 147. Throw out the Life-Line.

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

REV. E. S. UFFORD. E. S. UFFORD. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom some one should save:
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tar-ry, why lin-ger so long;
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where you've never been:
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-ter-ni-ty's shore,
Some-bod-y's brother! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?
See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast-en to-day—And out with the Life-Boat! away, then, a-way!
Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay. But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

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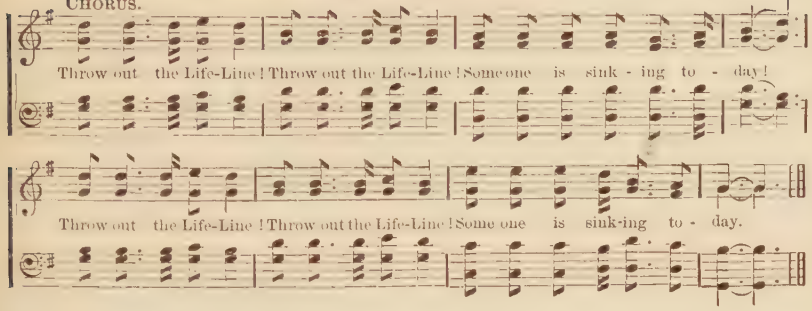
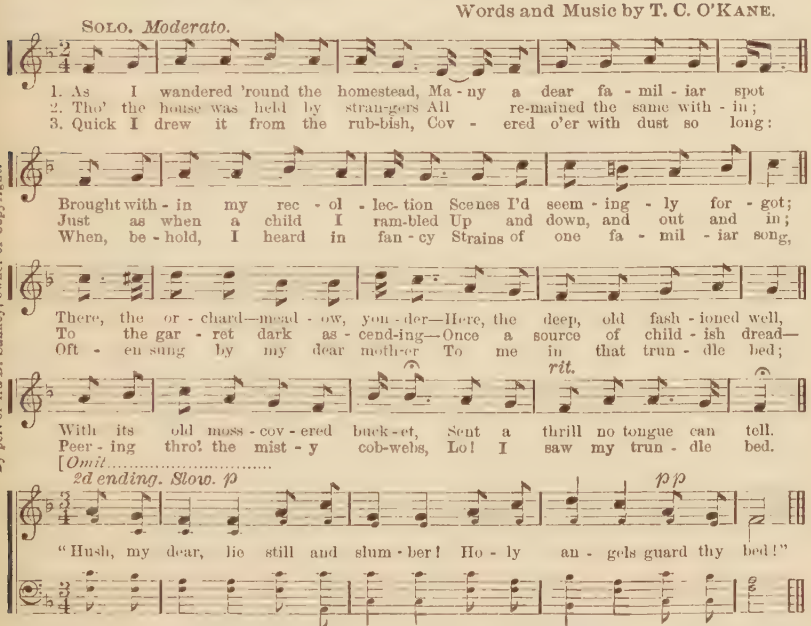
Throw out the Life-Line.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink - ing to - day!
Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

No. 148. My Mother's Prayer.

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

SOLO. Moderato.
1. As I wandered 'round the homestead, Ma - ny a dear fa - mil - iar spot
2. Tho' the house was held by stran-gers All re-mained the same with - in;
3. Quick I drew it from the rub-bish, Cov - ered o'er with dust so long:
Brought with - in my rec - ol - lec - tion Scenes I'd seem - ing - ly for - got;
Just as when a child I ram-bled Up and down, and out and in;
When, be - hold, I heard in fan - cy Strains of one fa - mil - iar song,
There, the or - chard—mead - ow, yon - der—Here, the deep, old fash - ioned well,
To the gar - ret dark as - cend-ing—Once a source of child - ish dread—
Oft - en sung by my dear mother To me in that trun - dle bed;
rit.
With its old moss - cov - ered buck - et, Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.
Peer - ing thro' the mist - y cob-webs, Lo! I saw my trun - dle bed.
[Omit.....
2d ending. Slow. p
pp
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slum - ber! Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed!"

By per. of Ira D. Sankey, owner of Copyright.

4 While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again:
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.

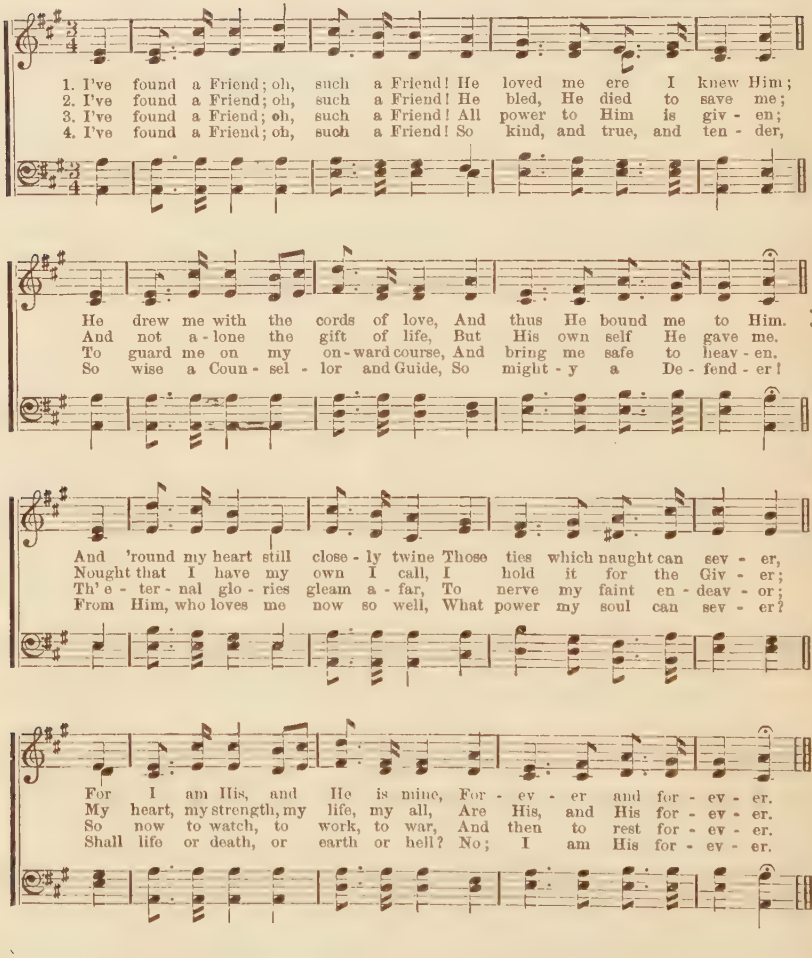
5 Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
* "Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name."

6 Prayer is over: to my pillow
With a "good-night!" kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild:
* "Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh, bless, my precious child!"

7 Yet I am but only dreaming:
Ne'er I'll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet churchyard lain;
But the mem'ry of her counsels
O'er my path a light has shed,
Daily calling me to heaven,
Even from my trundle bed.

* Use second ending.

No. 149. I've Found a Friend.

Rev. J. G. SMALL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on - ward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!
And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er;
Th' e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or;
From Him, who loves me now so well, What power my soul can sev - er?
For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

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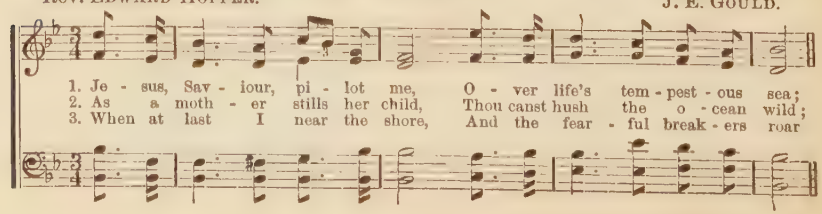
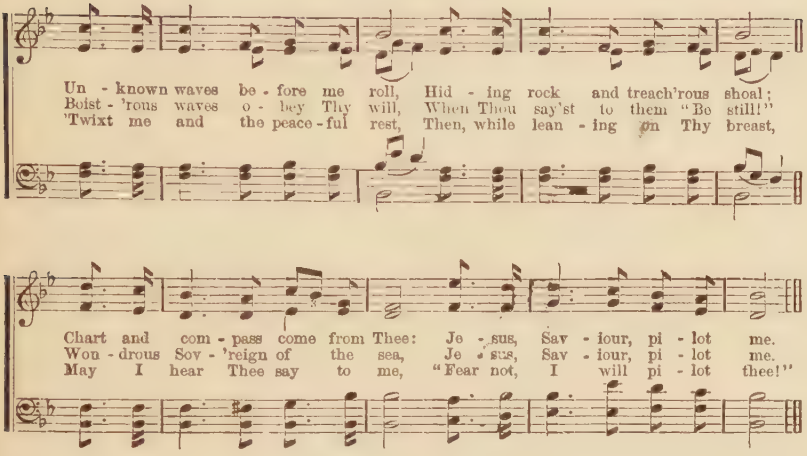
No. 150. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

(Pilot, 7s. 6 lines.)

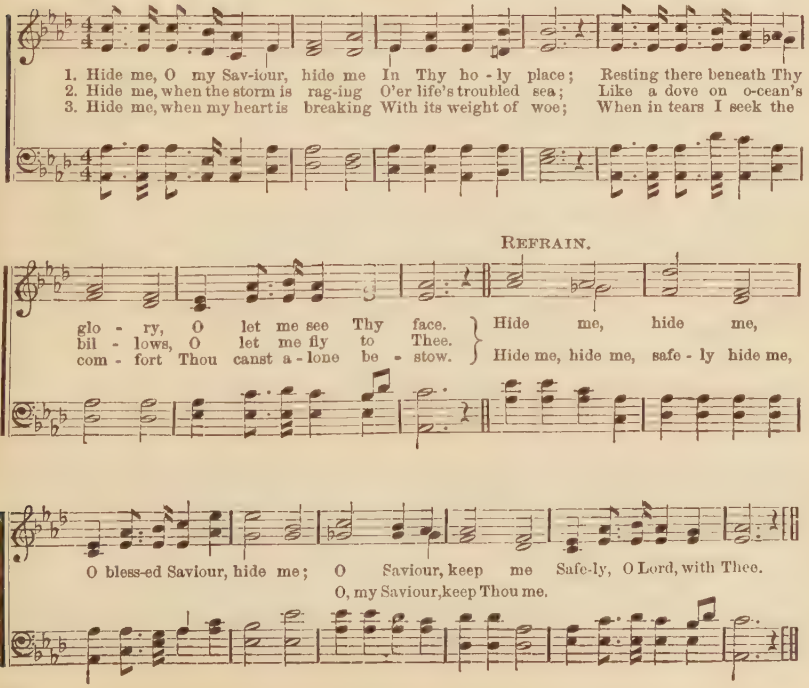
Rev. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.—Concluded.


Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist - 'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

No. 151. Hide Me.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide me In Thy ho - ly place; Resting there beneath Thy
2. Hide me, when the storm is rag-ing O'er life's troubled sea; Like a dove on o-cean's
3. Hide me, when my heart is breaking With its weight of woe; When in tears I seek the
REFRAIN.
glo - ry, O let me see Thy face. } Hide me, hide me,
bil - lows, O let me fly to Thee.
com - fort Thou canst a - lone be - stow. } Hide me, hide me, safe - ly hide me,
O bless-ed Saviour, hide me; O Saviour, keep me Safe-ly, O Lord, with Thee.
O, my Saviour, keep Thou me.

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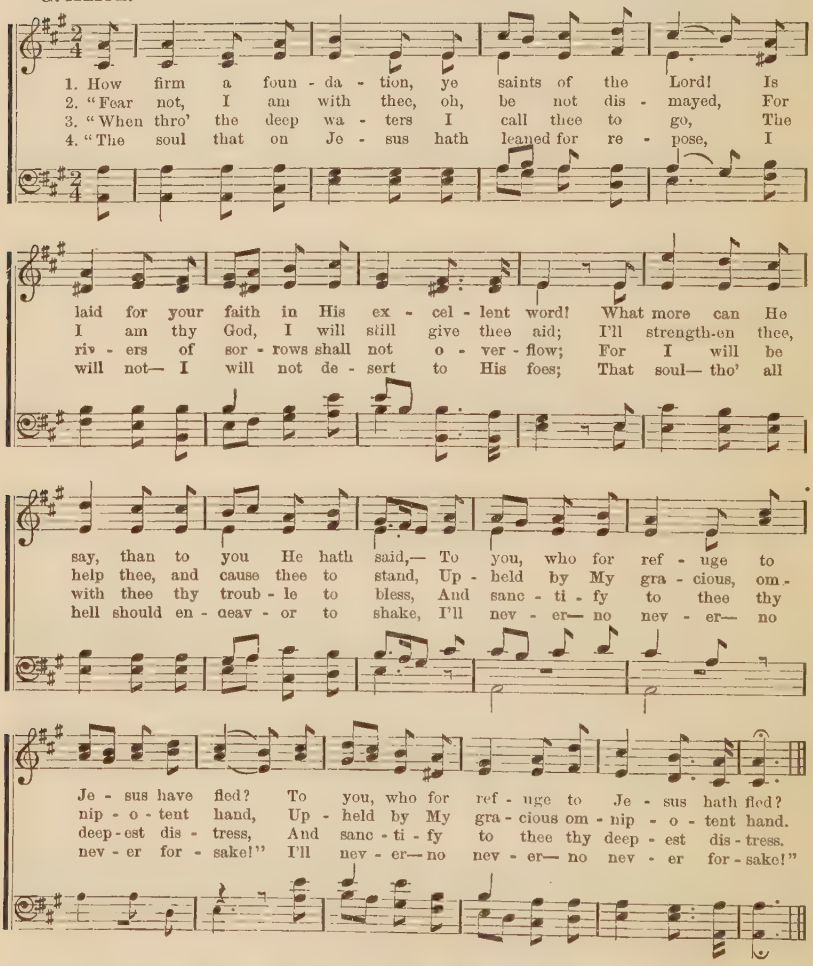
No. 152. How Firm a Foundation.

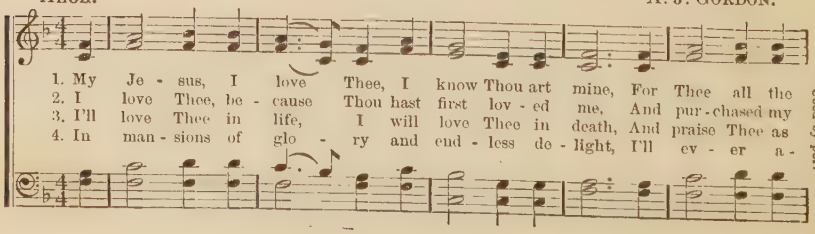
(Portuguese Hymn. 11s.)

G. KEITH. M. PORTOGALLO.


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say, than to you He hath said,— To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus hath fled?
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis - mayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by My gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by My gra - cious om - nip - o - tent hand.
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - rows shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy troub - le to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not— I will not de - sert to His foes; That soul— tho' all hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er— no nev - er— no nev - er— no nev - er for - sake!" I'll nev - er— no nev - er— no nev - er for - sake!"

No. 153. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

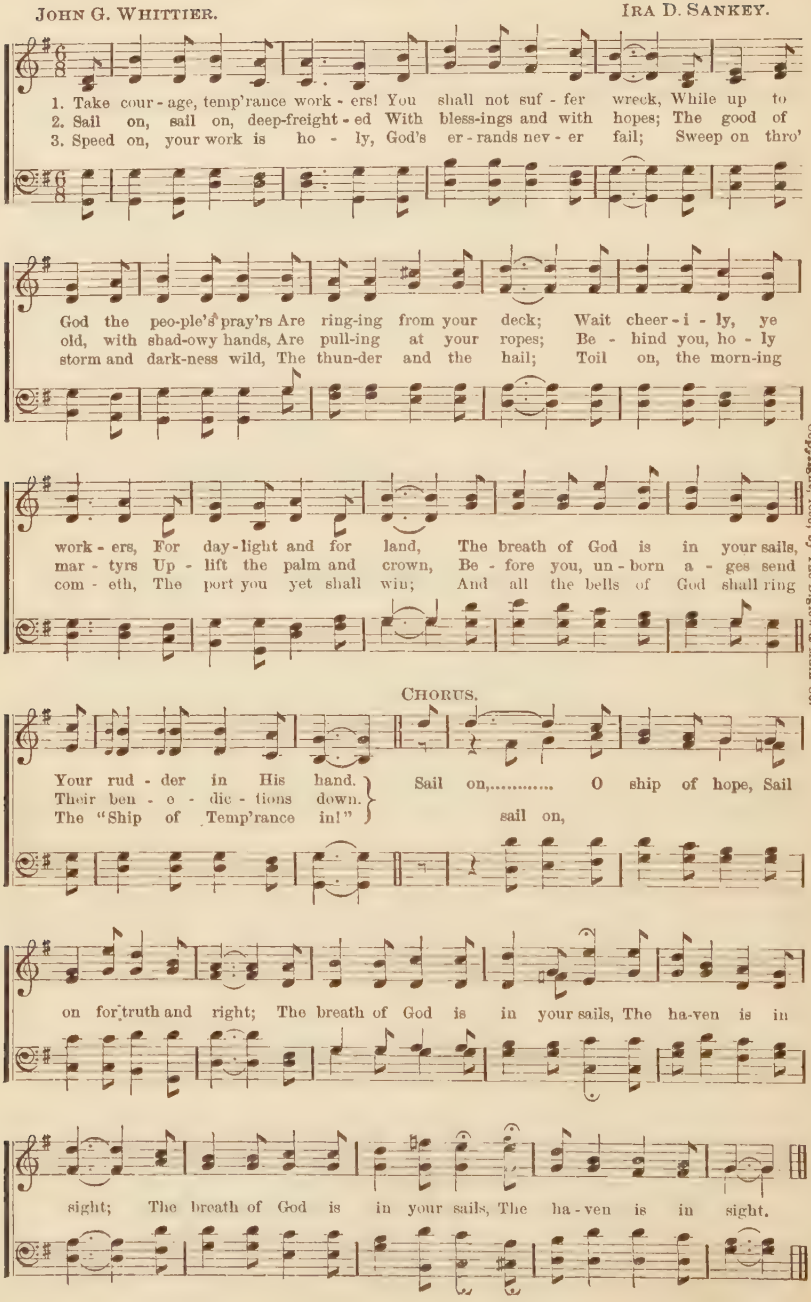
ANON. A. J. GORDON.


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

Used by per.

No. 155. The Ship of Temperance.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Take cour - age, temp'rance work - ers! You shall not suf - fer wreck, While up to
2. Sail on, sail on, deep-freight - ed With bless-ings and with hopes; The good of
3. Speed on, your work is ho - ly, God's er - rands nev - er fail; Sweep on thro'
God the peo-ple's pray'rs Are ring-ing from your deck; Wait cheer - i - ly, ye
old, with shad-owy hands, Are pull-ing at your ropes; Be - hind you, ho - ly
storm and dark-ness wild, The thun-der and the hail; Toil on, the morn-ing
work - ers, For day-light and for land, The breath of God is in your sails,
mar - tyrs Up - lift the palm and crown, Be - fore you, un - born a - ges send
com - eth, The port you yet shall win; And all the bells of God shall ring
CHORUS.
Your rud - der in His hand.
Their ben - e - dic - tions down.
The "Ship of Temp'rance in!"
Sail on,..... O ship of hope, Sail on, sail on,
on for truth and right; The breath of God is in your sails, The ha-ven is in
sight; The breath of God is in your sails, The ha - ven is in sight.

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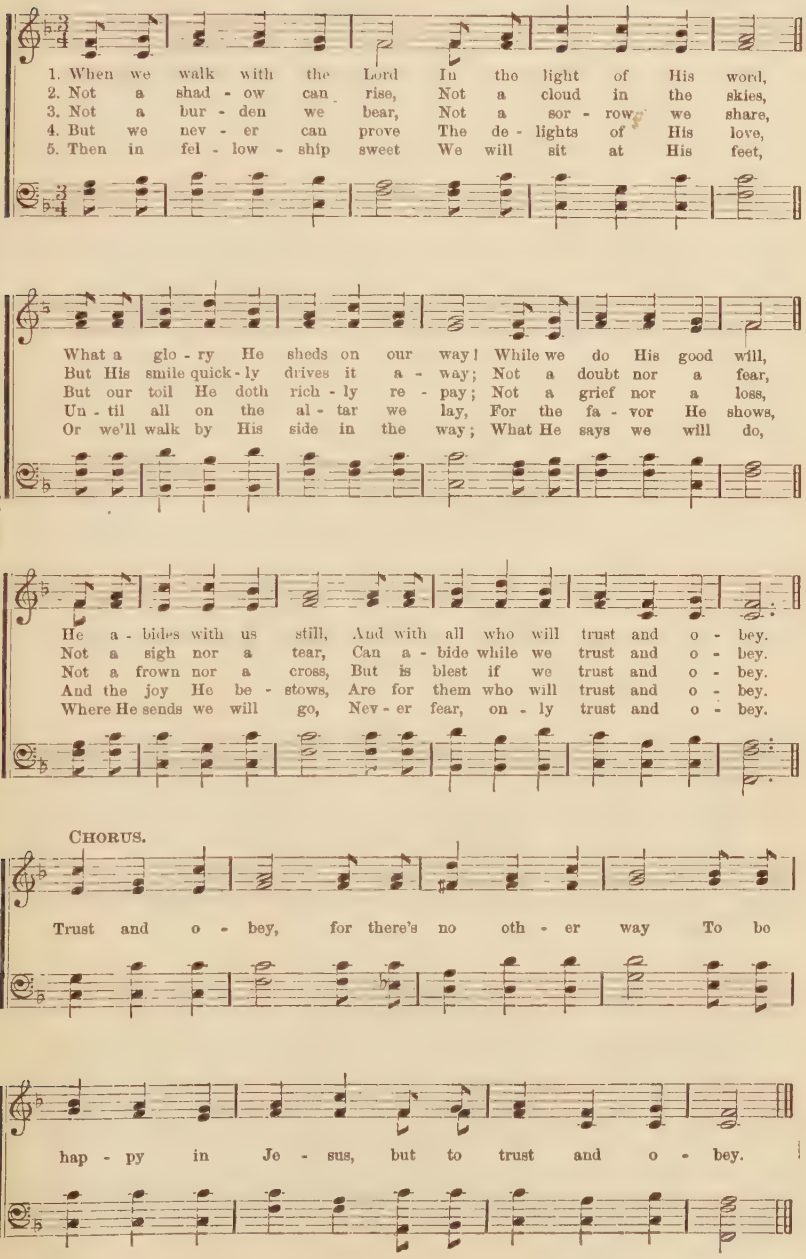
No. 156. Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word,
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies,
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share,
4. But we nev - er can prove The de - lights of His love,
5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at His feet,
What a glo - ry He sheds on our way! While we do His good will,
But His smile quick - ly drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear,
But our toil He doth rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss,
Un - til all on the al - tar we lay, For the fa - vor He shows,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way; What He says we will do,
He a - bides with us still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Not a sigh nor a tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
Not a frown nor a cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
And the joy He be - stows, Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Where He sends we will go, Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.
CHORUS.
Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth - er way To be
hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

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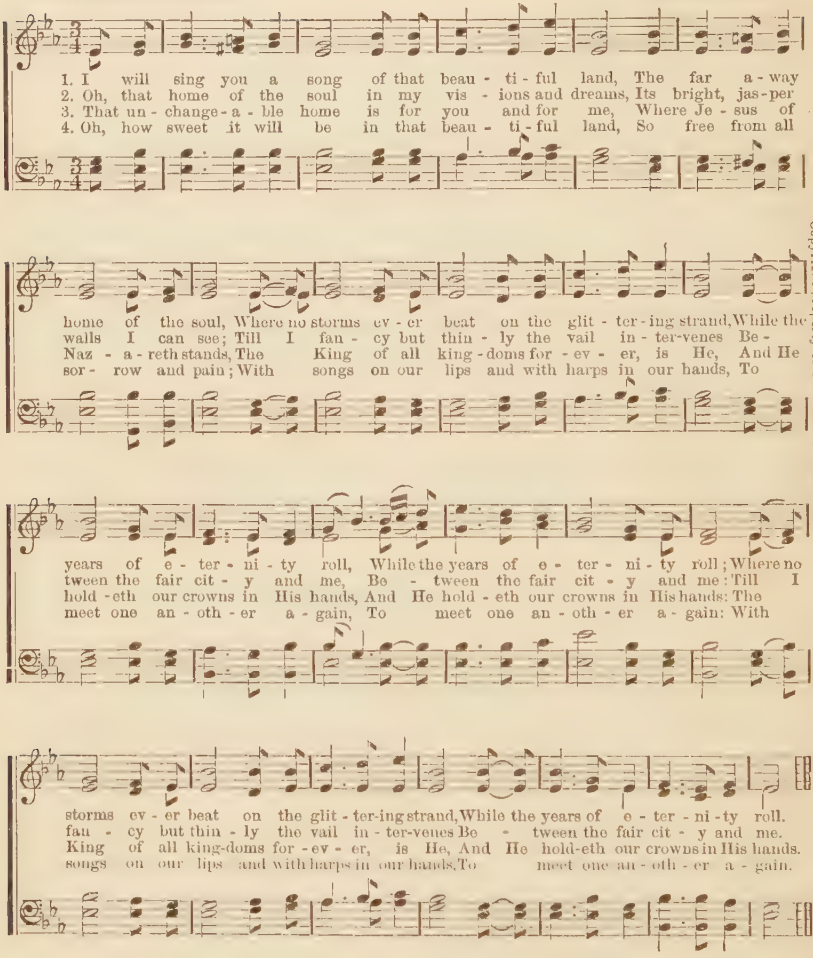
No. 157. Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. Philip Phillips.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far a - way
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams, Its bright, jas - per
3. That un - change - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So free from all
home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the
walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter - venes Be -
Naz - a - reth stands, The King of all king - doms for - ev - er, is He, And He
sor - row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To
years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no
tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me: Till I
hold - eth our crowns in His hands, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands: The
meet one an - oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain: With
storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
King of all king - doms for - ev - er, is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands.
songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

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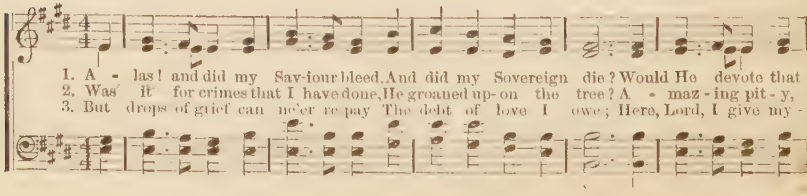
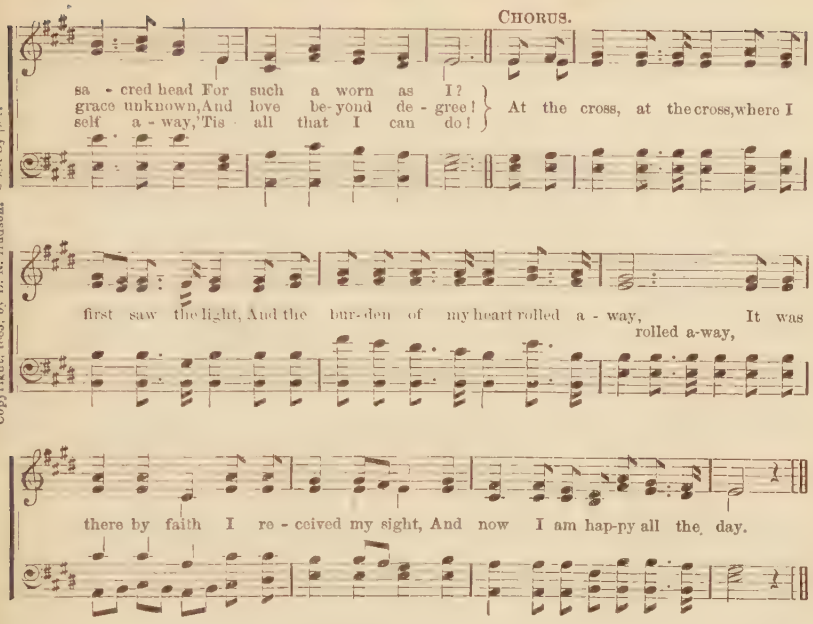
No. 158. At the Cross.

I. Watts. R. E. Hudson.


1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y,
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my -

Used by per.

At the Cross.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
sa - cred head For such a worn as I?
grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!
self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!
At the cross, at the cross, where I
first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled a - way,
It was rolled a-way,
there by faith I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

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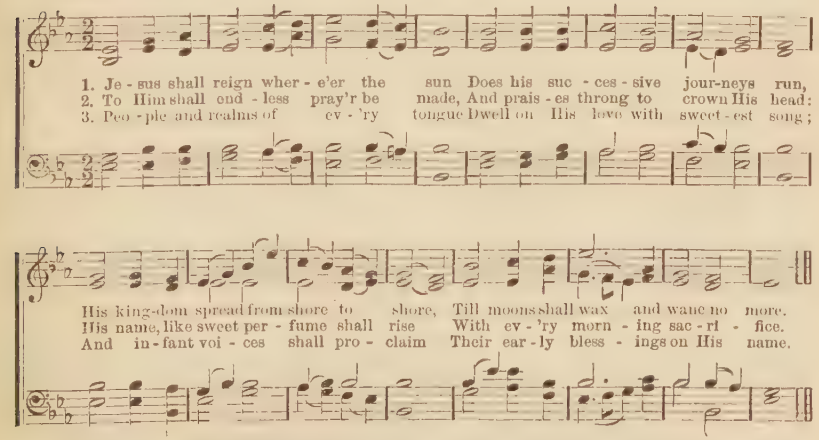
No. 159. Jesus Shall Reign.

(Duke Street. L. M.)

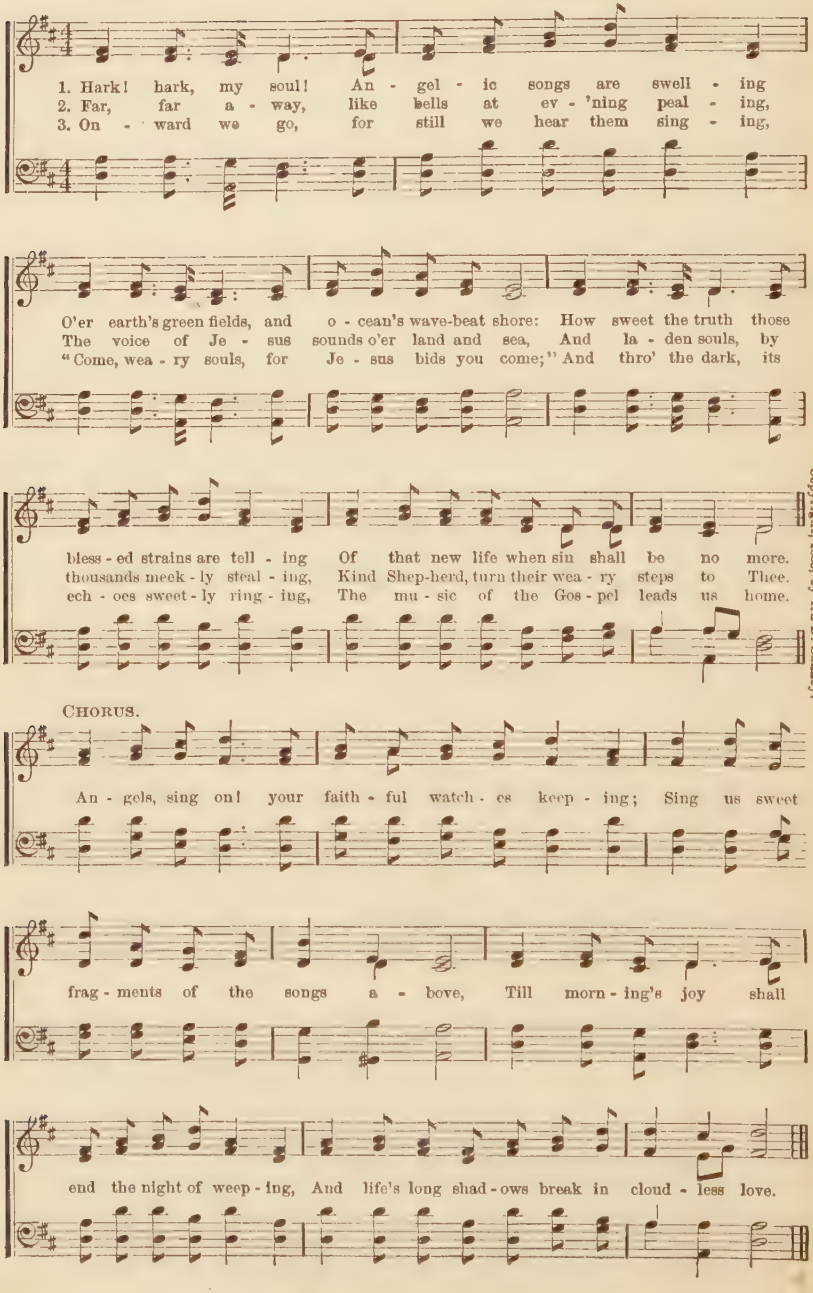
ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.


1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour-neys run,
2. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made, And prais - es throng to crown His head:
3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet - est song;
His king-dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name, like sweet per - fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.

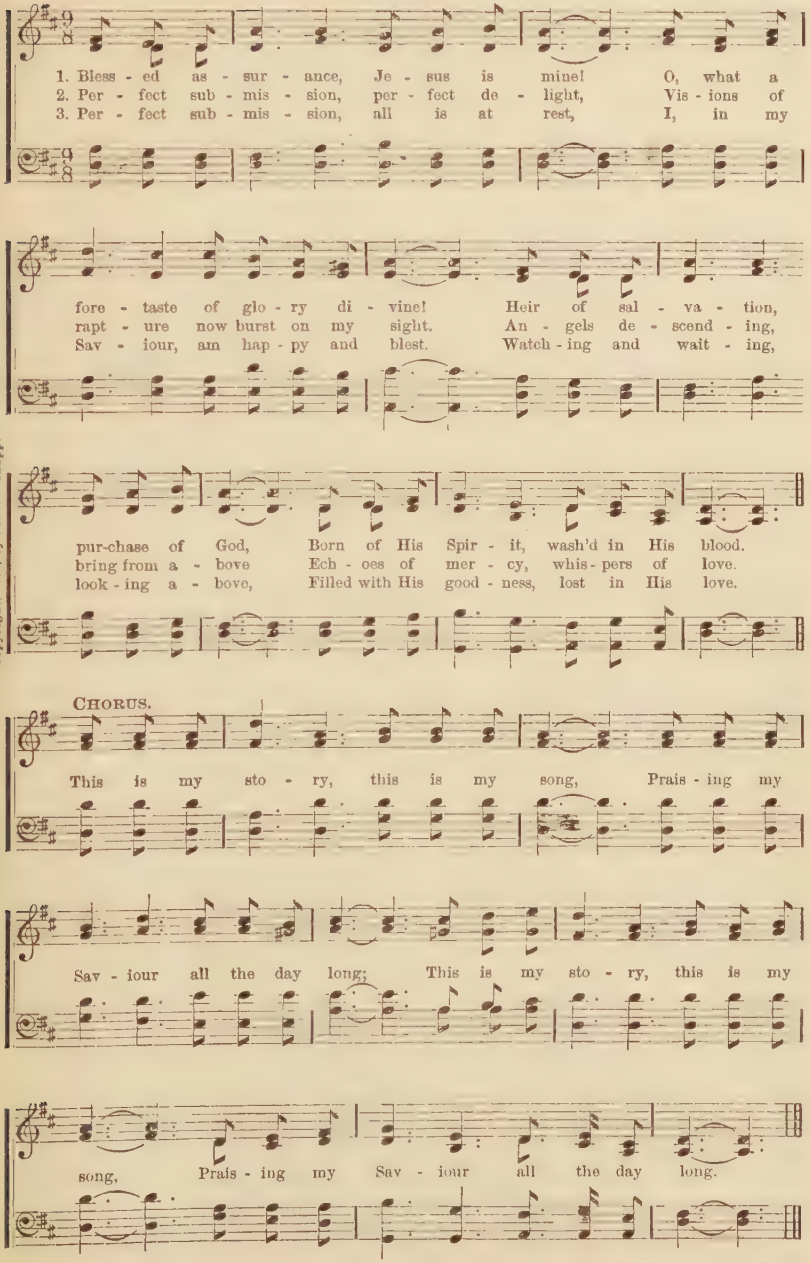
4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

No. 160. Hark! Hark, my Soul!

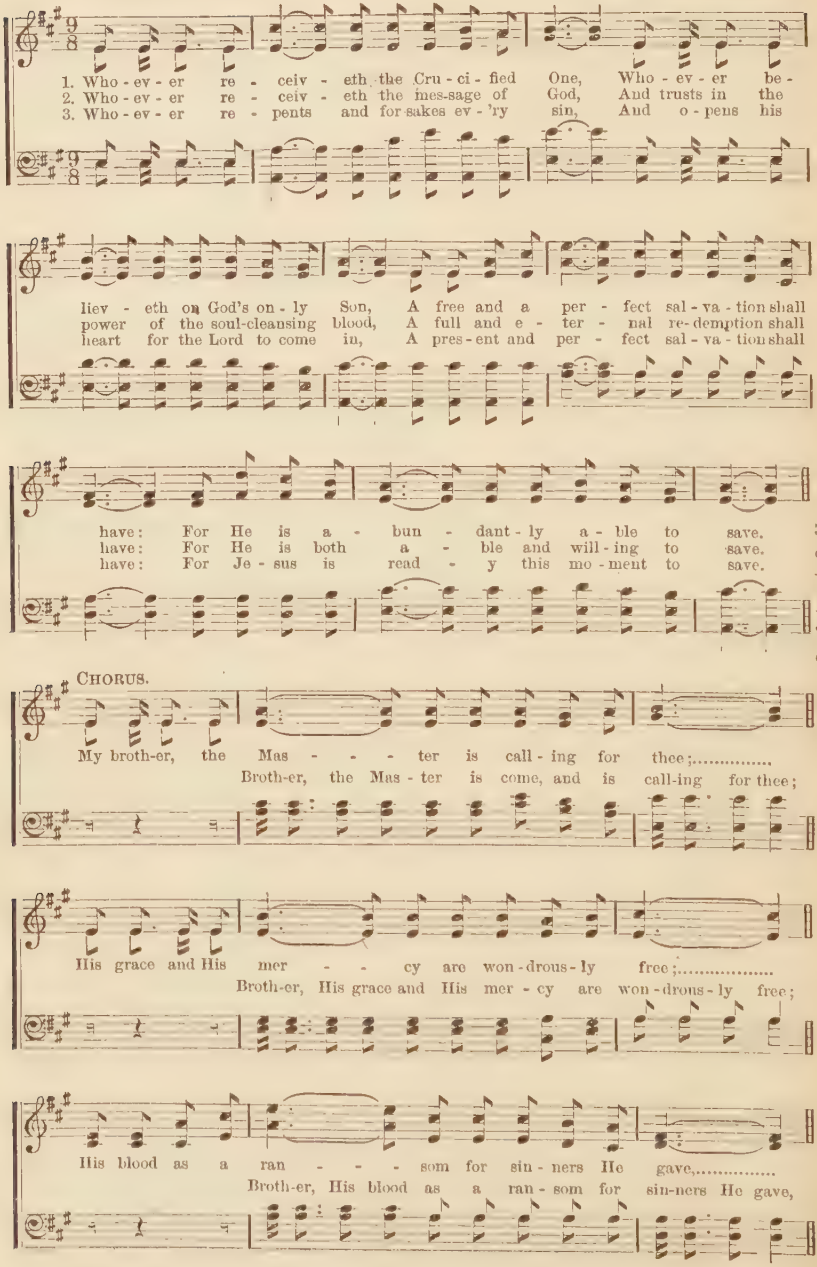
F. W. FABER. C. C. CONVERSE. Arr. by I. D. S.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing
2. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev - 'ning peal - ing,
3. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing,
O'er earth's green fields, and o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those
The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls, by
"Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its
bless - ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
thousands meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shep-herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.
ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
Copyright, 1895, by Ira D. Sankey.
CHORUS.
An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet
frag - ments of the songs a - bove, Till morn - ing's joy shall
end the night of weep - ing, And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love.

No. 161. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a
2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of
3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I, in my
fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion,
rapt - ure now burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing,
Sav - iour, am hap - py and blest. Watch - ing and wait - ing,
pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.
bring from a - bove Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
look - ing a - bove, Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love.
CHORUS.
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my
Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my
song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

Copyright, 1873, by Jos. F. Knapp.

No. 162. Abundantly Able to Save.

E. A. HOFFMANN. P. P. BLISS.

1. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the Cru - ci - fied One, Who - ev - er be -
2. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the mes-sage of God, And trusts in the
3. Who - ev - er re - pents and for-sakes ev - 'ry sin, And o - pens his
liev - eth on God's on - ly Son, A free and a per - fect sal - va - tion shall
power of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal re-demption shall
heart for the Lord to come in, A pres-ent and per - fect sal - va - tion shall
have: For He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.
have: For He is both a - ble and will - ing to save.
have: For Je - sus is read - y this mo - ment to save.
CHORUS.
My broth-er, the Mas - - - - ter is call - ing for thee;.....
Broth-er, the Mas - ter is come, and is call-ing for thee;
His grace and His mer - - cy are won - drous - ly free;.....
Broth-er, His grace and His mer - cy are won - drous - ly free;
His blood as a ran - - - som for sin - ners He gave,.....
Broth-er, His blood as a ran - som for sin-ners He gave,

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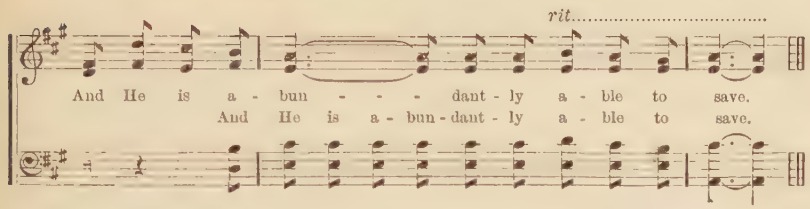
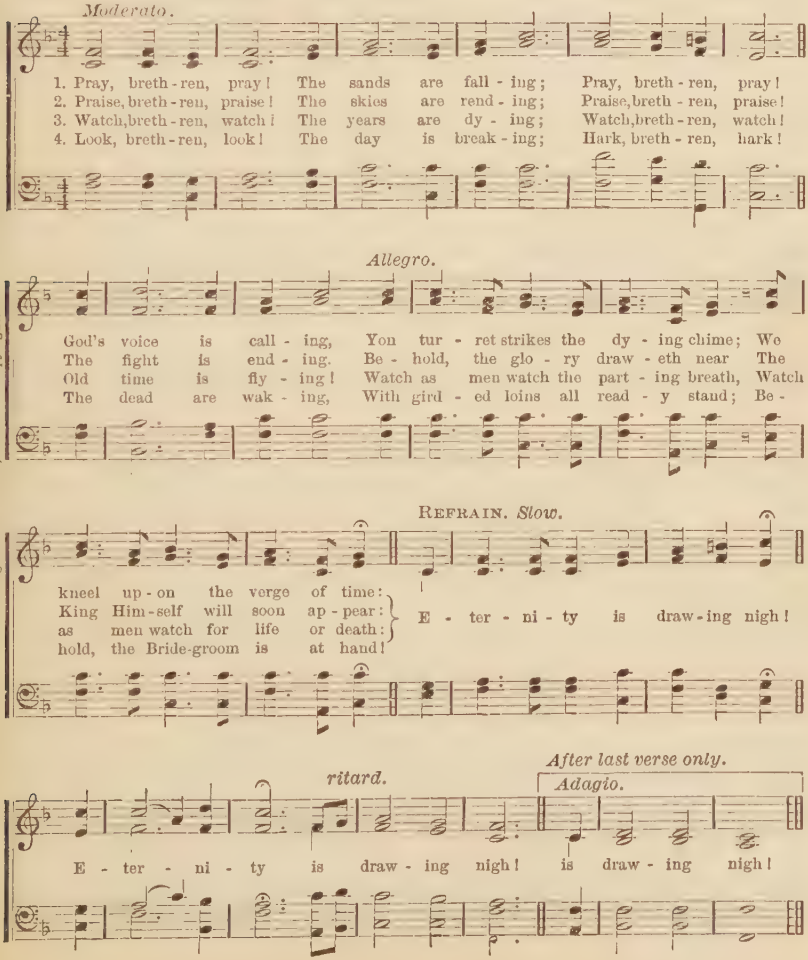
Abundantly Able to Save.—Concluded.

No. 163. Pray, Brethren, Pray!

Dr. Horatius Bonar. Philip Phillips.


Moderato.
1. Pray, breth - ren, pray! The sands are fall - ing; Pray, breth - ren, pray!
2. Praise, breth - ren, praise! The skies are rend - ing; Praise, breth - ren, praise!
3. Watch, breth - ren, watch! The years are dy - ing; Watch, breth - ren, watch!
4. Look, breth - ren, look! The day is break - ing; Hark, breth - ren, hark!
Allegro.
God's voice is call - ing, Yon tur - ret strikes the dy - ing chime; We
The fight is end - ing. Be - hold, the glo - ry draw - eth near The
Old time is fly - ing! Watch as men watch the part - ing breath, Watch
The dead are wak - ing, With gird - ed loins all read - y stand; Be -
Refrain. Slow.
kneel up - on the verge of time:
King Him - self will soon ap - pear:
as men watch for life or death:
hold, the Bride-groom is at hand!
E - ter - ni - ty is draw - ing nigh!
ritard.
After last verse only.
Adagio.
E - ter - ni - ty is draw - ing nigh! is draw - ing nigh!

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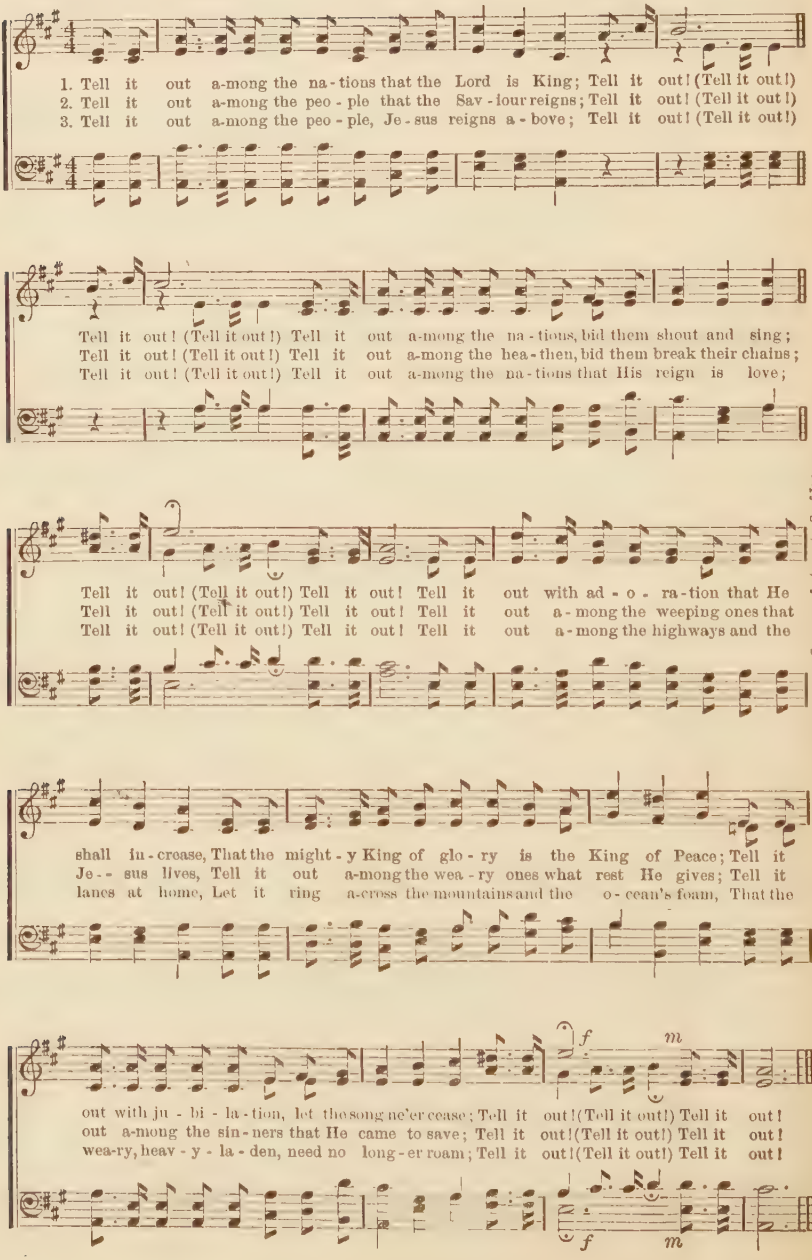
No. 164. Tell it Out.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Lord is King; Tell it out! (Tell it out!)
2. Tell it out a-mong the peo-ple that the Sav-iour reigns; Tell it out! (Tell it out!)
3. Tell it out a-mong the peo-ple, Je-sus reigns a-bove; Tell it out! (Tell it out!)
Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, bid them shout and sing;
Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out a-mong the hea-then, bid them break their chains;
Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that His reign is love;
Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! Tell it out with ad-o-ra-tion that He
Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the weeping ones that
Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the highways and the
shall in-crease, That the might-y King of glo-ry is the King of Peace; Tell it
Je-sus lives, Tell it out a-mong the wea-ry ones what rest He gives; Tell it
lanes at home, Let it ring a-cross the mountains and the o-cean's foam, That the
out with ju-bi-la-tion, let the song ne'er cease; Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out!
out a-mong the sin-ners that He came to save; Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out!
wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, need no long-er roam; Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out!
f
m
f
m

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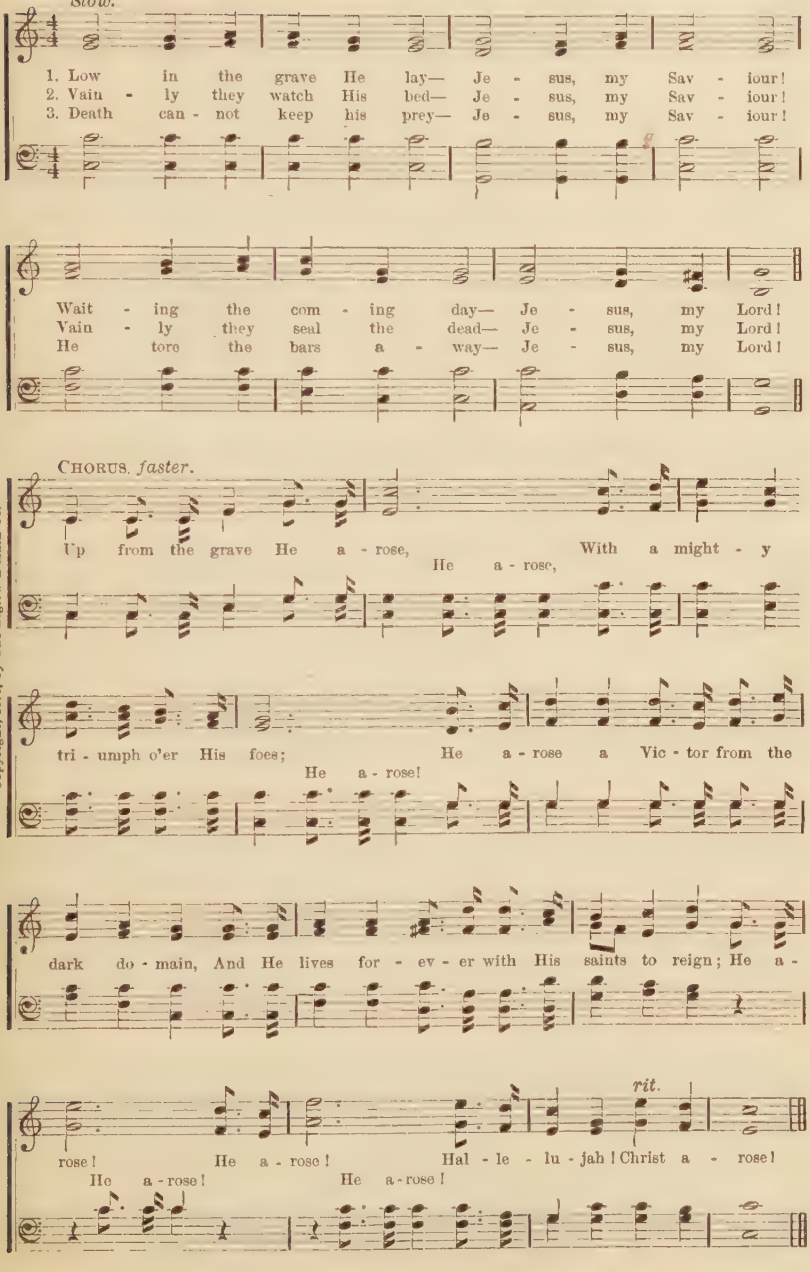
No. 165. Christ Arose!

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

Slow.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - iour!
2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - iour!
3. Death can - not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - iour!
Wait - ing the com - ing day— Je - sus, my Lord!
Vain - ly they seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord!
He tore the bars a - way— Je - sus, my Lord!
CHORUS. *faster.*
Up from the grave He a - rose, With a might - y
He a - rose,
tri - umph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
He a - rose!
dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign; He a -
rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a - rose! He a - rose!
rit.

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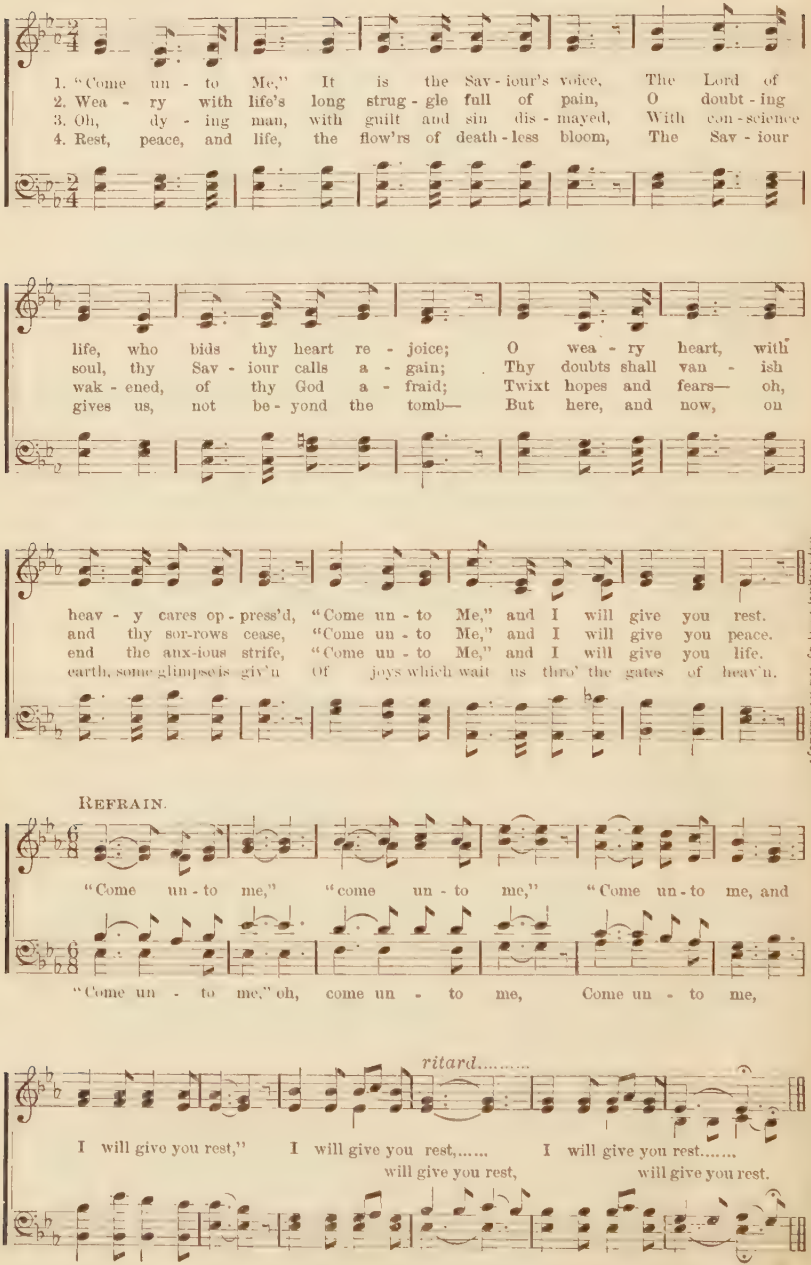
No. 166. Come unto Me.

NATH. NORTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. "Come un - to Me," It is the Sav - iour's voice, The Lord of
2. Wea - ry with life's long strug - gle full of pain, O doubt - ing
3. Oh, dy - ing man, with guilt and sin dis - mayed, With con - science
4. Rest, peace, and life, the flow'rs of death - less bloom, The Sav - iour
life, who bids thy heart re - joice; O wea - ry heart, with
soul, thy Sav - iour calls a - gain; Thy doubts shall van - ish
wak - ened, of thy God a - fraid; Twixt hopes and fears— oh,
gives us, not be - yond the tomb— But here, and now, on
heav - y cares op - press'd, "Come un - to Me," and I will give you rest.
and thy sor-rows cease, "Come un - to Me," and I will give you peace.
end the anx-ious strife, "Come un - to Me," and I will give you life.
earth, some glimpses giv'n Of joys which wait us thro' the gates of heav'n.
REFRAIN.
"Come un - to me," "come un - to me," "Come un - to me, and
"Come un - to me," oh, come un - to me, Come un - to me,
ritard.....
I will give you rest," I will give you rest,..... I will give you rest.....
will give you rest, will give you rest.

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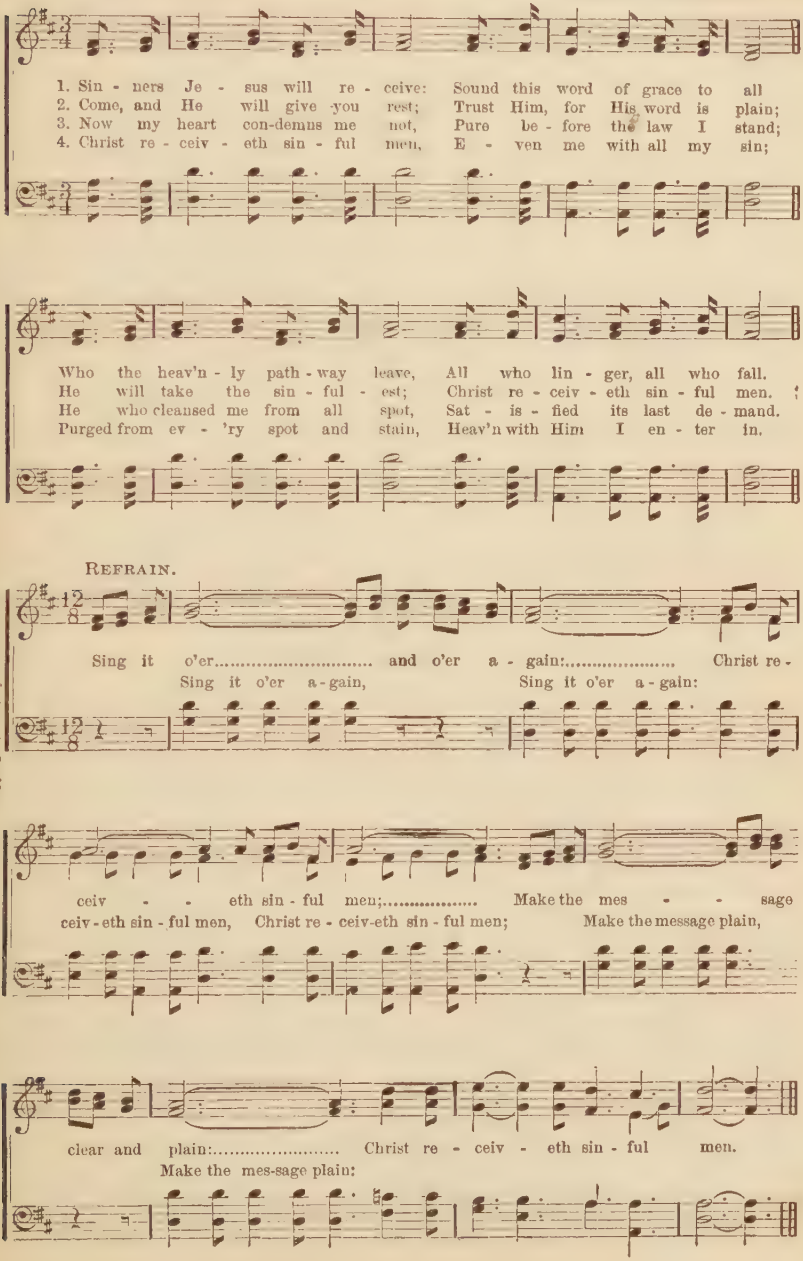
No. 167. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Arr. from NEUMASTER. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con-demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;
Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.
REFRAIN.
Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain:..... Christ re -
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain:
ceiv - - eth sin - ful men;..... Make the mes - - sage
ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv-eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,
clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the mes-sage plain:

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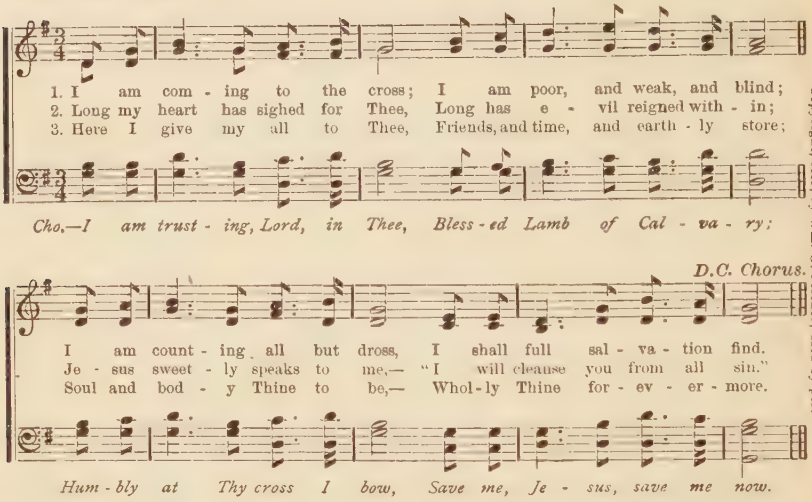
No. 168. I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has evil reigned within;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
D.C. Chorus.
I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and body Thine to be,— Wholly Thine forever more.
Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

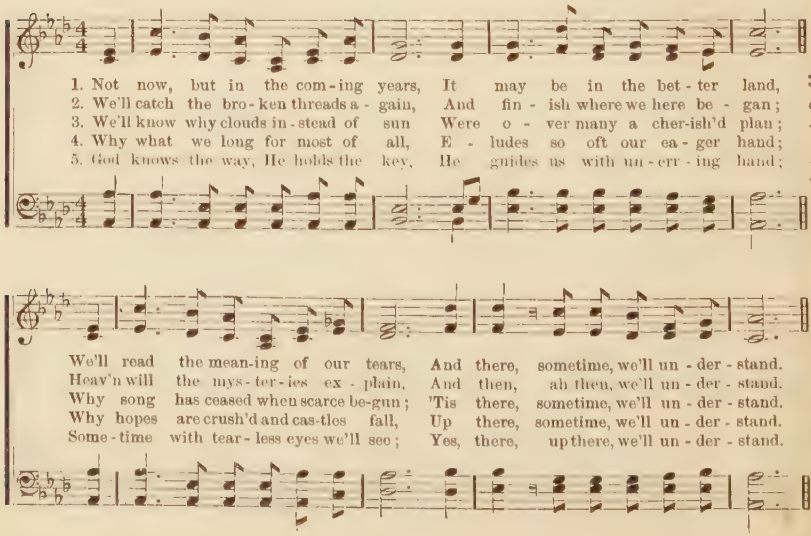
Copyright, 1869, by Wm. G. Fischer, used by per.

4 In the promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

No. 169. Sometime we'll Understand.

Maxwell N. Cornelius, D.D. James McGranahan.


1. Not now, but in the coming years, It may be in the better land,
2. We'll catch the broken threads again, And finish where we here began;
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were oftentimes my cherish'd plan;
4. Why what we long for most of all, Eludes so oft our eager hand;
5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with unerring hand;
We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll understand.
Heav'n will the mysteries explain, And then, ah then, we'll understand.
Why song has ceased when scarce begun; 'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.
Why hopes are crush'd and castles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll understand.
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

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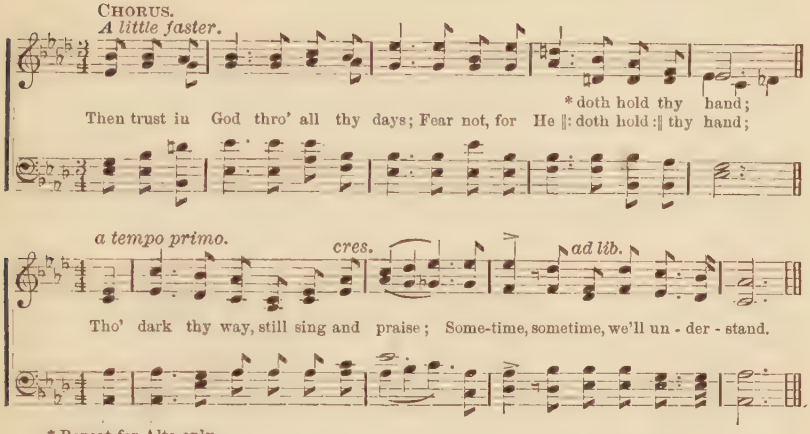
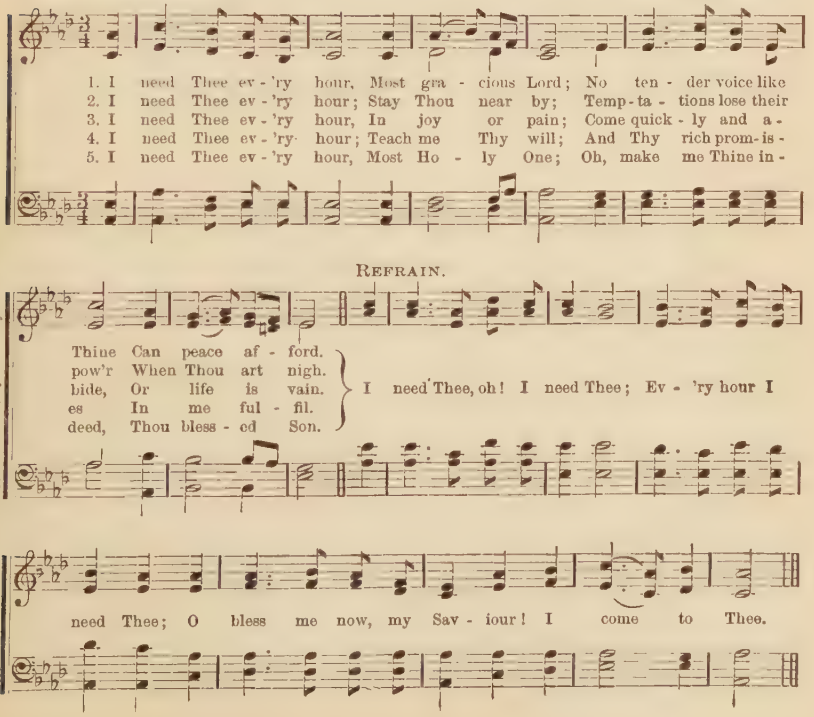
Sometime we'll Understand.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
A little faster.
* doth hold thy hand;
Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He ‖: doth hold :‖ thy hand;
a tempo primo.
cres.
ad lib.
Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise; Some-time, sometime, we'll un - der - stand.

* Repeat for Alto only.

No. 170. I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom - is -
5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in -
REFRAIN.
Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain.
es In me ful - fil.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.
I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to Thee.

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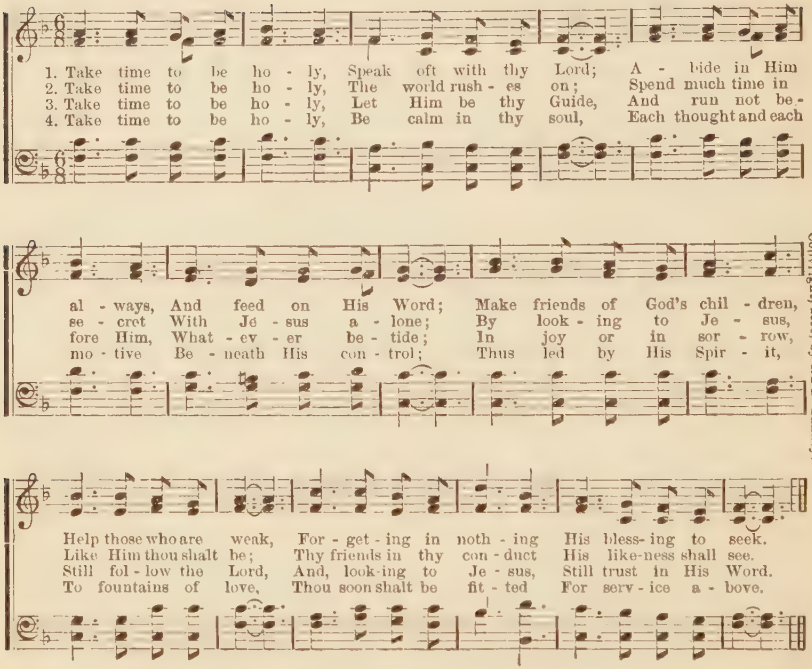
No. 171. Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. LONGSTAFF. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on; Spend much time in
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide, And run not be -
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul, Each thought and each
al - ways, And feed on His Word; Make friends of God's chil - dren,
se - cret With Je - sus a - lone; By look - ing to Je - sus,
fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide; In joy or in sor - row,
mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol; Thus led by His Spir - it,
Help those who are weak, For - get - ing in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
Like Him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.
Still fol - low the Lord, And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
To fountains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

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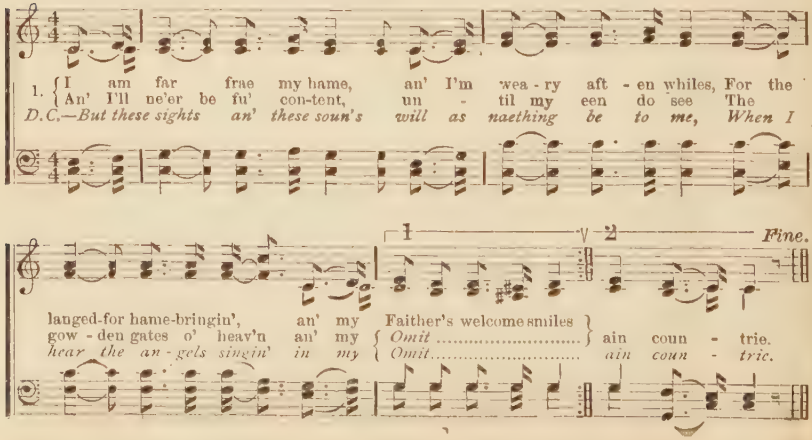
No. 172. My Ain Countrie.

M. L. DEMAREST. Mrs. I. T. HANNA. Har. by H. P. MAIN.

1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea - ry aft - en whiles, For the
{ An' I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent, un - til my een do see The
D.C.—But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I
1 2 Fine.
langed-for hame-bringin', an' my Faither's welcome smiles
gow - den gates o' heav'n an' my { Omit } ain coun - trie.
hear the an - gels singin' in my { Omit } ain coun - trie.

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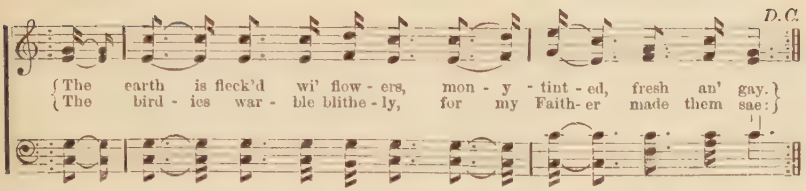
My Ain Countrie.—Concluded.



2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinning owre, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair
For His bluid has made me white, an' His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

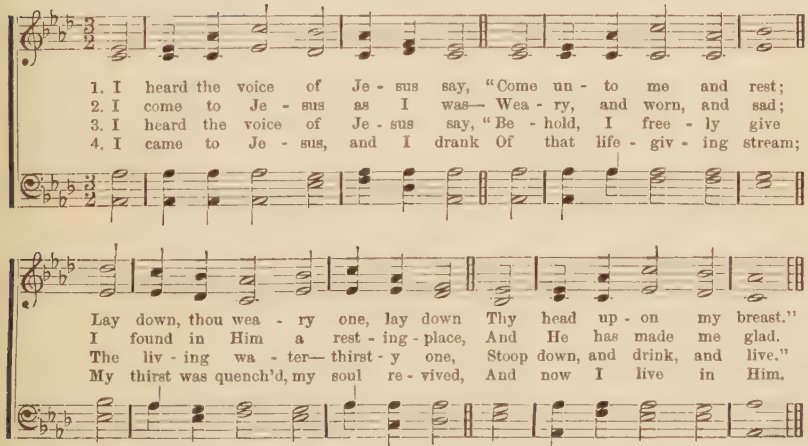
3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed, bonnie place,
I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see His face;
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.
Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my Saviour's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countrie.

4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what 'oor I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait
For the soun'in' o' His fitfa' this side the gowden gate:
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

No. 173. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

(Evan. C. M.)

H. Bonar, D. D. Wm. H. Havergal.

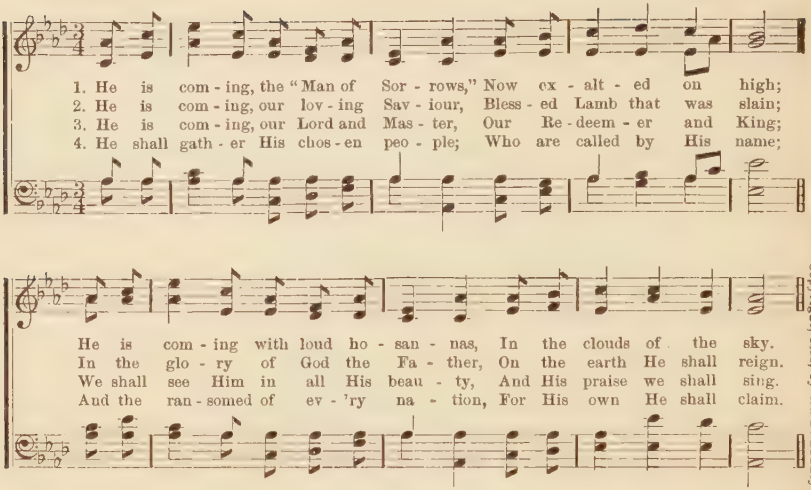

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I come to Je - sus as I was— Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.
The liv - ing wa - ter— thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
'Till trav'ling days are done.

No. 174. He is Coming.

ALICE MONTEITH. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. He is com - ing, the "Man of Sor - rows," Now ex - alt - ed on high;
2. He is com - ing, our lov - ing Sav - iour, Bless - ed Lamb that was slain;
3. He is com - ing, our Lord and Mas - ter, Our Re - deem - er and King;
4. He shall gath - er His chos - en peo - ple; Who are called by His name;
He is com - ing with loud ho - san - nas, In the clouds of the sky.
In the glo - ry of God the Fa - ther, On the earth He shall reign.
We shall see Him in all His beau - ty, And His praise we shall sing.
And the ran - somed of ev - 'ry na - tion, For His own He shall claim.

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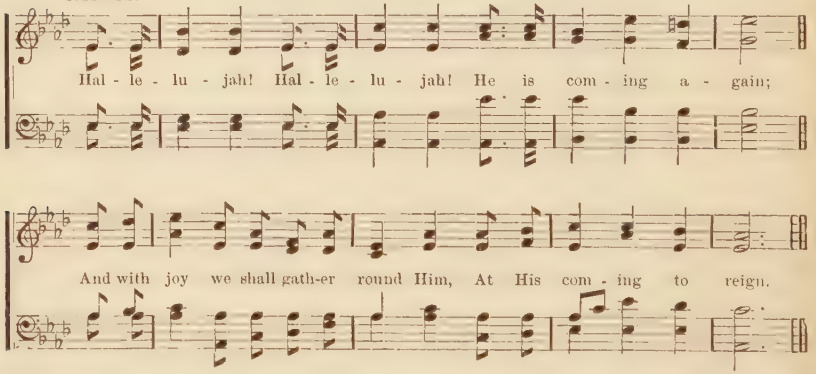
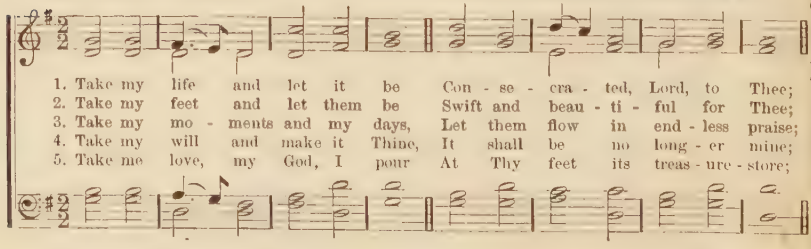
CHORUS.



No. 175. Take My Life and Let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. W. A. MOZART, arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long - er mine;
5. Take me love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure - store;

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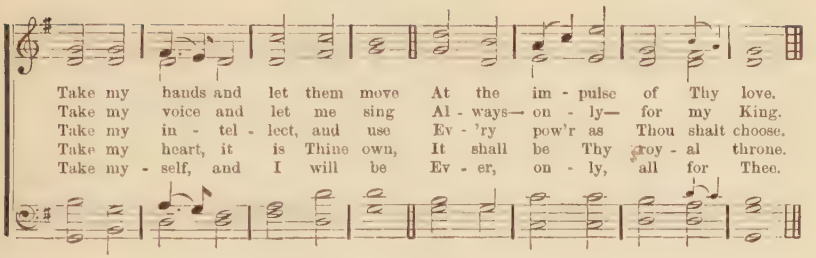
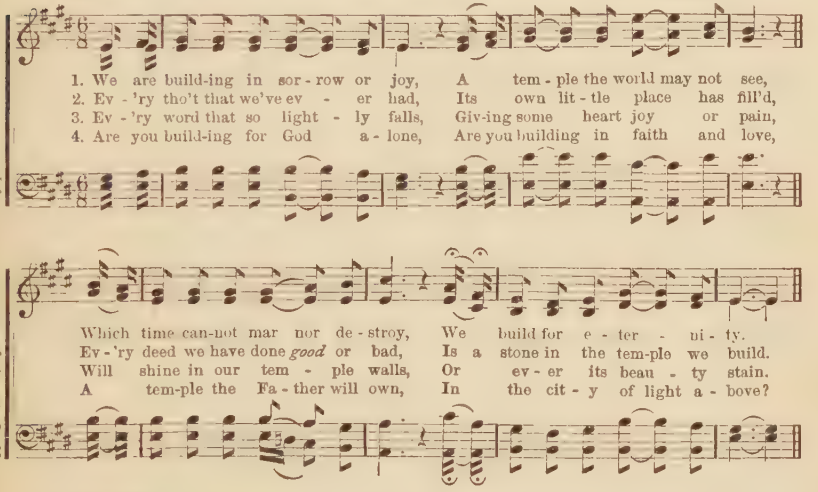
Take My Life, etc.—Concluded.


Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways— on - ly— for my King.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

No. 176. Building for Eternity.

N. B. S. N. B. Sargent, arr.


1. We are build-ing in sor - row or joy, A tem - ple the world may not see,
2. Ev - 'ry tho't that we've ev - er had, Its own lit - tle place has fill'd,
3. Ev - 'ry word that so light - ly falls, Giv-ing some heart joy or pain,
4. Are you build-ing for God a - lone, Are you building in faith and love,
Which time can-not mar nor de - stroy, We build for e - ter - ni - ty.
Ev - 'ry deed we have done *good* or bad, Is a stone in the tem-ple we build.
Will shine in our tem - ple walls, Or ev - er its beau - ty stain.
A tem-ple the Fa - ther will own, In the cit - y of light a - bove?

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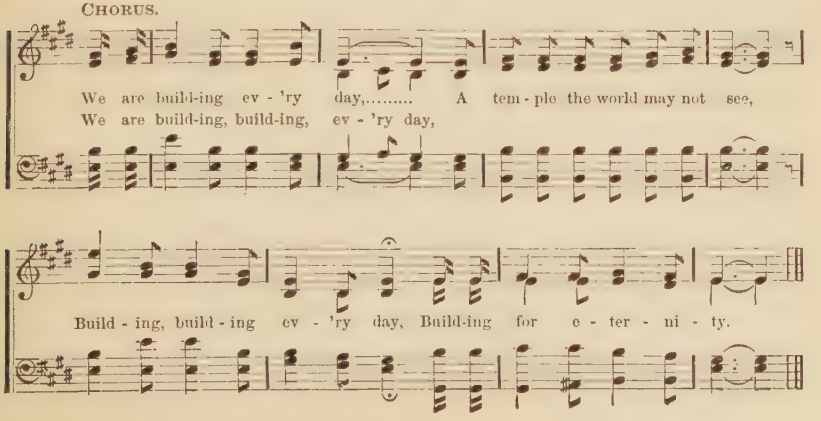
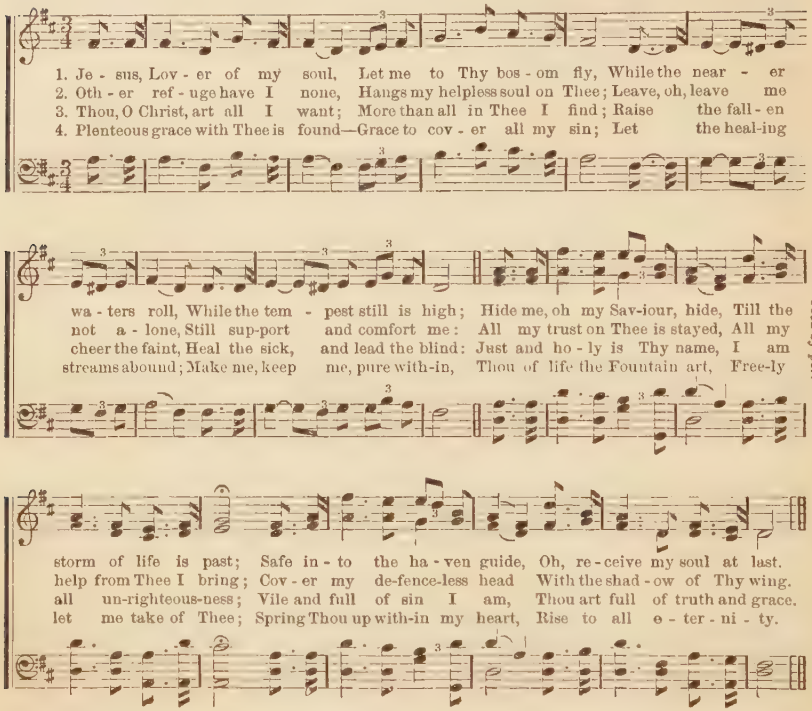

Chorus.
We are build-ing ev - 'ry day,..... A tem - ple the world may not see,
We are build-ing, build-ing, ev - 'ry day,
Build - ing, build - ing ev - 'ry day, Build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 177. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

(Refuge. 7s. D.)

CHARLES WESLEY. JOS. P. HOLBROOK.

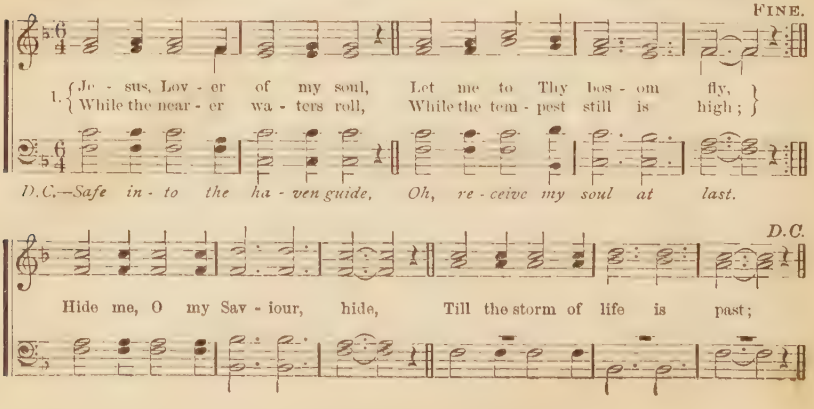

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, While the near - er
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fall - en
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal-ing
wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, oh my Sav-iour, hide, Till the
not a - lone, Still sup-port and comfort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind: Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
streams abound; Make me, keep me, pure with-in, Thou of life the Fountain art, Free-ly
storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de-fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-righteous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Used by per.

Second Tune.

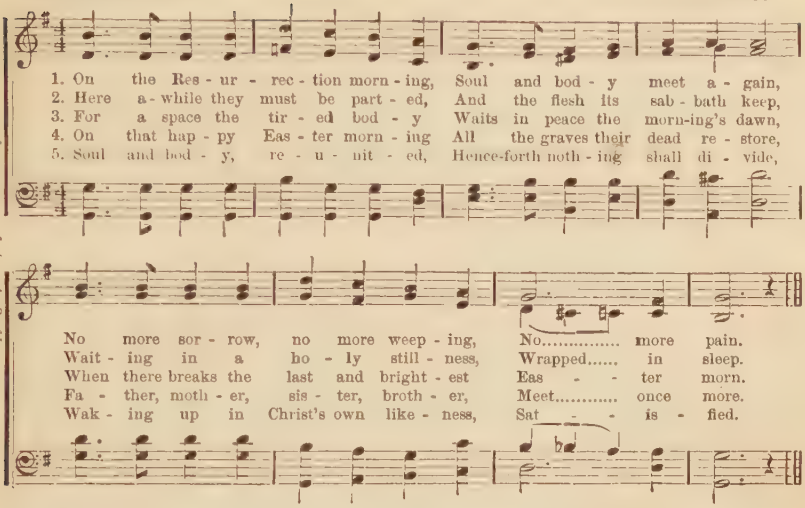
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

(Martyn, 7s. D.)

CHARLES WESLEY. SIMEON B. MARSH.

FINE.
1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }
{ While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }
D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
D.C.
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

No. 178. Resurrection Morn.

S. Baring-Gould. Ira D. Sankey.


1. On the Res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, Soul and bod - y meet a - gain,
2. Here a - while they must be part - ed, And the flesh its sab - bath keep,
3. For a space the tir - ed bod - y Waits in peace the morn-ing's dawn,
4. On that hap - py Eas - ter morn - ing All the graves their dead re - store,
5. Soul and bod - y, re - u - nit - ed, Hence-forth noth - ing shall di - vide,
No more sor - row, no more weep - ing, No..... more pain.
Wait - ing in a ho - ly still - ness, Wrapped..... in sleep.
When there breaks the last and bright - est Eas - - ter morn.
Fa - ther, moth - er, sis - ter, broth - er, Meet..... once more.
Wak - ing up in Christ's own like - ness, Sat - - is - fied.

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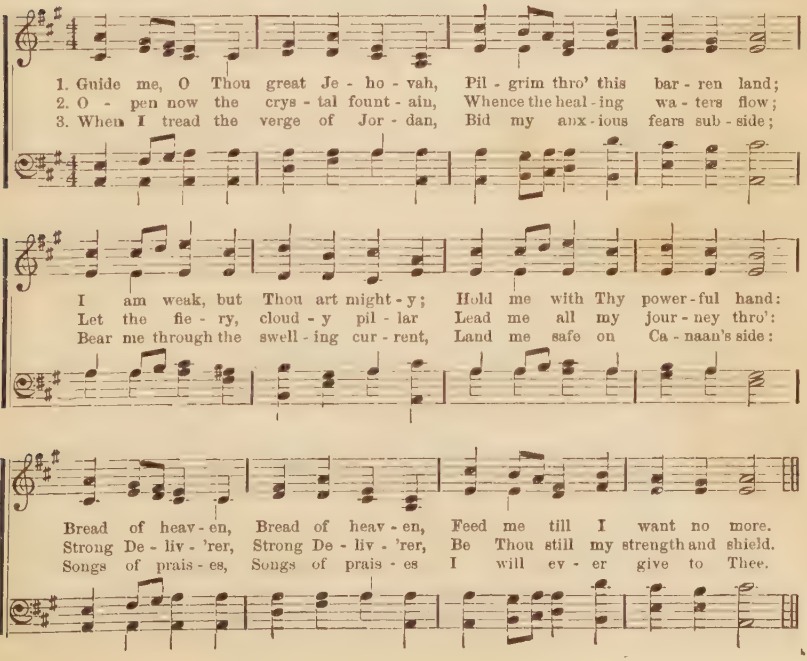
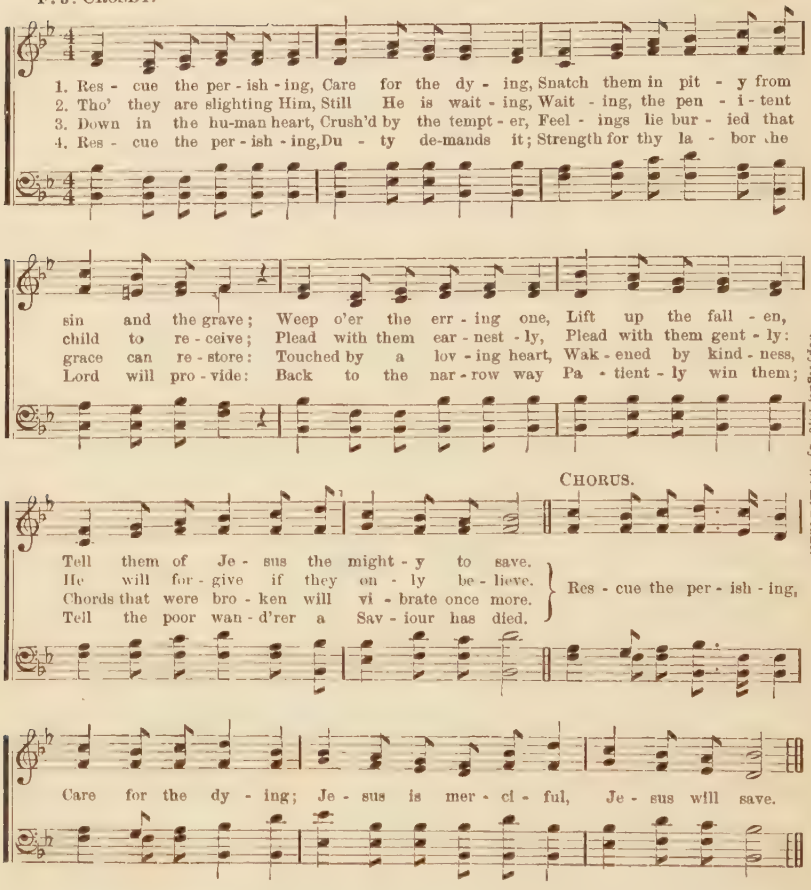
No. 179. Guide Me.

W. Williams. William L. Viner.


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fount - ain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side;
I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy power - ful hand:
Let the fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro':
Bear me through the swell - ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side:
Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

No. 180. Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing, the pen - i - tent child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gent - ly:
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempt - er, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that grace can re - store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.
Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan - d'rer a Sav - iour has died.
Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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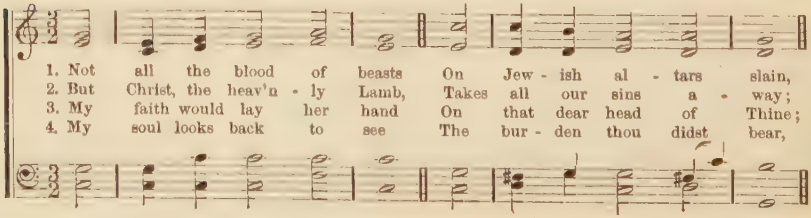
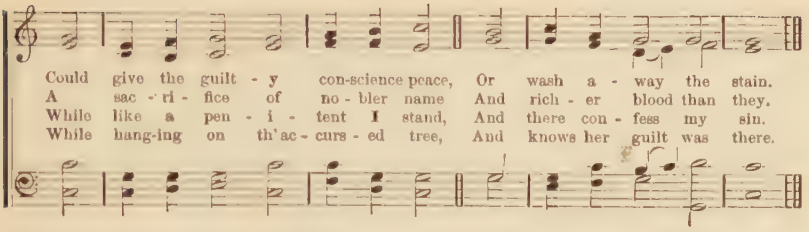
No. 181. Not all the Blood.

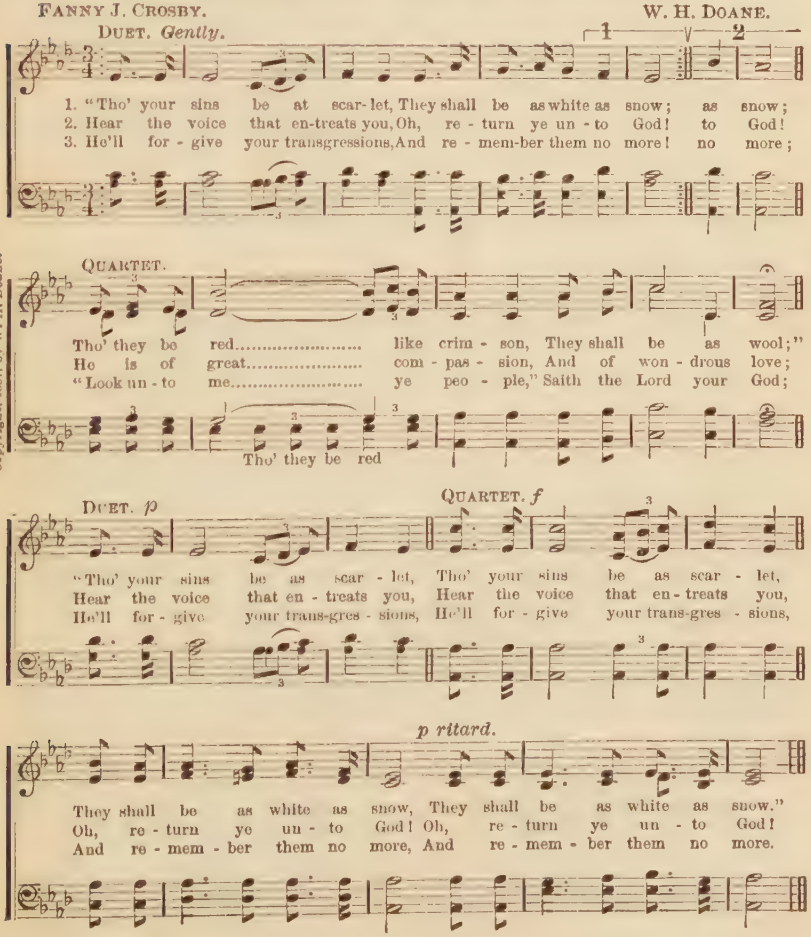
ISAAC WATTS. (Boylston. S. M.) Dr. LOWELL MASON.


1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,
2. But Christ, the heav'n - ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way;
3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine;
4. My soul looks back to see The bur - den thou didst bear,

Not all the Blood.—Concluded.


Could give the guilt - y con-science peace, Or wash a - way the stain.
A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name And rich - er blood than they.
While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.
While hang-ing on th'ac - curs - ed tree, And knows her guilt was there.

No. 182. Though your Sins be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

DUET. Gently.
1 2
1. "Tho' your sins be at scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for - give your transgressions, And re - mem-ber them no more! no more;
QUARTET.
Tho' they be red like crim - son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great com - pas - sion, And of won - drous love;
"Look un - to me ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God;
Tho' they be red
DUET. p
QUARTET. f
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en - treats you, Hear the voice that en - treats you,
He'll for - give your trans-gres - sions, He'll for - give your trans-gres - sions,
p ritard.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

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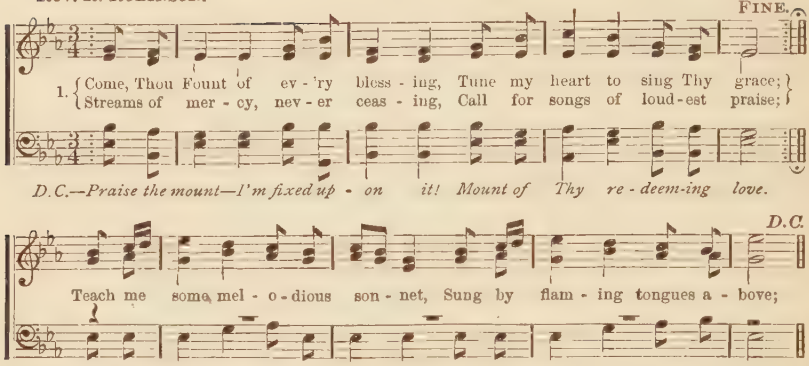
No. 183. Come, Thou Fount.

(Nettleton. 8s. 7s.)

Rev. R. ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.


FINE.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise;
D.C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.
D.C.
Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

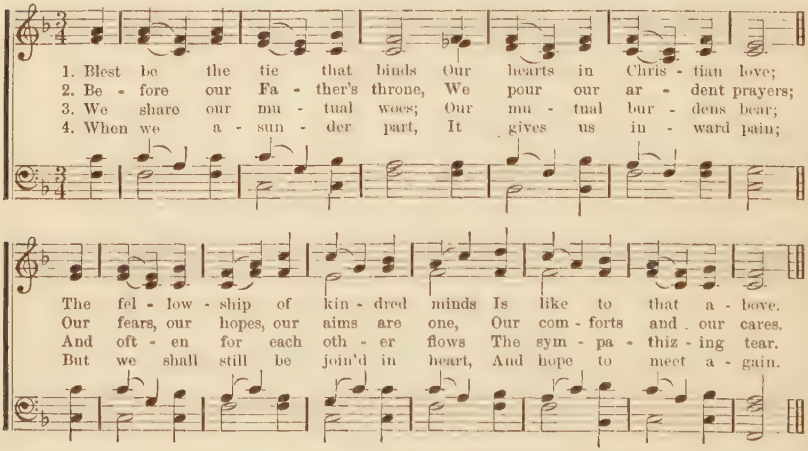
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 184. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

(Dennis. S. M.)

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 185. Tune—Boylston. S. M. No. 181.

1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"*Ye must be born again!*"

2 "*Ye must be born again!*"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice—
'Tis *life* poor sinners need.

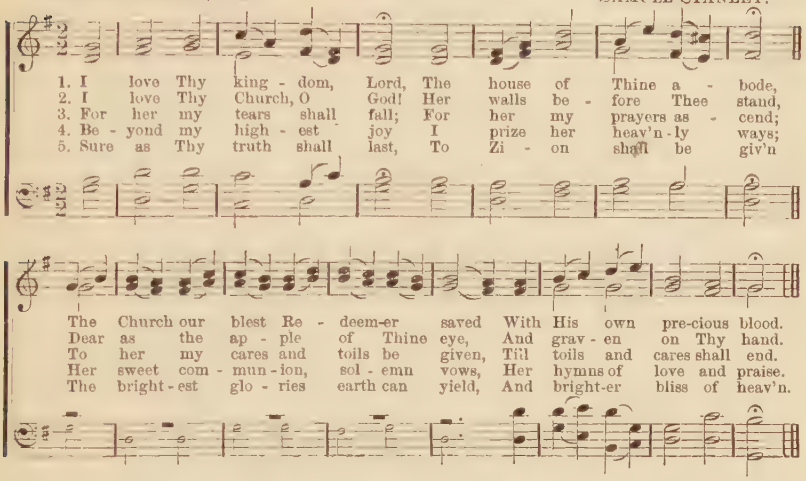
3 "*Ye must be born again!*"
And life *in Christ* must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis He *alone* can save.

4 "*Ye must be born again!*"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there,
The ransomed and forgiven.

Anon.

No. 186. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

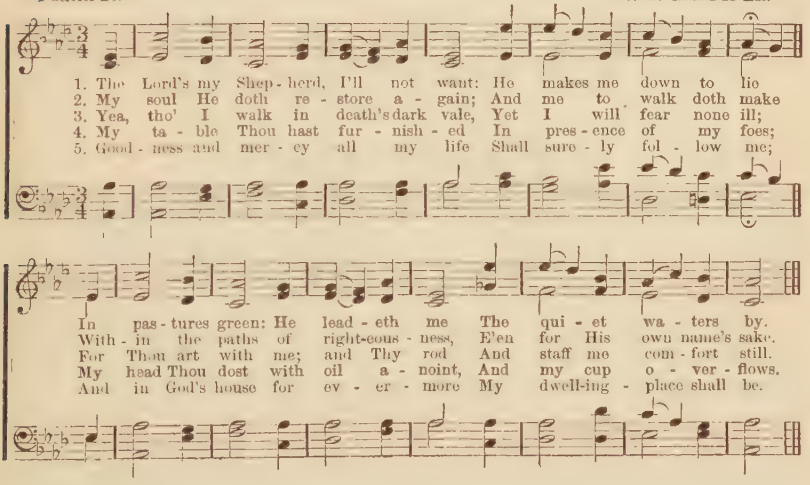
(Shirland. S. M.)

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D. SAMUEL STANLEY.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways;
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n
The Church our blest Re - deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

No. 187. The Lord's My Shepherd.

(Belmont. C. M.)

Psalm 23. WM. GARDINER.


1. The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re - store a - gain; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale, Yet I will fear none ill;
4. My ta - ble Thou hast fur - nish - ed In pres - ence of my foes;
5. Good - ness and mer - cy all my life Shall sure - ly fol - low me;
In pas - tures green: He lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
With - in the paths of right-eous - ness, E'en for His own name's sake.
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod And staff me com - fort still.
My head Thou dost with oil a - noint, And my cup o - ver - flows.
And in God's house for ev - er - more My dwell-ing - place shall be.

No. 188.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

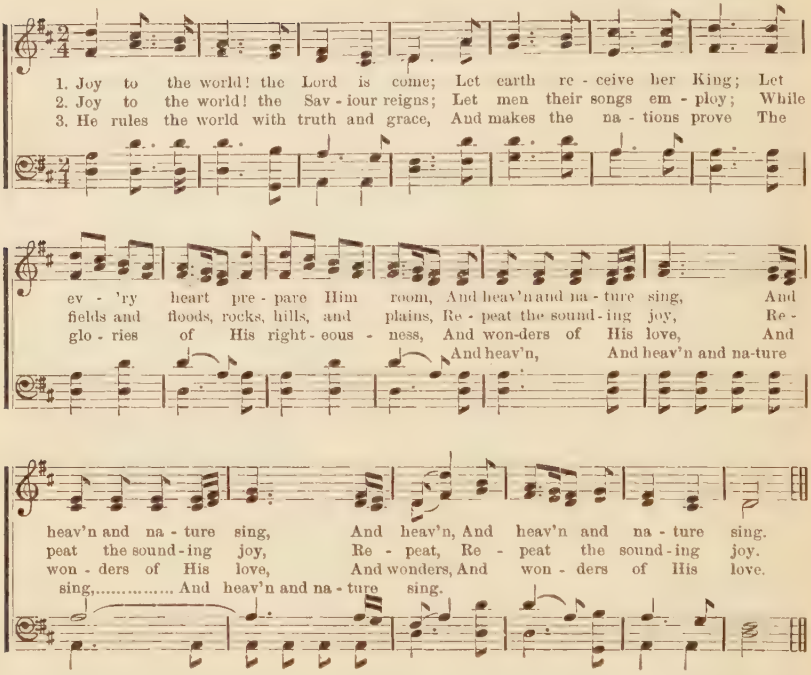
3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, My Life, my Way, my End,—
Accept the praise I bring.

John Newton.

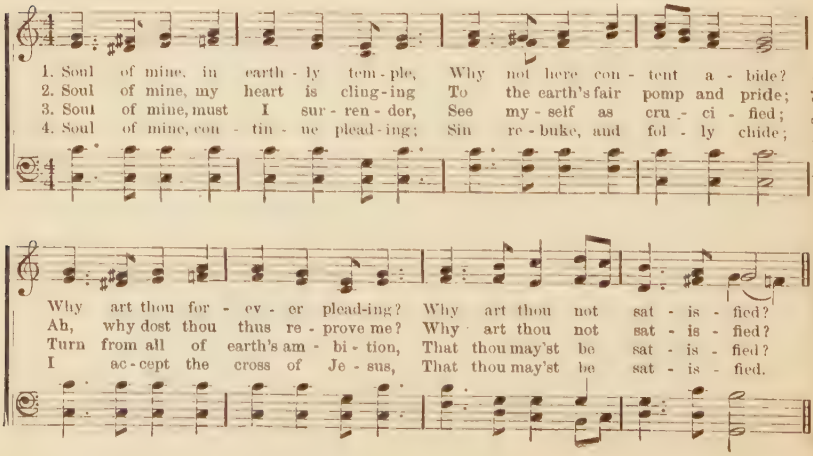
No. 189. Joy to the World.

(Antioch. C. M.)

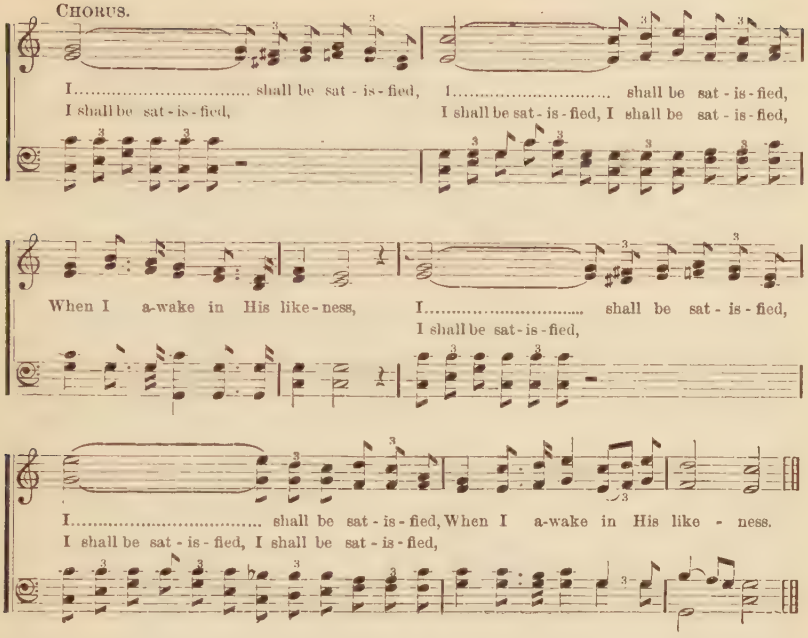
I. WATTS. Arr. fr. GEO. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - iour reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The
ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re -
glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And won-ders of His love, And
And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.
won - ders of His love, And wonders, And won - ders of His love.
sing,..... And heav'n and na - ture sing.

No. 190. I shall be Satisfied.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

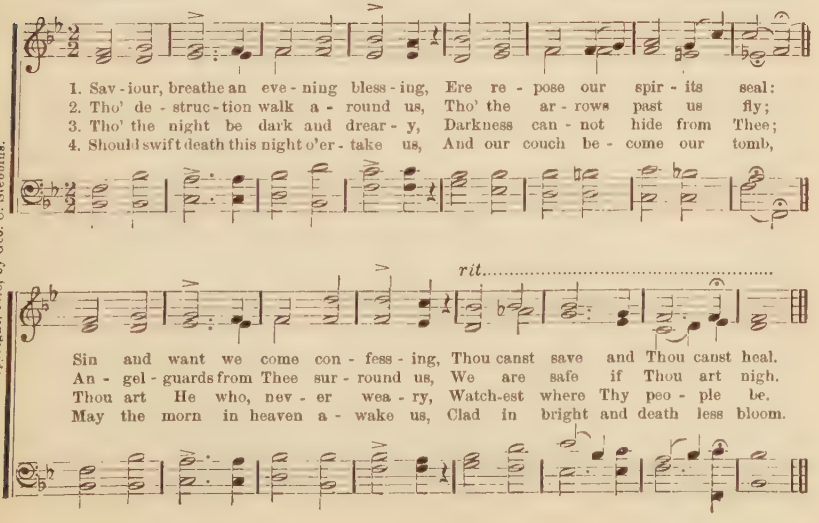

1. Soul of mine, in earth - ly tem - ple, Why not here con - tent a - bide?
2. Soul of mine, my heart is cling - ing To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
3. Soul of mine, must I sur - ren - der, See my - self as cru - ci - fied;
4. Soul of mine, con - tin - ue plead - ing; Sin re - buke, and fol - ly chide;
Why art thou for - ev - er plead - ing? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
Ah, why dost thou thus re - prove me? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
Turn from all of earth's am - bi - tion, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?
I ac - cept the cross of Je - sus, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied.

Copyright, 1879, by James McGranahan.

I shall be Satisfied.—Concluded.

CHORUS.
I..... shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied,
I..... shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied,
When I a-wake in His like-ness,
I..... shall be sat - is - fied,
I shall be sat - is - fied,
I..... shall be sat - is - fied, When I a-wake in His like - ness.
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied,

No. 191. Evening Prayer.

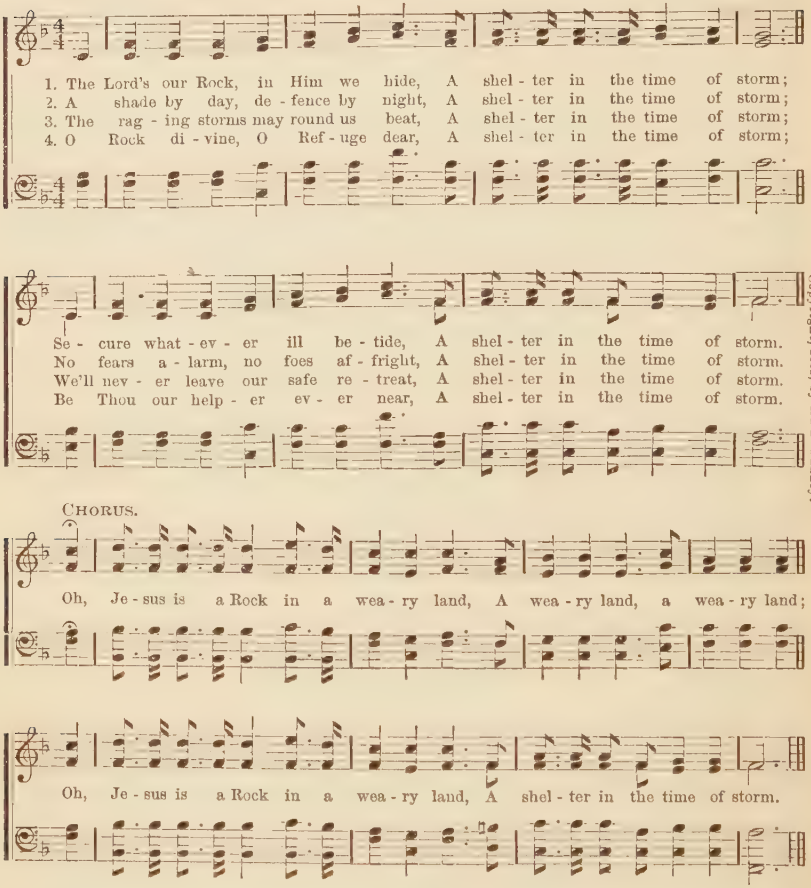
J. EDMESTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal:
2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly;
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Darkness can - not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,
rit.
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An - gel - guards from Thee sur - round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch-est where Thy peo - ple be.
May the morn in heaven a - wake us, Clad in bright and death less bloom.

Copyright, 1878, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

No. 192. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

V. J. CHARLESWORTH. IRA D. SANKEY.

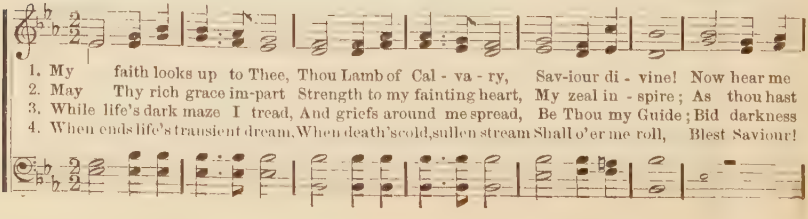

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel - ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de - fence by night, A shel - ter in the time of storm;
3. The rag - ing storms may round us beat, A shel - ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di - vine, O Ref - uge dear, A shel - ter in the time of storm;
Se - cure what - ev - er ill be - tide, A shel - ter in the time of storm.
No fears a - larm, no foes af - fright, A shel - ter in the time of storm.
We'll nev - er leave our safe re - treat, A shel - ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help - er ev - er near, A shel - ter in the time of storm.
CHORUS.
Oh, Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, A wea - ry land, a wea - ry land;
Oh, Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, A shel - ter in the time of storm.

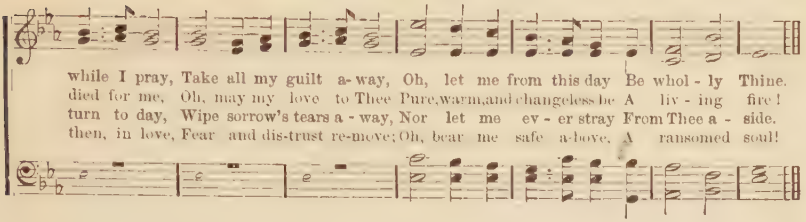
Copyright, 1865, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 193. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

(Olivet. 6s. 4s.)

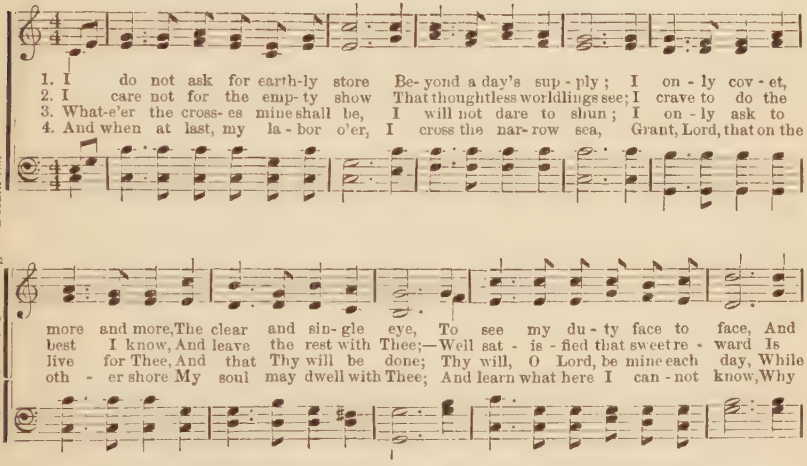
RAY PALMER, D. D. Dr. LOWELL MASON.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav-iour di - vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire; As thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour!


while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine.
died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be A liv-ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.
then, in love, Fear and dis-trust re-move; Oh, bear me safe a-bove, A ransomed soul!

No. 194. The Eye of Faith.

Rev. J. J. MAXFIELD. W. A. OGDEN.


1. I do not ask for earth-ly store Be-yond a day's sup-ply; I on-ly cov-et,
2. I care not for the emp-ty show That thoughtless worldlings see; I crave to do the
3. What-e'er the cross-es mine shall be, I will not dare to shun; I on-ly ask to
4. And when at last, my la-bor o'er, I cross the nar-row sea, Grant, Lord, that on the
more and more, The clear and sin-gle eye, To see my du-ty face to face, And
best I know, And leave the rest with Thee;—Well sat-is-fied that sweet re-ward Is
live for Thee, And that Thy will be done; Thy will, O Lord, be mine each day, While
oth-er shore My soul may dwell with Thee; And learn what here I can-not know, Why

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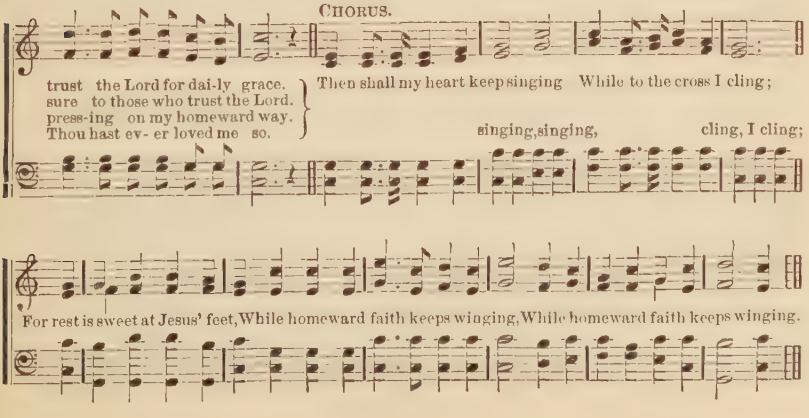
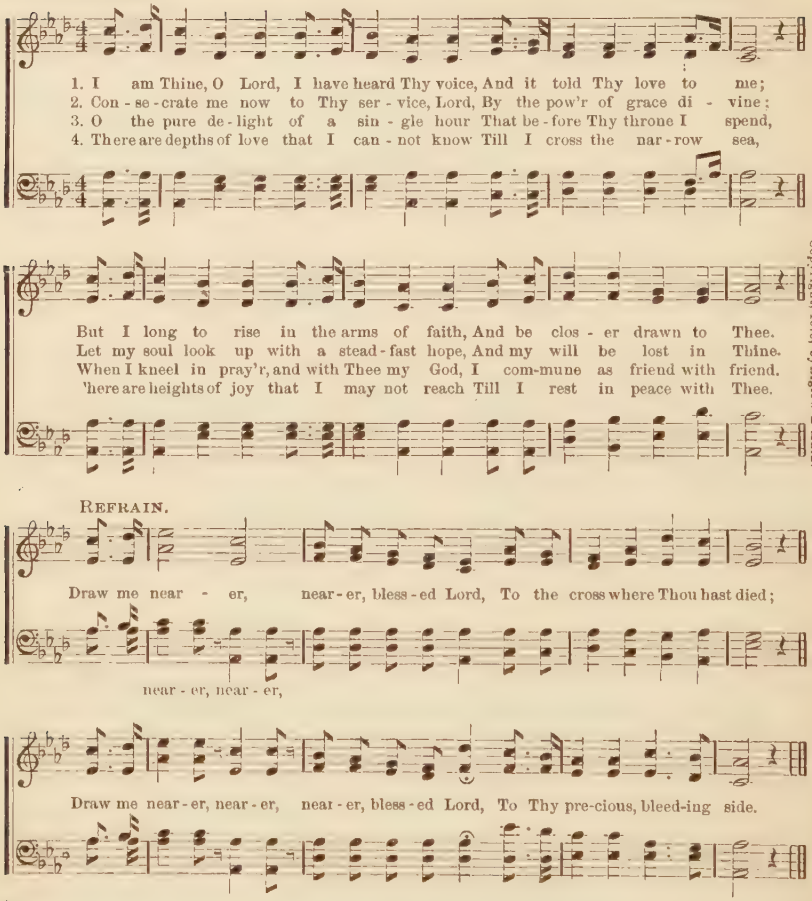

CHORUS.
trust the Lord for dai-ly grace.
sure to those who trust the Lord.
press-ing on my homeward way.
Thou hast ev-er loved me so.
Then shall my heart keep singing While to the cross I cling;
singing, singing, cling, I cling;
For rest is sweet at Jesus' feet, While homeward faith keeps winging, While homeward faith keeps winging.

No. 195. I am Thine, O Lord.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy ser - vice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine:
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I com-mune as friend with friend.
'here are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.
REFRAIN.
Draw me near - er, near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near - er, near - er,
Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

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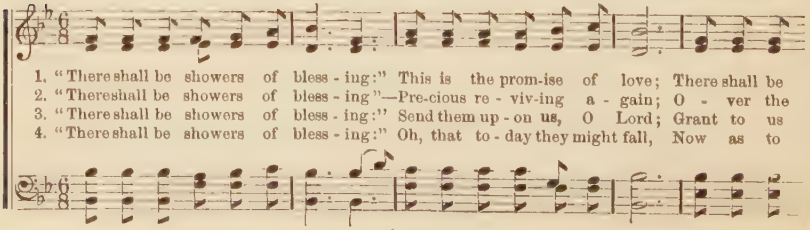
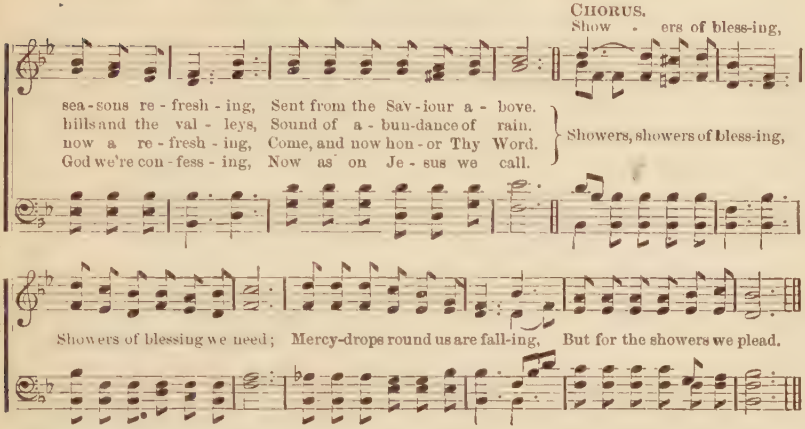
No. 196. There shall be Showers of Blessing.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" This is the prom-ise of love; There shall be
2. "There shall be showers of bless - ing"—Pre-cious re - viv-ing a - gain; O - ver the
3. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" Send them up - on us, O Lord; Grant to us
4. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall, Now as to

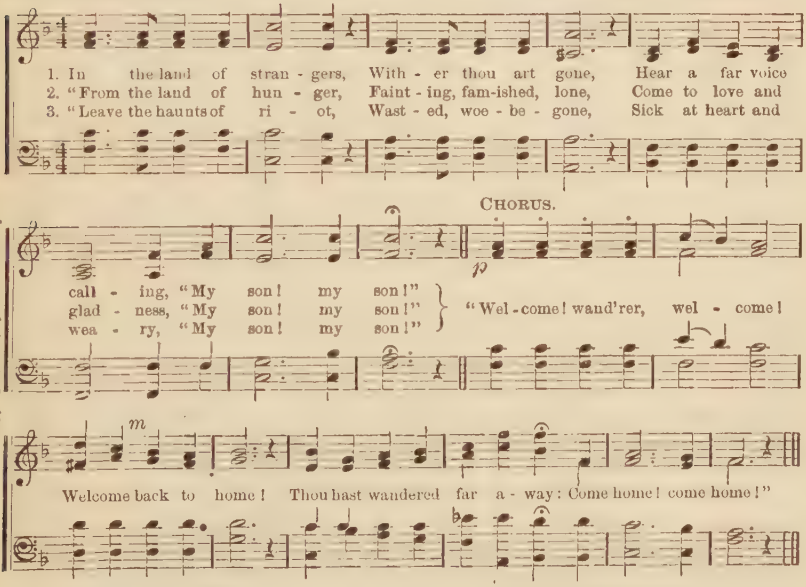
There shall be Showers, etc.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
Show - ers of bless-ing,
sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.
hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call.
Showers, showers of bless-ing,
Showers of blessing we need; Mercy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the showers we plead.

Copyright, 1883, by James McGranahan.

No. 197. Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

HORATIUS BONAR. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. In the land of stran-gers, With-er thou art gone, Hear a far voice
2. "From the land of hun-ger, Faint-ing, fam-ished, lone, Come to love and
3. "Leave the haunts of ri-ot, Wast-ed, woe-be-gone, Sick at heart and
CHORUS.
call-ing, "My son! my son!"
glad-ness, "My son! my son!"
wea-ry, "My son! my son!"
"Wel-come! wand'rer, wel-come!
Welcome back to home! Thou hast wandered far a-way: Come home! come home!"

Copyright, 1884, by Ira D. Sankey.

4 "See the door still open!
Thou art still my own;
Eyes of love are on thee,
My son! my son!"

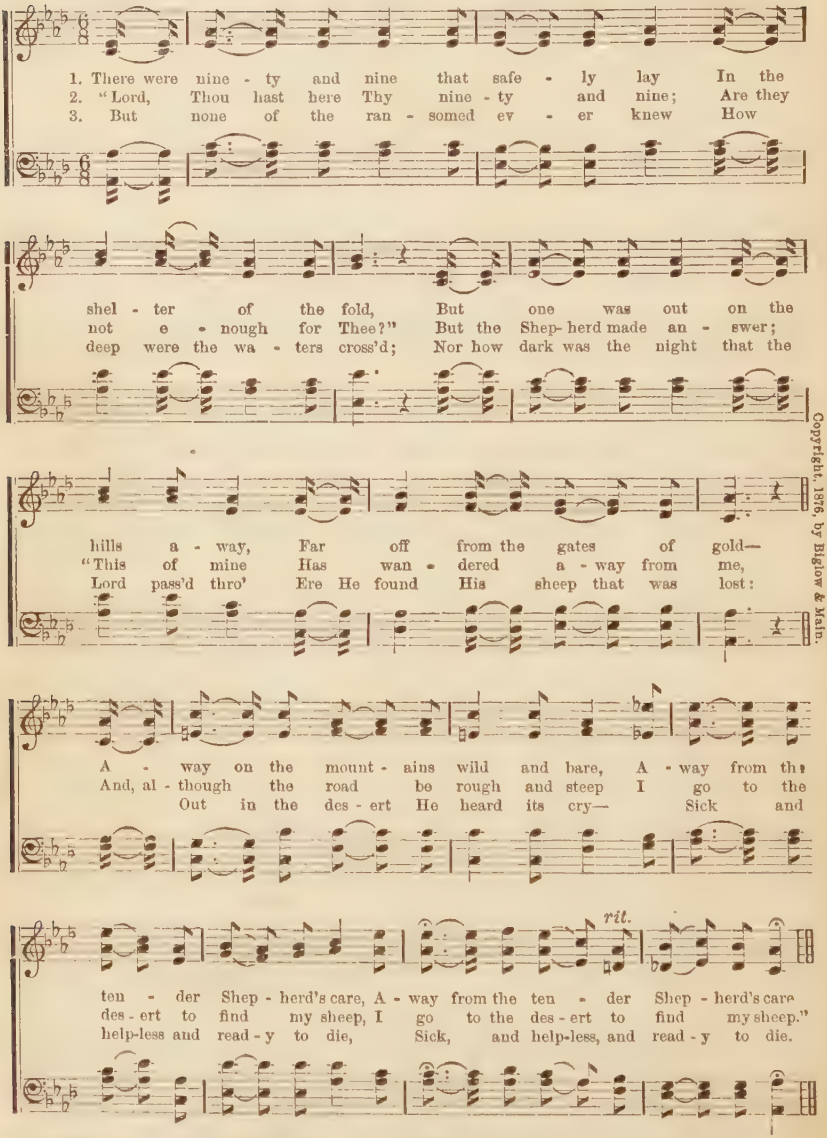
5 "Far off thou hast wandered;
Wilt thou farther roam?
Come, and all is pardoned,
My son! my son!"

6 "See the well-spread table,
Unforgotten one!
Here is rest and plenty,
My son! my son!"

7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless, and undone;
Mine is love unchanging,
My son! my son!"

No. 198. The Ninety and Nine.

(Should be sung only as a Solo ad libitum.)

E. C. CLEPHANE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are they
3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How
shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the
not e - nough for Thee?" But the Shep- herd made an - swer;
deep were the wa - ters cross'd; Nor how dark was the night that the
hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold—
"This of mine Has wan - dered a - way from me,
Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost:
A - way on the mount - ains wild and bare, A - way from the
And, al - though the road be rough and steep I go to the
Out in the des - ert He heard its cry— Sick and
rit.
ten - der Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care
des - ert to find my sheep, I go to the des - ert to find my sheep."
help-less and read - y to die, Sick, and help-less, and read - y to die.

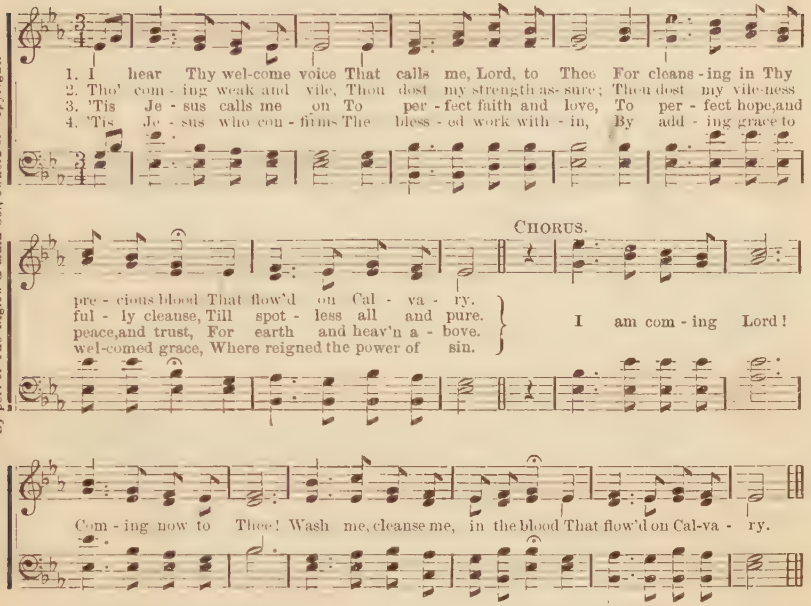
Copyright, 1876, by Biglow & Main.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back:"
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the Angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

No. 199. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.


1. I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For cleans-ing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou dost my vile-ness
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4. 'Tis Je-sus who con-firms The bless-ed work with-in, By add-ing grace to
CHORUS.
pre-cious blood That flow'd on Cal-va-ry.
ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.
wel-comed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.
I am com-ing Lord!
Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal-va-ry.

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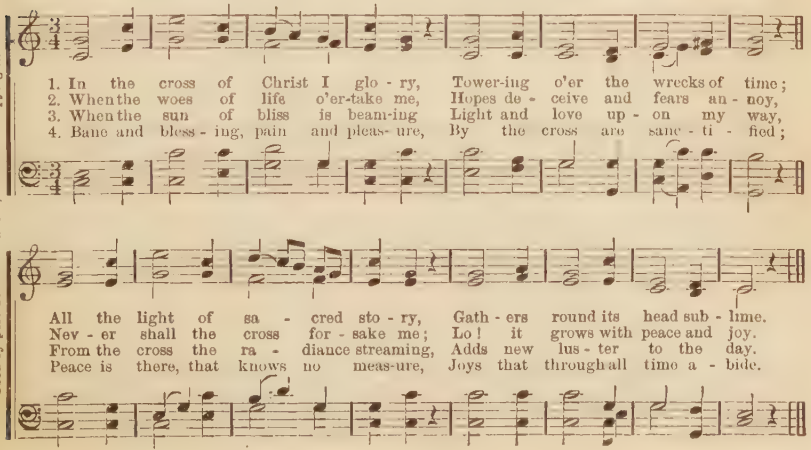
5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

No. 200. In the Cross of Christ.

(Rathbun. 8s.7s.)

Sir JOHN BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;
All the light of sa-cred sto-ry, Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it grows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance streaming, Adds new lus-ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that through all time a-bide.

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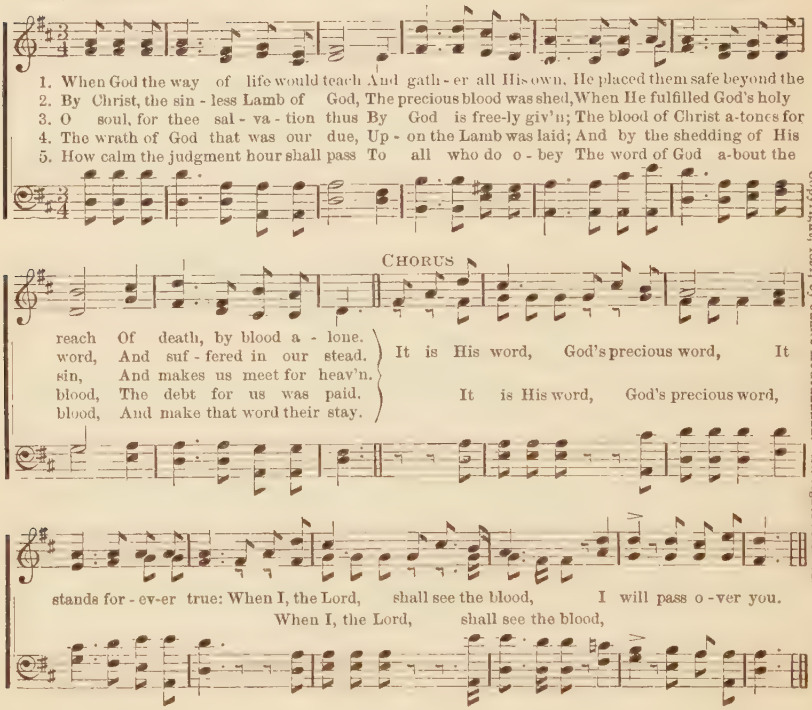
No. 201. I will Pass Over You.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. When God the way of life would teach And gath - er all His own, He placed them safe beyond the
2. By Christ, the sin - less Lamb of God, The precious blood was shed, When He fulfilled God's holy
3. O soul, for thee sal - va - tion thus By God is free-ly giv'n; The blood of Christ a-tones for
4. The wrath of God that was our due, Up - on the Lamb was laid; And by the shedding of His
5. How calm the judgment hour shall pass To all who do o - bey The word of God a-bout the
CHORUS
reach Of death, by blood a - lone.
word, And suf - fered in our stead.
sin, And makes us meet for heav'n.
blood, The debt for us was paid.
blood, And make that word their stay.
It is His word, God's precious word, It
It is His word, God's precious word,
stands for - ev-er true: When I, the Lord, shall see the blood, I will pass o - ver you.
When I, the Lord, shall see the blood,

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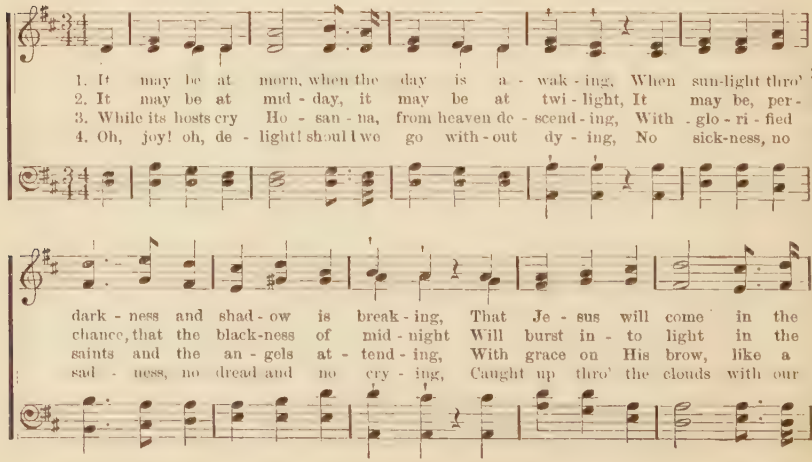
No. 202 Christ Returneth.

H. L. TURNER JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak - ing, When sun-light thro'
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi - light, It may be, per -
3. While its hosts cry Ho - san - na, from heaven de - scend - ing, With - glo - ri - fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de - light! should we go with - out dy - ing, No sick-ness, no
dark - ness and shad - ow is break - ing, That Je - sus will come in the
chance, that the black-ness of mid - night Will burst in - to light in the
saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing, With grace on His brow, like a
sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

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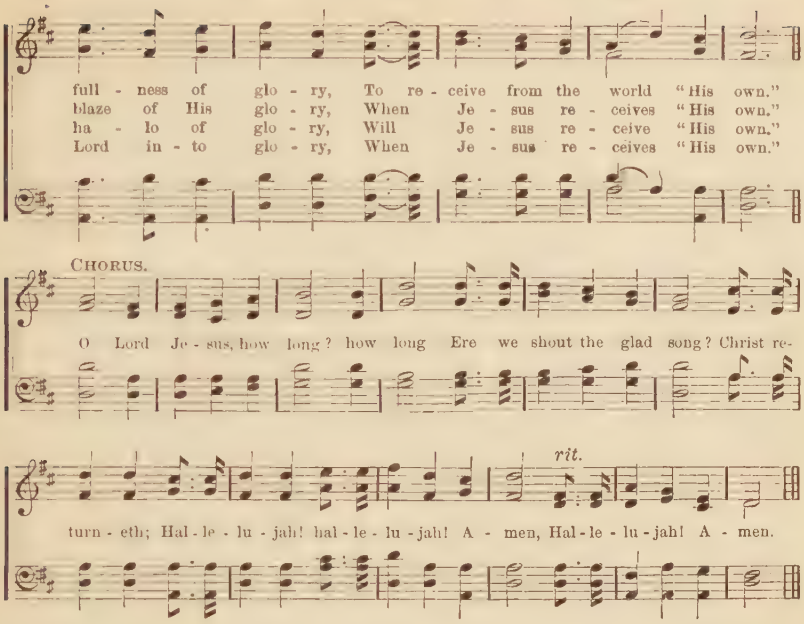
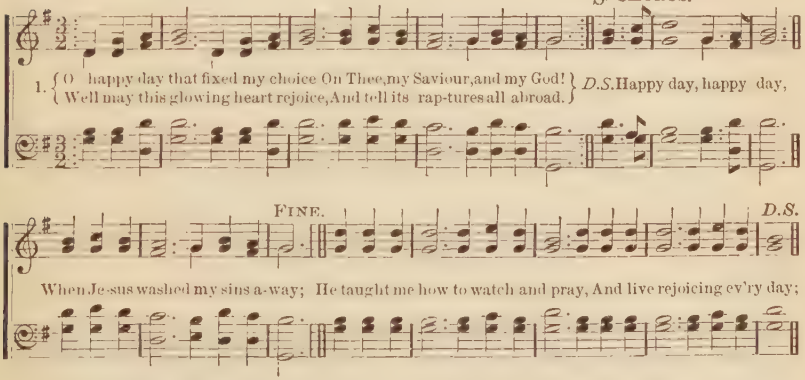
Christ Returneth.—Concluded.

full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
CHORUS.
O Lord Je - sus, how long? how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re-
rit.
turn - eth; Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

No. 203. Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE. From E. F. RIMBAULT.


CHORUS.
1. { O happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour, and my God! / Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all abroad. } D.S. Happy day, happy day,
FINE. D.S.
When Je-sus washed my sins a-way; He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing ev'ry day;

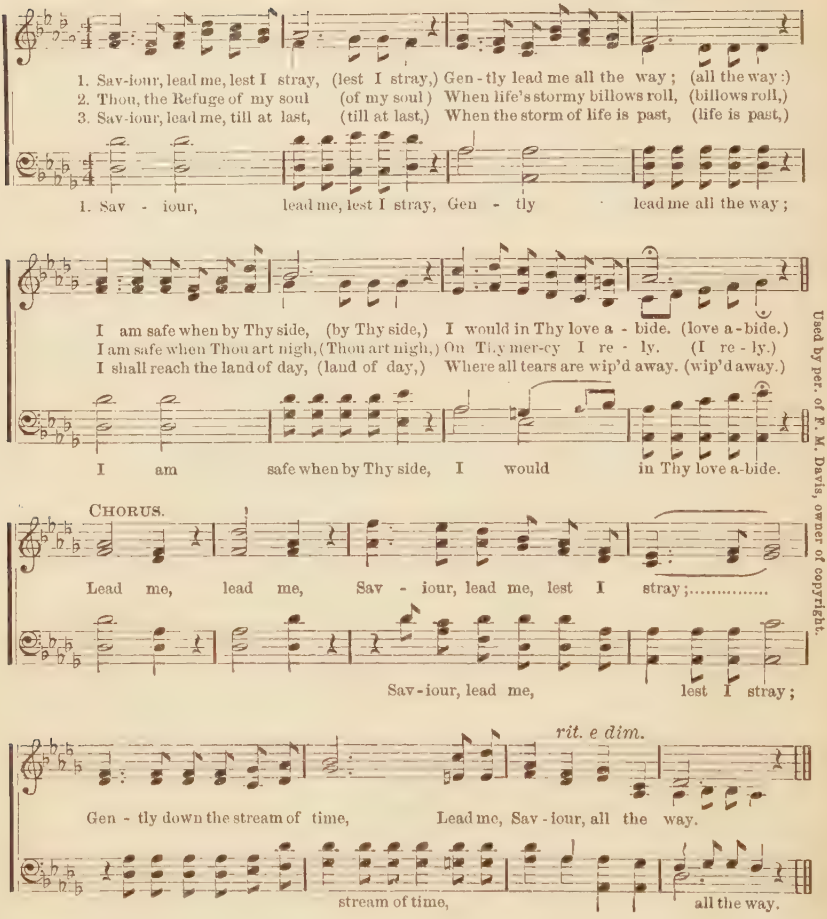
2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 204. Lead me, Saviour.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray, (lest I stray,) Gen-tly lead me all the way; (all the way:)
2. Thou, the Refuge of my soul (of my soul) When life's stormy billows roll, (billows roll,)
3. Sav-iour, lead me, till at last, (till at last,) When the storm of life is past, (life is past,)
1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
I am safe when by Thy side, (by Thy side,) I would in Thy love a - bide. (love a-bide.)
I am safe when Thou art nigh, (Thou art nigh,) On Thy mer-cy I re - ly. (I re - ly.)
I shall reach the land of day, (land of day,) Where all tears are wip'd away. (wip'd away.)
I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.
CHORUS.
Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray;.....
Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray;
rit. e dim.
Gen - tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Sav-iour, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

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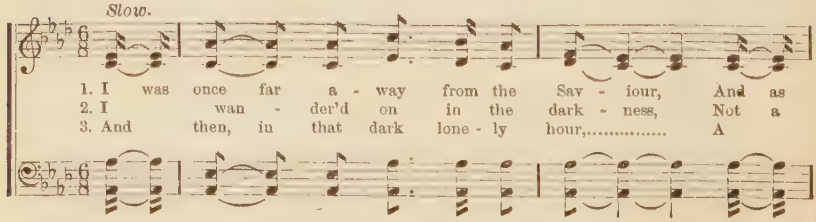
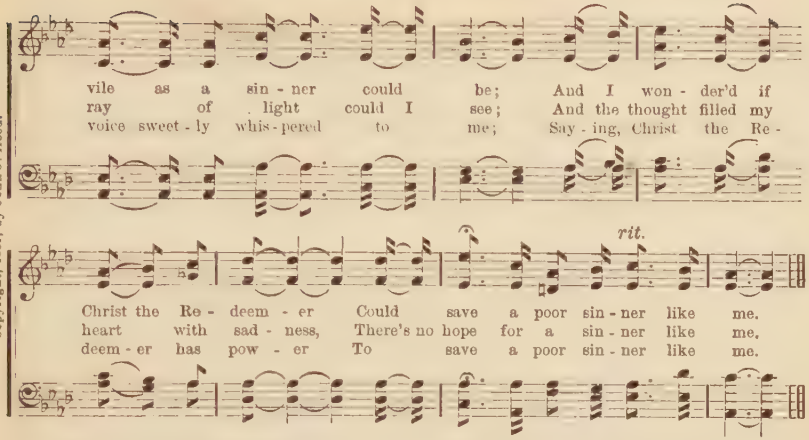
No. 205. A Sinner like Me!

C. J. B. C. J. BUTLER.



A Sinner like Me!—Concluded.

vile as a sin - ner could be; And I won - der'd if
ray of light could I see; And the thought filled my
voice sweet - ly whis - pered to me; Say - ing, Christ the Re -
rit.
Christ the Re - deem - er Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
heart with sad - ness, There's no hope for a sin - ner like me.
deem - er has pow - er To save a poor sin - ner like me.

Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood.

4 I listened: and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

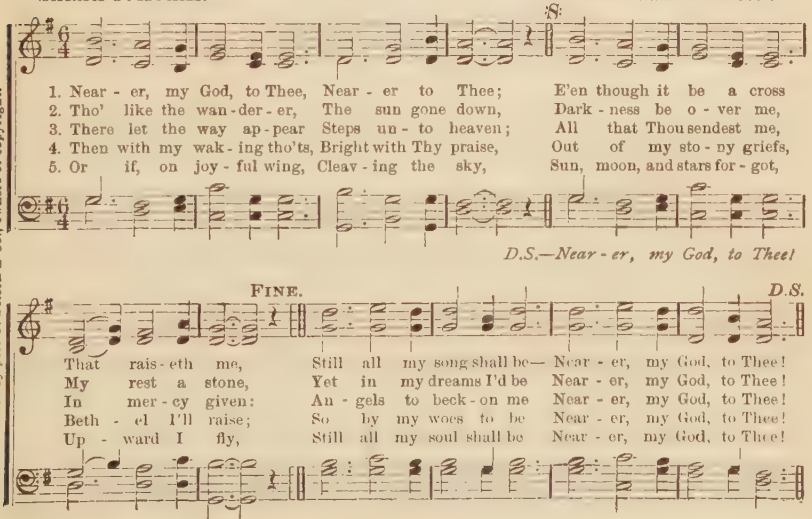
6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

No. 206. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

(Bethany. 6s. 4s.)

SARAH F. ADAMS. Dr. LOWELL MASON.


S.
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs,
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,
D.S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee!
FINE.
D.S.
That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be— Near - er, my God, to Thee!
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee!
In mer - cy given: An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee!
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee!
Up - ward I fly, Still all my soul shall be Near - er, my God, to Thee!
Near - er to Thee!

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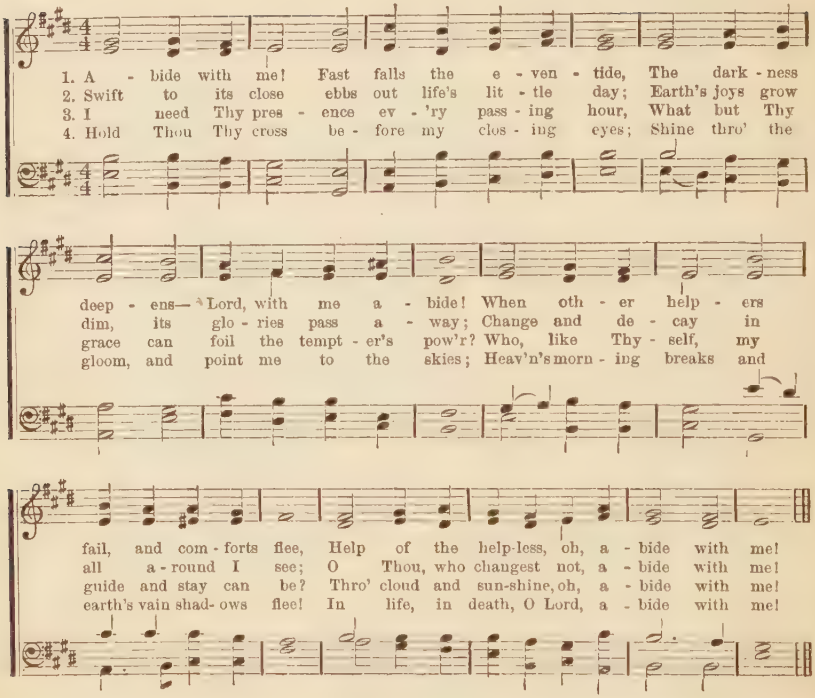
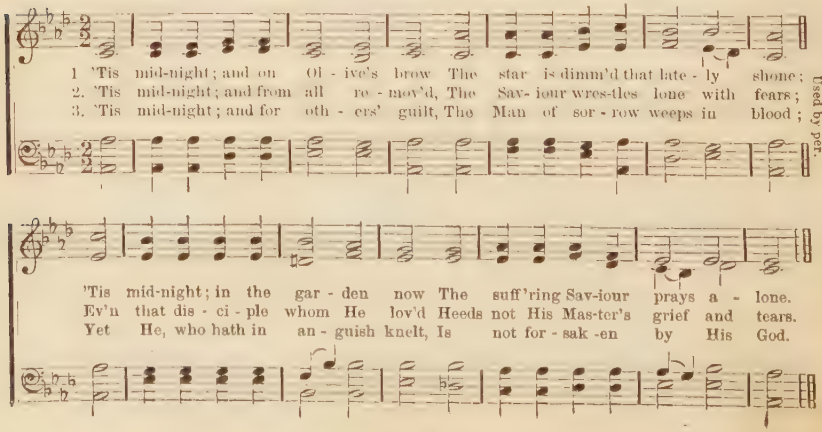
No. 207. Abide With Me.

H. F. LYTE. WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the
deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks and
fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, oh, a - bide with me!
earth's vain shad- ows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 208. 'Tis Midnight.

(Olive's Brow. L. M.)

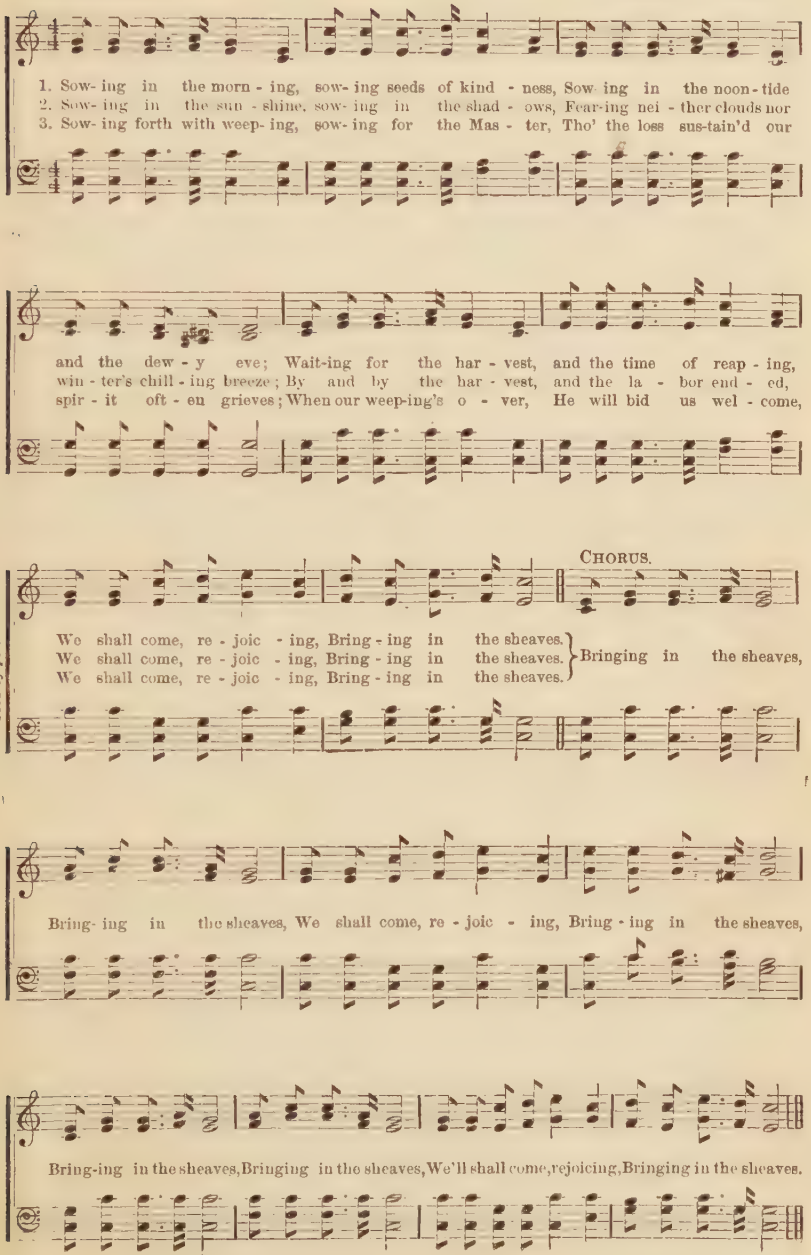
WM. B. TAPPAN. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone;
2. 'Tis mid-night; and from all re - mov'd, The Sav- iour wres-tles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis mid-night; and for oth - ers' guilt, The Man of sor - row weeps in blood;
'Tis mid-night; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Sav-iour prays a - lone.
Ev'n that dis - ci - ple whom He lov'd Heeds not His Mas-ter's grief and tears.
Yet He, who hath in an - guish knelt, Is not for - sak -en by His God.

Used by per.

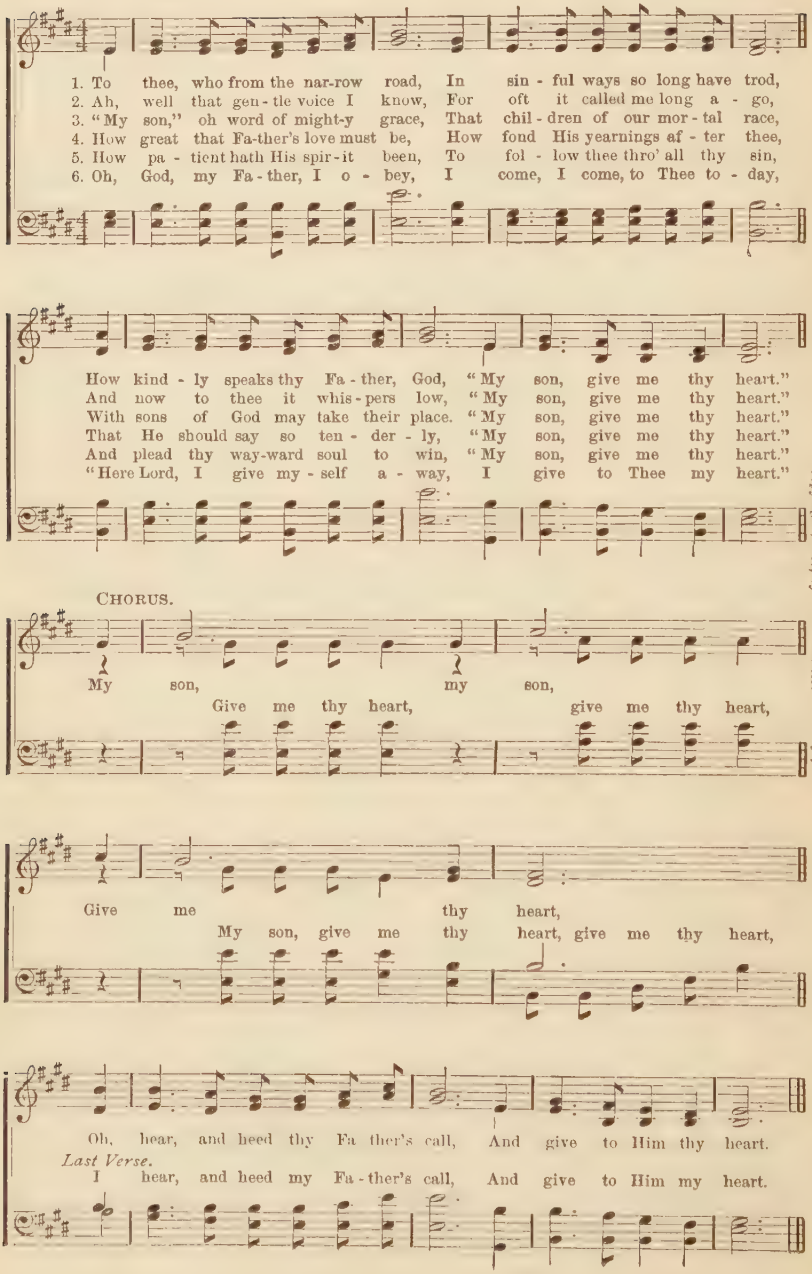
No. 209. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.


1. Sow- ing in the morn - ing, sow- ing seeds of kind - ness, Sow- ing in the noon - tide
2. Sow- ing in the sun - shine, sow- ing in the shad - ows, Fear-ing nei - ther clouds nor
3. Sow- ing forth with weep- ing, sow- ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sus-tain'd our
and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,
win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep-ing's o - ver, He will bid us wel - come,
CHORUS.
We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves.
Bringing in the sheaves,
Bring- ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves,
Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We'll shall come, rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves.

Used by per.

No. 210. Give Me Thy Heart.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. To thee, who from the nar-row road, In sin - ful ways so long have trod,
2. Ah, well that gen - tle voice I know, For oft it called me long a - go,
3. "My son," oh word of might-y grace, That chil - dren of our mor - tal race,
4. How great that Fa-ther's love must be, How fond His yearnings af - ter thee,
5. How pa - tient hath His spir - it been, To fol - low thee thro' all thy sin,
6. Oh, God, my Fa - ther, I o - bey, I come, I come, to Thee to - day,
How kind - ly speaks thy Fa - ther, God, "My son, give me thy heart."
And now to thee it whis - pers low, "My son, give me thy heart."
With sons of God may take their place. "My son, give me thy heart."
That He should say so ten - der - ly, "My son, give me thy heart."
And plead thy way-ward soul to win, "My son, give me thy heart."
"Here Lord, I give my - self a - way, I give to Thee my heart."
CHORUS.
My son, my son,
Give me thy heart, give me thy heart,
Give me thy heart,
My son, give me thy heart, give me thy heart,
Oh, hear, and heed thy Fa ther's call, And give to Him thy heart.
Last Verse.
I hear, and heed my Fa - ther's call, And give to Him my heart.

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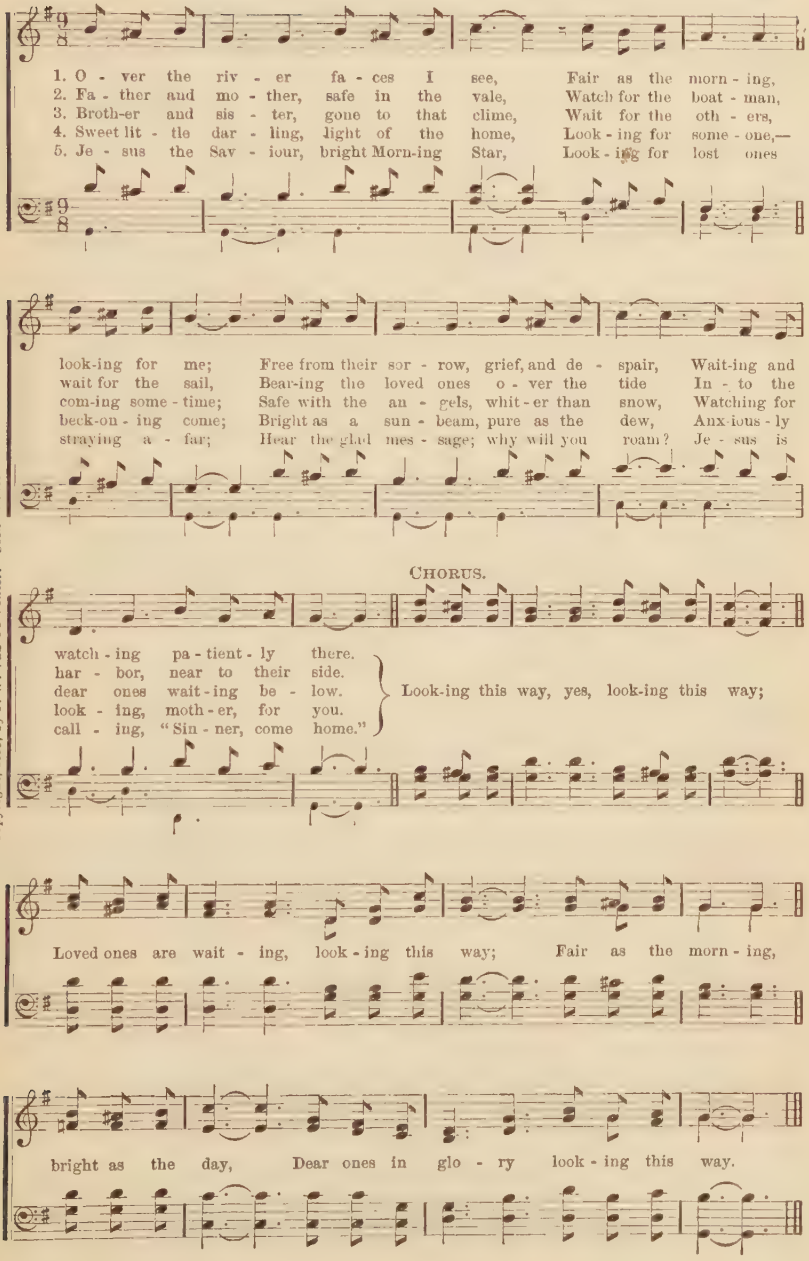
No. 211. Looking This Way.

J. W. V. DUET. J. W. VAN DE VENTER.


1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn - ing,
2. Fa - ther and mo - ther, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat - man,
3. Broth-er and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,
4. Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look - ing for some - one,—
5. Je - sus the Sav - iour, bright Morn-ing Star, Look - ing for lost ones
look-ing for me; Free from their sor - row, grief, and de - spair, Wait-ing and
wait for the sail, Bear-ing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the
com-ing some - time; Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow, Watching for
beck-on - ing come; Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew, Anx-ious - ly
straying a - far; Hear the glad mes - sage; why will you roam? Je - sus is
CHORUS.
watch - ing pa - tient - ly there.
har - bor, near to their side.
dear ones wait - ing be - low.
look - ing, moth - er, for you.
call - ing, "Sin - ner, come home."
Look-ing this way, yes, look-ing this way;
Loved ones are wait - ing, look - ing this way; Fair as the morn - ing,
bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look - ing this way.

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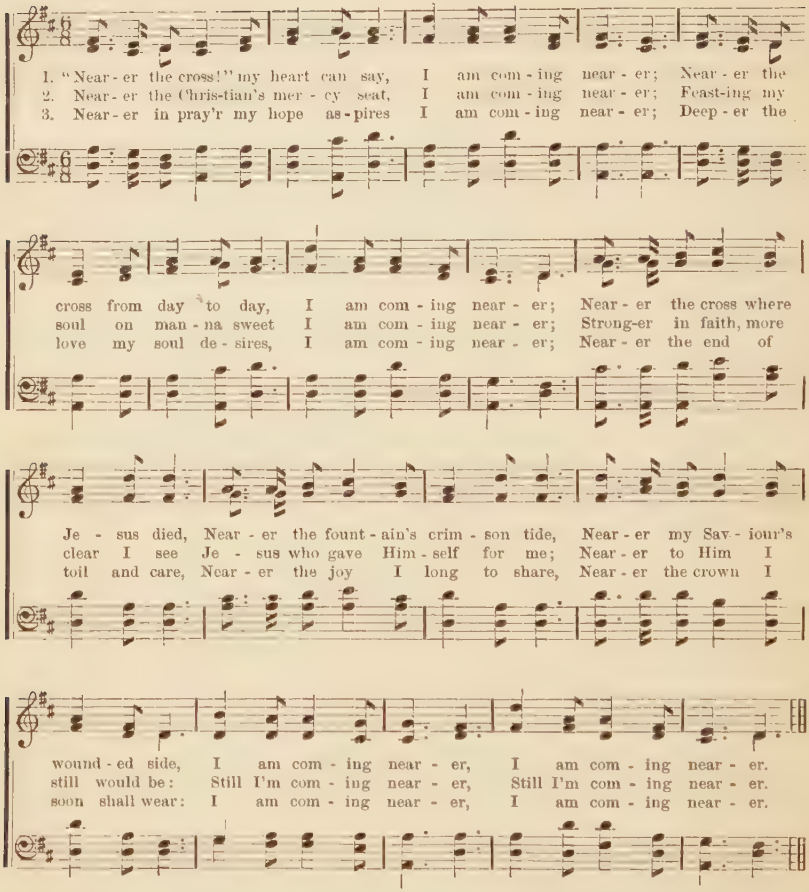
No. 212. Nearer the Cross.

F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

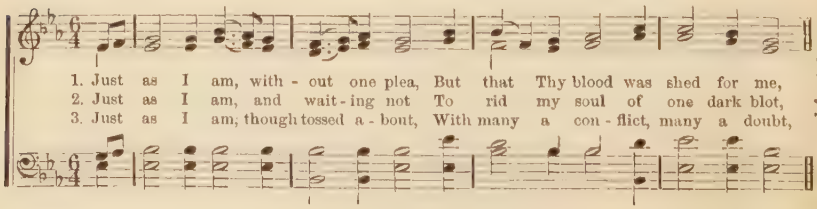

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the
2. Near-er the Christ-ian's mer-cy seat, I am com-ing near-er; Feast-ing my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires I am com-ing near-er; Deep-er the
cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of
Je-sus died, Near-er the fount-ain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-iour's
clear I see Je-sus who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I
wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be: Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

Used by per.

No. 213. Just as I Am.

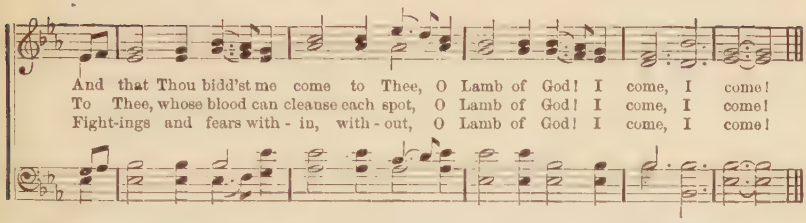
(Woodworth. L. M.)

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, though tossed a-bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,

Used by per.

Just as I Am.—Concluded.

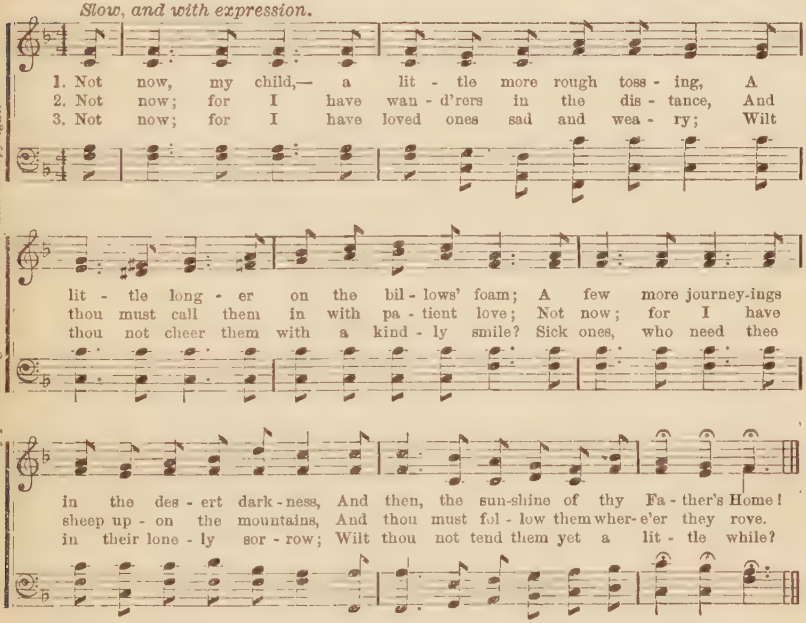

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Fight-ings and fears with - in, with - out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 214. Not Now, My Child.

Mrs. PENNEFATHER. IRA D. SANKEY.

Slow, and with expression.

1. Not now, my child,— a lit - tle more rough toss - ing, A
2. Not now; for I have wan - d'rers in the dis - tance, And
3. Not now; for I have loved ones sad and wea - ry; Wilt
lit - tle long - er on the bil - lows' foam; A few more journey-ings
thou must call them in with pa - tient love; Not now; for I have
thou not cheer them with a kind - ly smile? Sick ones, who need thee
in the des - ert dark - ness, And then, the sun-shine of thy Fa - ther's Home!
sheep up - on the mountains, And thou must fol - low them wher-e'er they rove.
in their lone - ly sor - row; Wilt thou not tend them yet a lit - tle while?

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4 Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:
Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

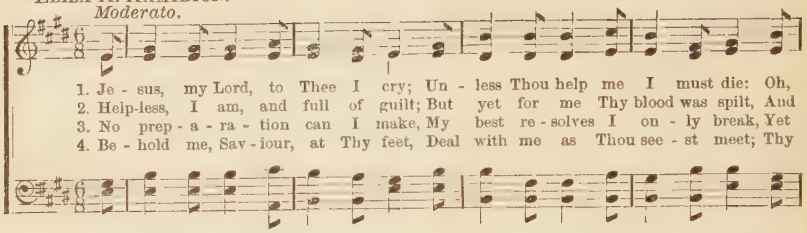
5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

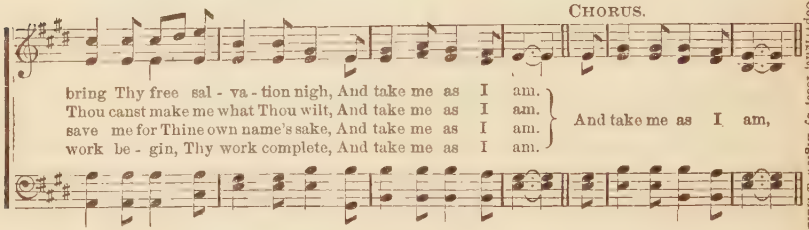
6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

No. 215. Take Me as I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.


1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un - less Thou help me I must die: Oh,
2. Help-less, I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me Thy blood was spilt, And
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re - solves I on - ly break, Yet
4. Be - hold me, Sav - iour, at Thy feet, Deal with me as Thou see - st meet; Thy


CHORUS.
bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.
save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
work be - gin, Thy work complete, And take me as I am.
And take me as I am,

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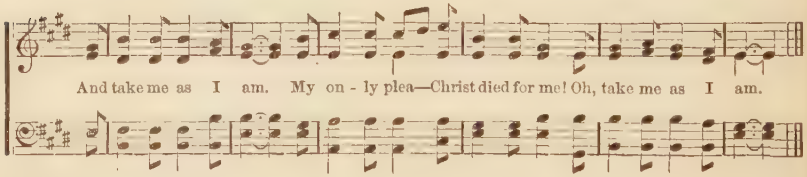
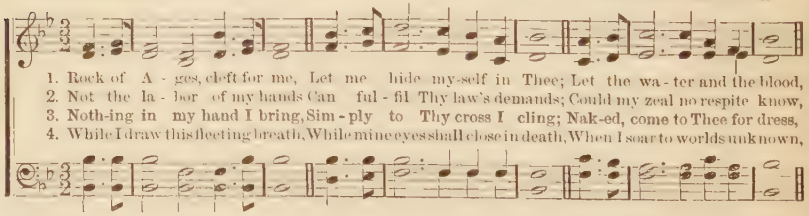
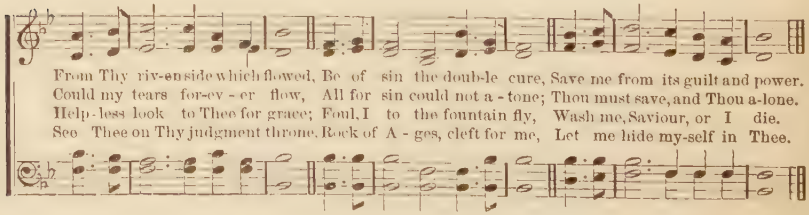

No. 216. Rock of Ages.

(Toplady. 7s. 6 lines.)

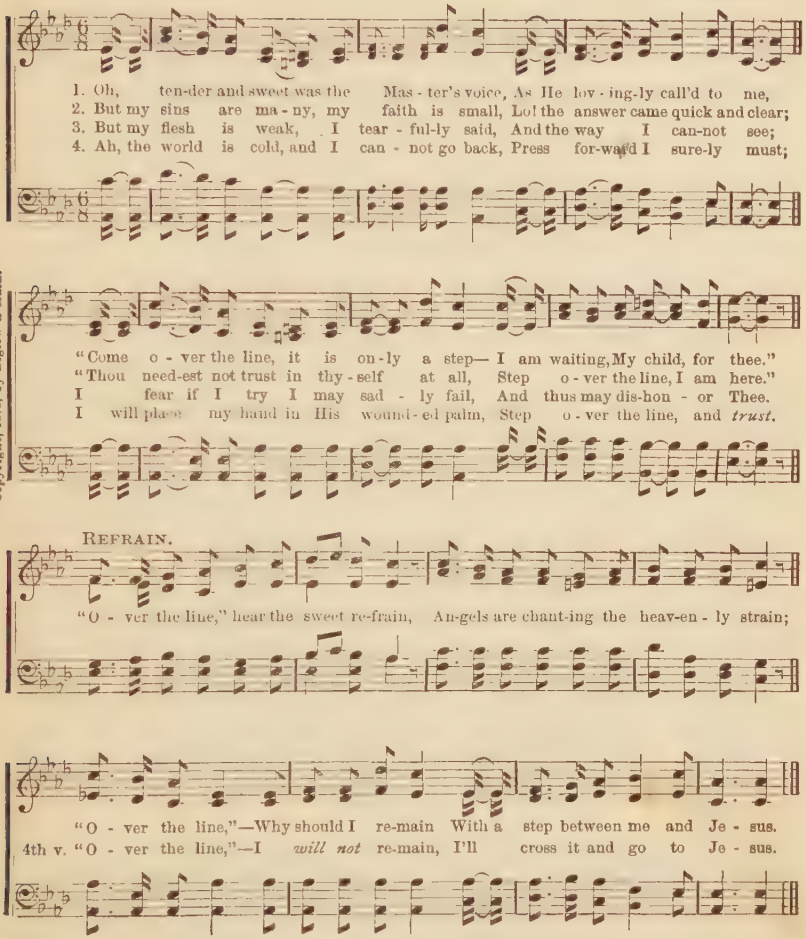
Rev. A. M. TOPLADY. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know,
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling; Nak-ed, come to Thee for dress,
4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyes shall close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown,


From Thy riv-en side which flowed, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save me from its guilt and power.
Could my tears for-ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a-lone.
Help-less look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the fountain fly, Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
See Thee on Thy judgment throne, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

No. 217. Over the Line.

ELLEN K. BRADFORD. E. H. PHELPS.


1. Oh, ten-der and sweet was the Mas - ter's voice, As He lov - ing-ly call'd to me,
2. But my sins are ma - ny, my faith is small, Lo! the answer came quick and clear;
3. But my flesh is weak, I tear - ful-ly said, And the way I can-not see;
4. Ah, the world is cold, and I can - not go back, Press for-ward I sure-ly must;
"Come o - ver the line, it is on-ly a step— I am waiting, My child, for thee."
"Thou need-est not trust in thy - self at all, Step o - ver the line, I am here."
I fear if I try I may sad - ly fail, And thus may dis-hon - or Thee.
I will place my hand in His wound - ed palm, Step o - ver the line, and *trust*.
REFRAIN.
"O - ver the line," hear the sweet re-frain, An-gels are chant-ing the heav-en - ly strain;
"O - ver the line,"—Why should I re-main With a step between me and Je - sus.
4th v. "O - ver the line,"—I *will not* re-main, I'll cross it and go to Je - sus.

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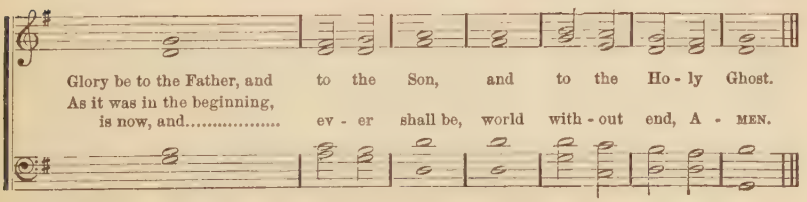
No. 218. Gloria Patri.

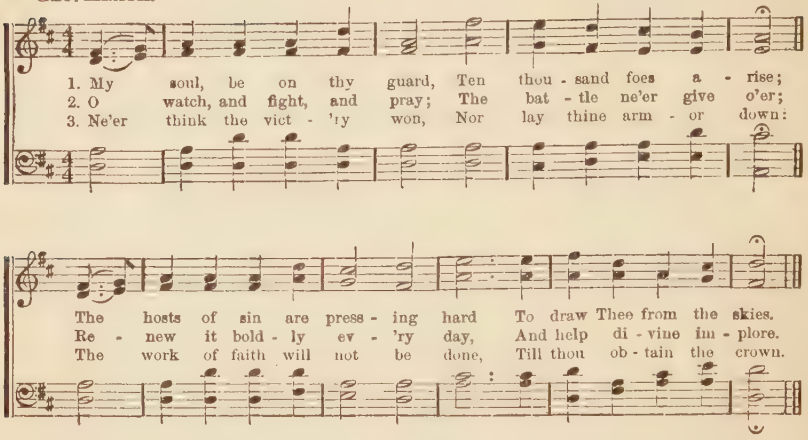
Anon.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost.
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and..... ev - er shall be, world with - out end, A - MEN.

o. 219. My Soul, be on Thy Guard.

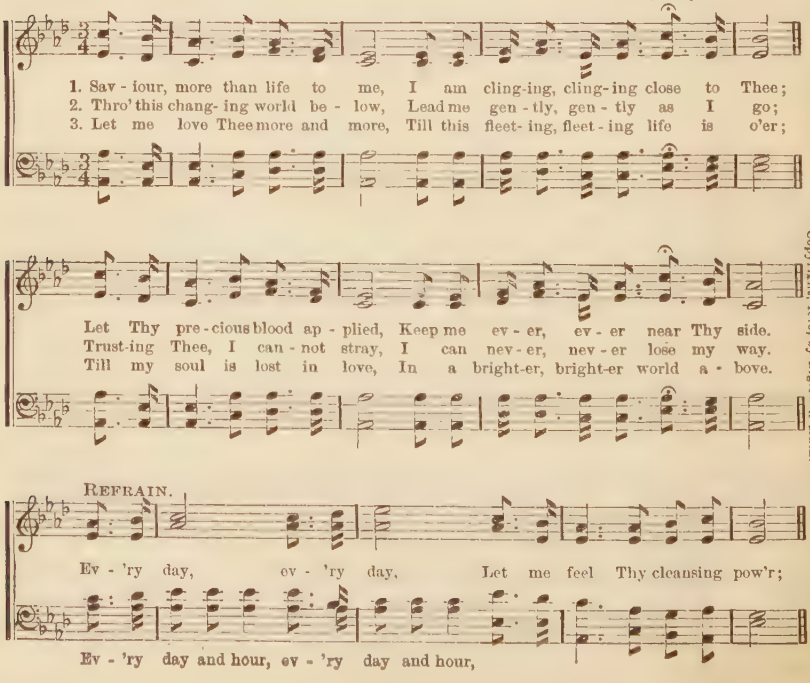
(Laban. S. M.)

GEO. HEATH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.


1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vict - 'ry won, Nor lay thine arm - or down:
The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.

No. 220. Saviour, More than Life.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Sav - iour, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, cling-ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang- ing world be - low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet- ing, fleet - ing life is o'er;
Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, bright-er world a - bove.
REFRAIN.
Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

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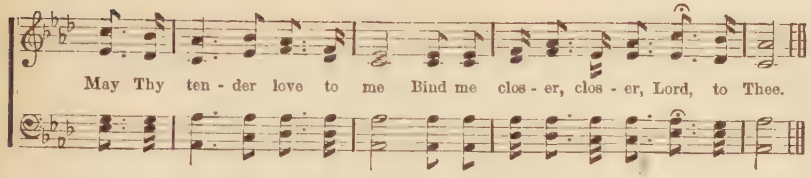
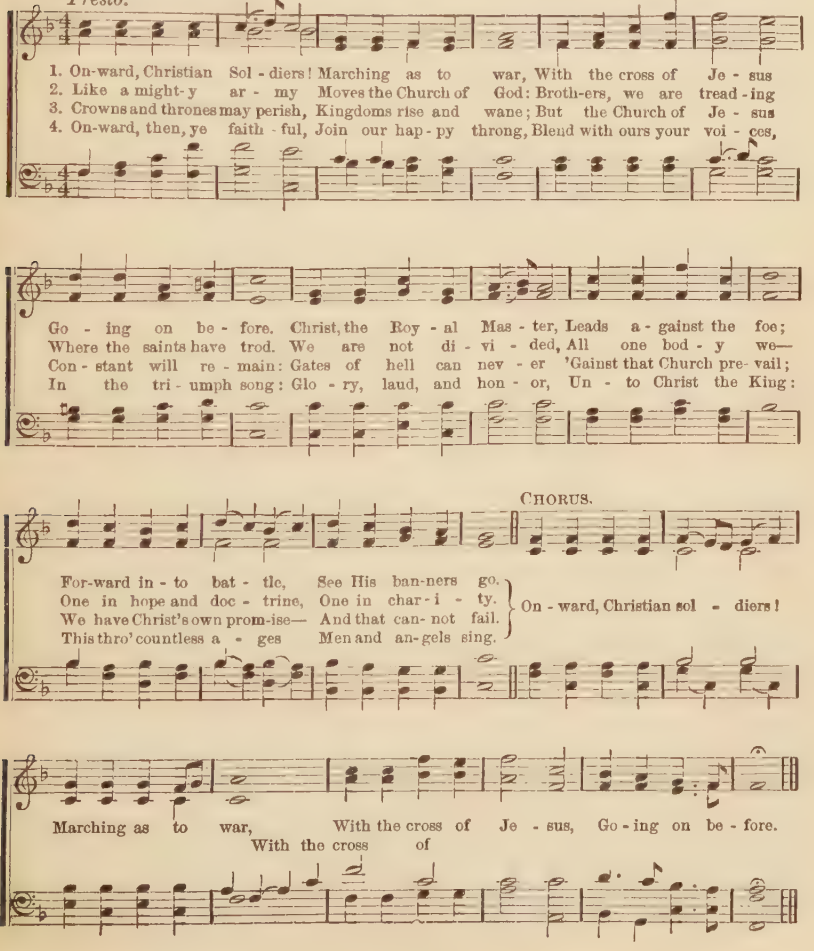
Saviour, More than Life.—Concluded.

No. 221. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

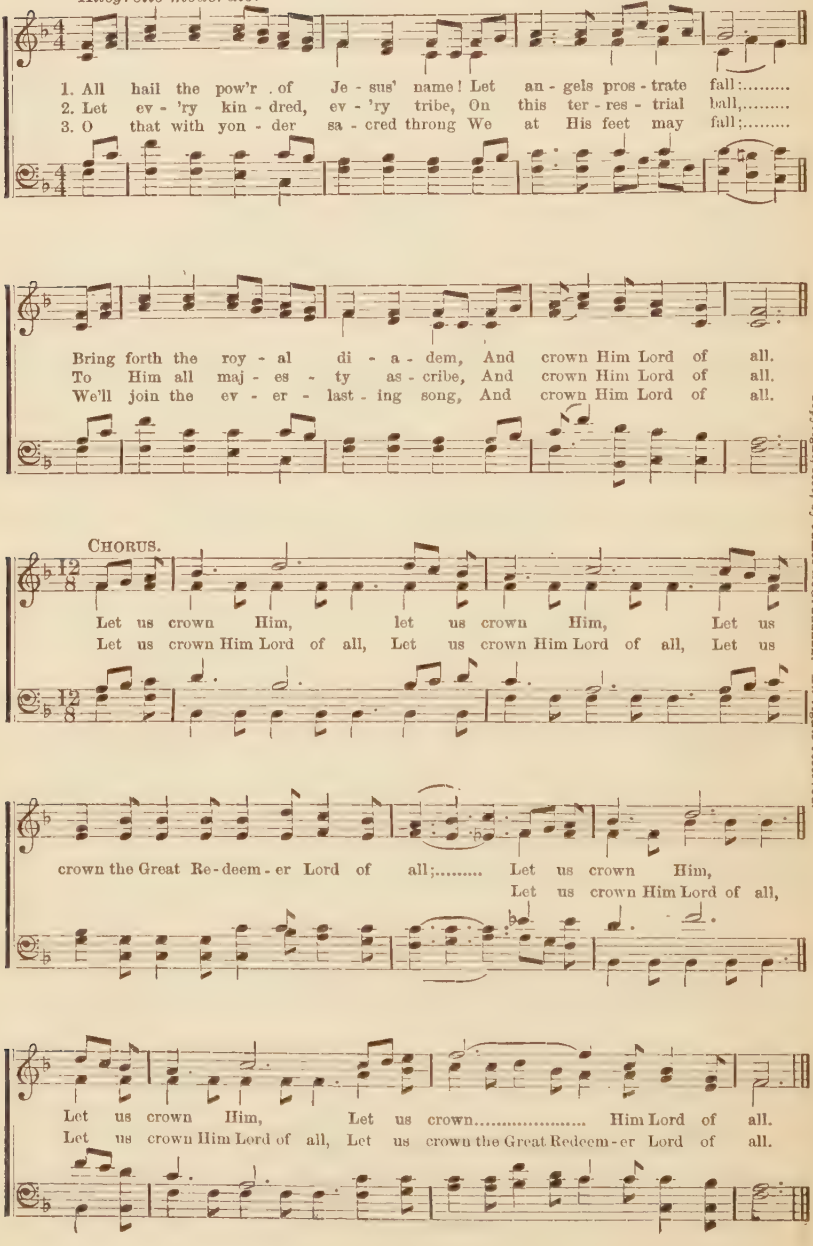
S. Barring-Gould. A. S. Sullivan.

Presto.


1. On-ward, Christian Sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God: Broth-ers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces,
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we—
Con - stant will re - main: Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - vail;
In the tri - umph song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King:
CHORUS.
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own prom-ise— And that can-not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
On - ward, Christian sol - diers!
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.
With the cross of

No. 222. Let us Crown Him.

Rev. E. PERRONET. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto moderato.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall:.....
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,.....
3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;.....
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.
CHORUS.
Let us crown Him, let us crown Him, Let us
Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us
crown the Great Re-deem - er Lord of all;..... Let us crown Him,
Let us crown Him Lord of all,
Let us crown Him, Let us crown..... Him Lord of all.
Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown the Great Redeem - er Lord of all.

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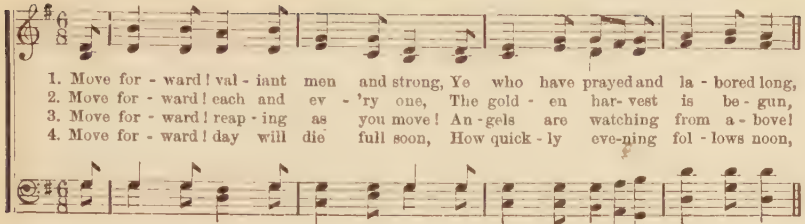
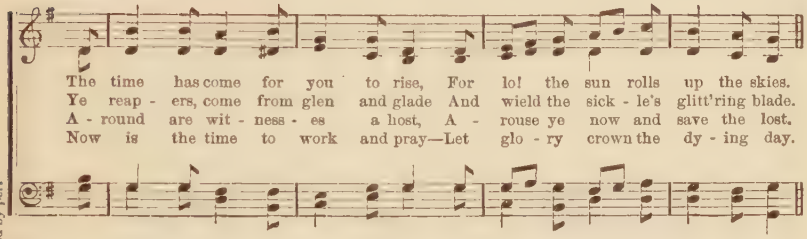
No. 223.

Move Forward!

G. W. CROFTS. D. B. TOWNER.


1. Move for - ward! val - iant men and strong, Ye who have prayed and la - bored long,
2. Move for - ward! each and ev - 'ry one, The gold - en har- vest is be - gun,
3. Move for - ward! reap - ing as you move! An - gels are watching from a - bove!
4. Move for - ward! day will die full soon, How quick - ly eve-ning fol - lows noon,


The time has come for you to rise, For lo! the sun rolls up the skies.
Ye reap - ers, come from glen and glade And wield the sick - le's glitt'ring blade.
A - round are wit - ness - es a host, A - rouse ye now and save the lost.
Now is the time to work and pray—Let glo - ry crown the dy - ing day.

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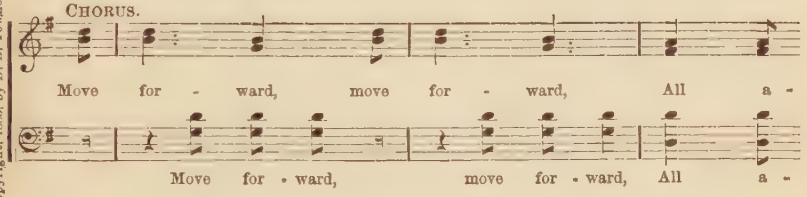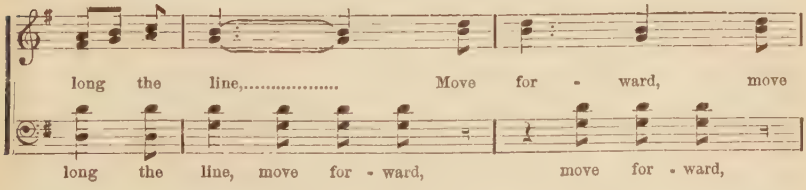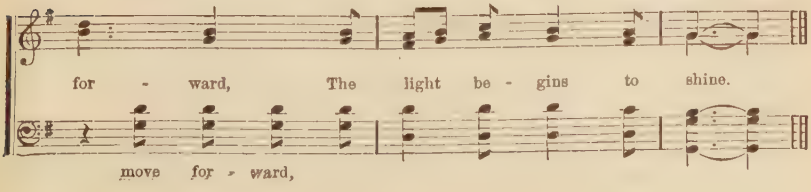
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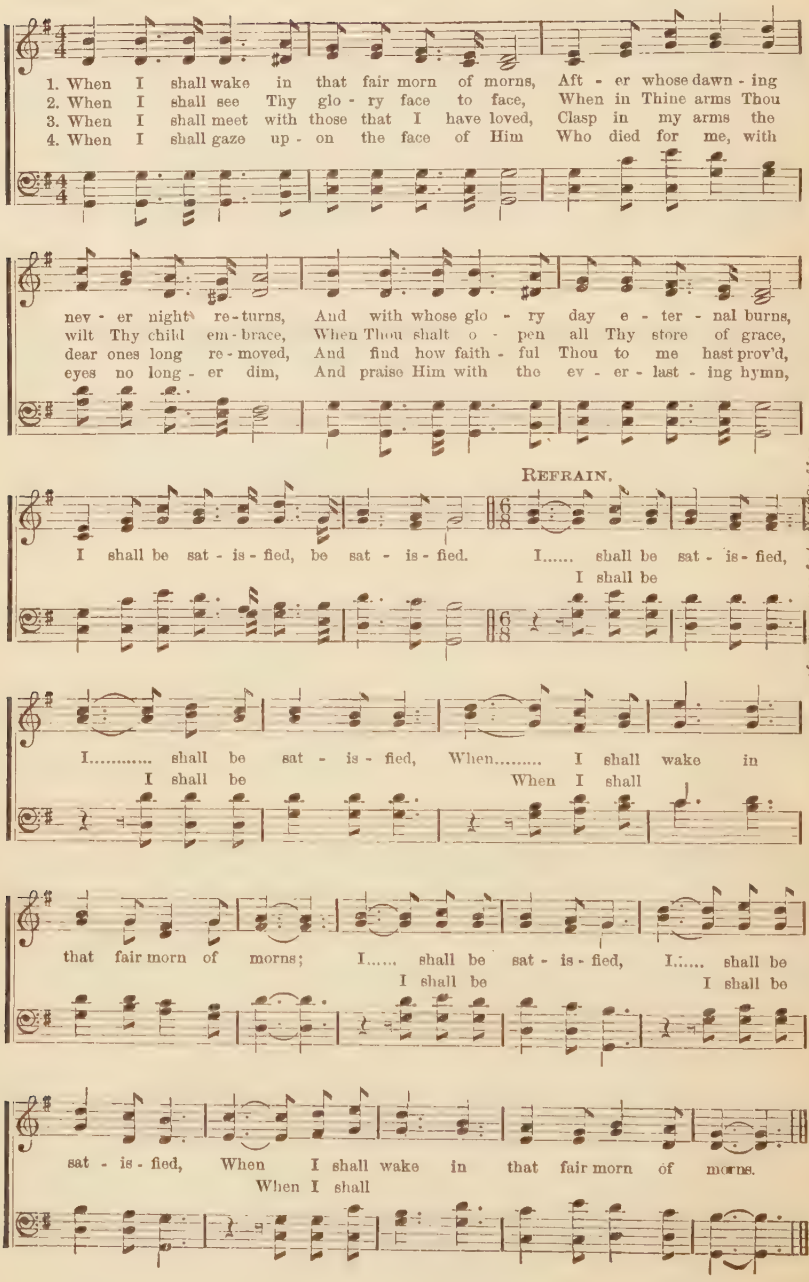
1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft - er whose dawn - ing
2. When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my arms the
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who died for me, with
nev - er night re-turns, And with whose glo - ry day e - ter - nal burns,
wilt Thy child em-brace, When Thou shalt o - pen all Thy store of grace,
dear ones long re-moved, And find how faith - ful Thou to me hast prov'd,
eyes no long - er dim, And praise Him with the ev - er - last - ing hymn,
REFRAIN.
I shall be sat - is - fied, be sat - is - fied. I..... shall be sat - is - fied,
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I shall be When I shall
that fair morn of morns; I..... shall be sat - is - fied, I..... shall be
I shall be I shall be
sat - is - fied, When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns.
When I shall

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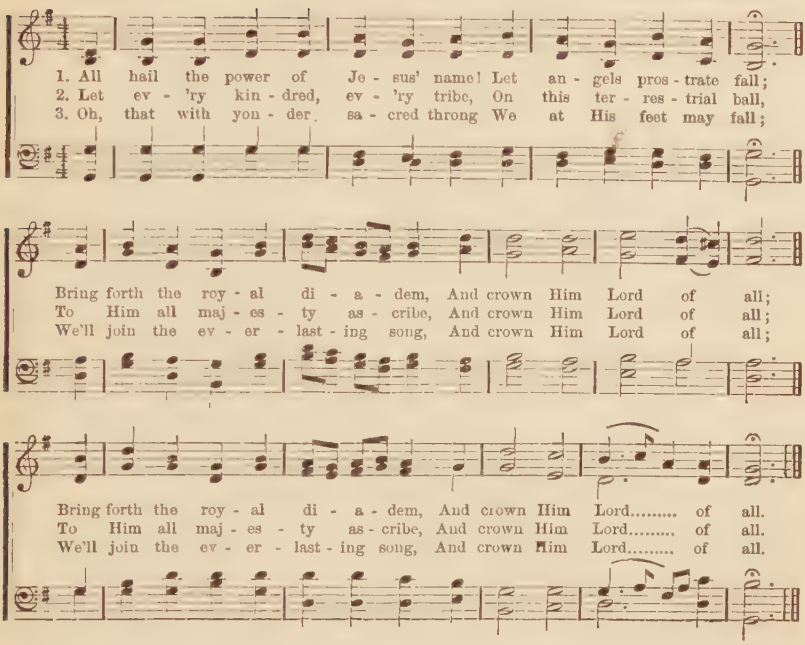
No. 225. All Hail the Power.

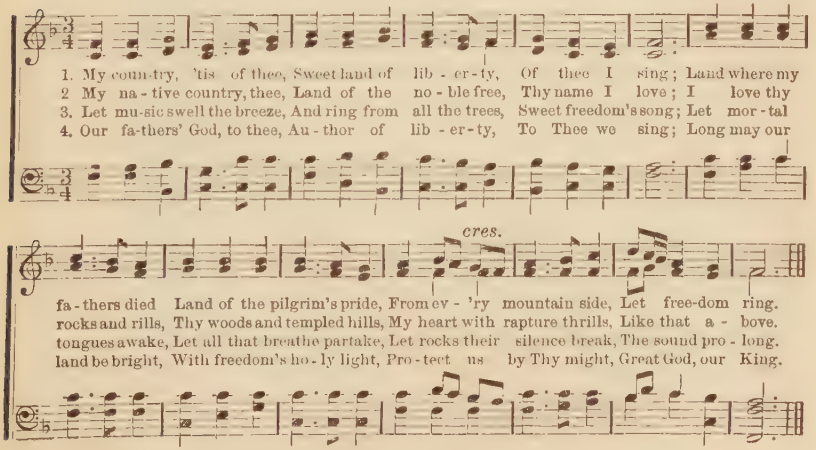
(Coronation. C. M.)

E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord..... of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord..... of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord..... of all.

No. 226. My Country 'tis of Thee.

(America. 6s. 4s.)

S. F. SMITH, D. D. H. CAREY.


1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2 My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
4. Our fa-thers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
cres.
fa - thers died Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side, Let free-dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro - long.
land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

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